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THE COLLECTED WRITINGS
OF
S A M U E L L O V E R

Treasure Trove Edition

VOLUME IX

NINE hundred sets of the TREASURE TROVE EDITION of
The Collected Writings of Samuel Lover have been
printed, of which this is Number.....*171*



M. RICHARDSON.

Kathleen Lucy.

THE COLLECTED WRITINGS
OF
SAMUEL LOVER



TREASURE TROVE EDITION

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VOLUME NINE

The Collected Writings of
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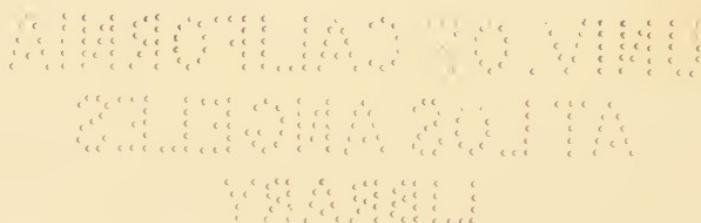
DRAMATIC WORKS

*Containing RORY O'MORE, THE
WHITE HORSE OF THE PEP-
PERS, THE HAPPY MAN, Etc.*



BOSTON · LITTLE, BROWN
AND COMPANY · MDCCCCIII

THE MUSEUM
ARMED FORCES



UNIVERSITY PRESS · JOHN WILSON
AND SON · CAMBRIDGE, U. S. A.

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RORY O'MORE
A DRAMA, IN THREE ACTS
FOUNDED ON THE ROMANCE OF
THAT TITLE

LIST OF CHARACTERS

RORY O'MORE.
DE LACY.
SCRUBBS.
DE WELSKIN.
COLONEL THUNDER.
SHAN DHU.
PIERRE.
FLANNERTY.
BILL JONES.
SOLOMON.
KATHLEEN.
MARY O'MORE.
WIDOW O'MORE.
BETTY.
NELLY RILEY.
BIDDY CASEY.
MRS. DOYLE.

COSTUMES

RORY — Gray frieze jacket, leather breeches, or corduroy, blue stockings, and shoes ; hat, not too smart, with rather broad and slouching brim.

DE LACY — *In first scene*: Full white cravat, broad lapelled double-breasted waistcoat, tight pantaloons, slippers and dressing-gown. — *In after scenes*: a coat, with a low but broad collar, large lapelles, and heavy skirt ; top-boots ; hat with large leaf.

SCRUBBS — Cavalry helmet, and large bear-skin ; blue cavalry coat, with heavy skirts and yellow facings : white leathers, and large military boots ; large sword, and long spurs.

DE WELSKIN — Glazed cocked-hat ; light blue half military jacket, with red facings ; showy waistcoat. Normandy petticoat trowsers over red pantaloons, and top or Hessian boots.

COLONEL THUNDER — Full suit of regimentals. (*Infantry.*)

SHAN DHU — A mixed costume, combining the Irish peasant and the smuggler.

KATHLEEN — Red bodice and petticoat ; large gray cloak, blue stockings, shoes and buckles.

MARY O'MORE — Same style, in different colors.

WIDOW — Black petticoat ; close white cap, fitting to the head without ribbon or border ; spotted handkerchief, crossed down her neck, blue stockings, shoes and buckles.

STAGE DIRECTIONS

EXITS AND ENTRANCES

L. means *First Entrance, Left.* R. *First Entrance, Right.* S. E. L. *Second Entrance, Left.* S. E. R. *Second Entrance, Right.* U. E. L. *Upper Entrance, Left.* U. E. R. *Upper Entrance Right.* C. *Centre.* L. C. *Left of Centre.* R. C. *Right of Centre.* T. E. L. *Third Entrance, Left.* T. E. R. *Third Entrance, Right.* C. D. *Centre Door.* D. R. *Door Right.* D. L. *Door Left.* U. D. L. *Upper Door, Left.* U. D. R. *Upper Door, Right.*

* * *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.*

RORY O'MORE

ACT I

SCENE I.—*Interior of the WIDOW O'MORE'S cottage.*

DE LACY in a dressing-gown, seated beside a table with a bowl of soup before him — the WIDOW O'MORE attending — DE LACY finishes his repast, and lays down his spoon.

Widow. Maybe you'd have another little sup, sir?

De Lacy. No, thank you, Mrs. O'More — even that little is much for my weak appetite, as yet — you forget how ill I have been.

Widow. Ay, and you must forget it, too, sir.

De Lacy. Never! — your kindness, and that of your daughter, have been more than a stranger like me could have expected; nay, more than I have ever experienced during my whole life.

Widow. Now, I must not listen to you any more, sir, and so I'll just take away your bowl, and leave you to rest yourself.

[Takes bowl and leaves apartment, R.]

MARY enters, L.

De Lacy. Where is your brother?

Mary. Gone to the village, sir.

De Lacy. Will he soon return?

Mary. We expect him every minute, sir. I will send him to you when he comes back. [Going.]

De Lacy. And am I to be left all alone, Mary?

Mary. Oh, sir, I'll come back by-and-by, and see if you want for anything.

De Lacy. Pardon me, Mary, [Takes her hand] but your own goodness has spoilt me. I have been so used to see your kind sweet face about me while doing the heavenly offices of charity, I miss it whenever it is absent.

Mary. You think too much of what we've done, sir.

De Lacy. No, Mary! Heart could not be too grateful nor tongue too eloquent, in feeling and speaking all I owe you. Believe me, I shall never forget it.

[*RORY whistles outside the air of "Rory O'More."*]

Mary. Here's Rory returned.

Enter RORY O'MORE through D. and the WIDOW O'MORE, R.

Rory. Well, sir, how is it with you now?

De Lacy. Better, thank you, Rory.

Rory. Musha, long life to you! Oh, you'll be as lively as a throat in a week more, though you wor nigh hand as dead as a herrin' th' other day.

Widow. Fie on you, Rory! don't say such things to the gentleman.

Rory. Arrah, what harm? sure he's well enough now, and divil a fear of him.

Widow. Go along with you, do. Did you remember to bring me the things from the apothecary's?

Rory. Yes — here they are — howld your apron. [*The WIDOW holds up apron to receive the articles RORY takes from his pocket.*] There's the chamomile — that cost tuppence: and there's the rhubarb, and that cost the same: and there's the penny royal wather — and that cost thruppence —

Widow. That's too much — it should only cost a penny.

Rory. I suppose penny royal is worth more than a penny, or there would be no use in its bein' penny royal.

Widow. But, sure, I only wanted —

Rory. Now will you lave me alone? Here's the bark, and faix that's what took the shine off your shillin' — bark, that you may get for nothin' out of every dog's mouth; when he towld me I should give him a shillin' for a parcel of owld dust, that looked just for all the world like the sweepings o' the flure — arrah, for what, says I — what is it? Bark, says he. Bow, wow, says I. So I hope you're pleased, ma'am, for the worth o' your money; — and who do you think I met at the' pottikery's?

Widow. Why, then, who?

Rory. Scrubbs; and, indeed, I wondher he is n't ashamed to go to the place, for his father was a dacent 'pottikery before him, but he must turn 'torney, bad luck to him, and instead of doin' people good it's doin' them all the harm he can — the skrewging thief, and he ought to be ashamed to look a gallipot in the face, for it must remind him of his dacent father. See, mother, [Aside to WIDOW,] do you and Mary go and keep a sharp look out on the road for him, for he was axing impudent questions about some one being here, and all to that; and I would n't wonder if he was to come pimpin' about the place, and I don't want him to see Mr. De Lacy — you understand.

Widow. We'll be on our guard.

[Exit WIDOW and MARY, r.]

De Lacy. O'More, shut the door; come close to me, I have a question to ask you, and I charge you, as you are a man, to answer me truly. I have been in a fever, and of course, I have been raving; now tell me honestly, did I let fall any words to excite your suspicion?

Rory. [Smiling.] Faix, and you did, sir.

De Lacy. I'm sure you guess what I am.

Rory. Shouldher arms, — whoo! —

De Lacy. You are right — I am a soldier — and further, you guess, I am sure, not a soldier of King George's.

Rory. [With very arch expression, sings,]

Viva la, the *French* is coming,
 Viva la, our friends are threue,
 Viva la, the French is coming,
 What will the poor yeomen do ?

De Lacy. You are then a true son of Green Erin ?

Rory. [With emotion.] To the core of my heart !

De Lacy. Then my mind is at ease. You can fulfil a mission that must, otherwise, have failed — that is, if you'll undertake it.

Rory. Undertake it — I'd thravel to the four corners of the earth in a good cause.

De Lacy. I am bound by promise to be in the adjoining town, where an agent from France is waiting, who bears intelligence to me. My weakened state forbids my going — will you undertake the mission ?

Rory. With all the veins o' my heart, and be proud into the bargain !

De Lacy. Go, then, to the town, and in the market-place there is a public-house —

Rory. The Cat and Bagpipes — I know it well, by rayson of many a drhink I've had in it.

De Lacy. At the hour of six in the evening you will see a party of three men — contrive to say within their hearing, "one — two — three."

Rory. That's one a piece for them.

De Lacy. Upon which they will return your signal, and leave the house, and you may follow wherever they lead.

Enter MARY, hastily, R.

Mary. Rory, Scrubbs is riding towards the house.

De Lacy. This is the apothecary attorney of whom you spoke ?

Rory. Yis, the big blaguard. Look at him, there, the dirty bosthoom, bumpin' along in his high saddle.

De Lacy. [Looking out.] Why this man is more like a soldier than a lawyer.

Rory. Phoo! — sure, he's everything — 'torney and collector, head gauger, smuggler-hunter, and yeomanry captain. He's all in one, as owld Nick said to the hole in his hat. See, sir — just step into your room, if you plase, for I don't want the pimpin' thief to see you at all, at all. [Exit DE LACY, to apartment, L.

Enter SCRUBBS through door. Enter WIDOW O'MORE, r.

Scrubbs. Good Morrow, Widow, good Morrow! Glad to see you well, ma'am — and you, Mary O'More, well and hearty: all well, I see — glad of it! — was afraid some one was sick — saw Rory getting some drugs at the village — just dropt in as I was coming by, to see if I could offer any advice. — Who's sick? — who's ill? — who's —

[The WIDOW and MARY bustle about the room during SCRUBBS' address, and take no notice of him, while RORY seats himself on a low stool, and commences dressing a black-thorn stick. SCRUBBS looks at them inquiringly.

I say, who's sick?

Rory. [Very briskly.] I am.

Scrubbs. You, Rory — you, my man — you sick!

Rory. Yes, of troublesome company always.

Scrubbs. Ha! ha! very good — funny fellow always, Rory — let me feel your pulse.

[Attempts to lay hold of RORY'S wrist.

Rory. Keep off; you'd betther leave my hand alone, for my pulse has a way of bating mighty hard sometimes.

Scrubbs. You know I'm skilful, Mrs. O'More, in the medical line, and as there is some one sick here, I shall be most happy, Mrs. O'More — most happy —

Widow. 'T is only a traveller, sir, was suddenly taken ill in passing this place, and so we took him in, and took care of him.

Scrubbs. Is he poor?

Rory. [Reproachfully.] We never asked him that.

Scrubbs. Of course—of course; but, then, you might guess.

Rory. Guess? why, then, tare an ouns, do you think the man is a riddle or a conundhrum, that we'd be guessing at him?

Scrubbs. [Casting his eyes on DE LACY'S valise.] This is the traveller's portmanteau, I suppose?

[Takes it up and turns it over in search of initials.

Rory. It's not yours, at any rate.

Scrubbs. [Aside, turning round the portmanteau.] Not a letter on it—provoking. No harm in my asking, I hope?

Rory. Nor good, either.

Scrubbs. Only by this portmanteau, I see the traveller is a gentleman.

Rory. Tare alive—I never knew that before. So, bekase he has a portmantle, you say he is a gentleman.

Scrubbs. Certainly.

Rory. What a pity it is you hav' n't a portmantle.

Scrubbs. What do you mean by that? what do you mean, I say?

Rory. Oh, nothing, only I thought it might be convenient to you. [Aside to MARY.] I say, Mary, run and take off his horse's bridle,—and cast him loose, and then he must go and hunt for him; and so we'll get rid of him. [Exit MARY through door.

Scrubbs. You know his name, of course?

Rory. No; we never ax'd him any impid'nt questions.

Scrubbs. He's raving. Now, all you have to do, is to open his valise, examine his papers, and find out who he is. I'll do it for you, if you like.

[RORY rises from his seat.

Rory. Why, then, do you take me for sitch a mane-spirited dog, that while a sick man was on his back, I'd

turn spy and thief, and break open his portmante and hunt for his sacrets —

Scrubbs. My dear *Rory*!

Rory. Don't dear me! dear, indeed — 'faith, it's *chape* you howld me, if you think I'd do sich a dirty turn — to bethray the man under my roof! — you ought to be ashamed o' yourself!

Scrubbs. My good fellow, it's a common practice.

Rory. A common thief's practice — to break locks and cut open bags, and pimp and spy. Faugh! on the man would do the like. If I thought there was one dhrop o' blood in my body would consent to it, I'd open my veins, and bleed till it was out.

MARY *re-enters.*

Mary. Look, look, Mr. Scrubbs — there's your horse has got his head out of the bridle, and is scampering wild over the fields.

Scrubbs. [Looking out.] Hillo! murder! my new saddle, and the vicious brute is rolling over in it — stop! stop! [Runs out.]

Rory. Off you go, and bad luck go before you, for the dirty dhrop is in you. There, now, mother, I'll be off too; so when I'm gone bow't the door afther me, and don't let that pimping thief in any more. Good-by, mother — good-by, Mary — I'll be wid you when I come back.

[During this last speech, RORY puts on his top coat, and makes his exit. Music ("Rory O'More"). WIDOW and MARY bolt the door, and scene closes.

SCENE II. — *A meadow, with some thorn trees — Hills in the distance.* Music (*the symphony to the song in the following scene*). Enter KATHLEEN as the music ceases. She bears a milking-pail.

Kath. Well, my milking is done, and now to go home, and then to put on my new gown, and go to the dance, for my aunt promised to let me go. How good she is to me! I wish her son was deserving of such a mother, but Shan Dhu is not what he ought to be; and ever since he spoke of love to me, I dread him so. But why should I think of the dark cloud, when there is so much sunshine round me? I have more cause for smiles than sighs; my aunt is kind — all my friends are kind — Mary O'More — and Rory — I'll wear the ribbon he gave me at the dance to-night.

SONG.

There 's a lad that I know, and I know that he
Speaks softly to me,
The Cushlamacree ;
He 's the pride of my heart, and he loves me well,
And who the lad is — I 'm not going to tell.

He whispered a question one day in my ear,
When he breathed it, oh, dear !
How I trembled with fear :
What the question he asked was, I need not confess,
But the answer I gave to the question was “yes.”

His eyes they are bright, and they look'd so kind,
When I was inclin'd
To speak my mind :
And his breath is so sweet — oh, the roses' is less,
And how I found it out — why, I leave you to guess.

[During the singing of the song, RORY appears in the background and hides behind a thorn tree, watching from thence KATHLEEN in evident admiration.

So now, to go home and set my milk and get ready for the dance.

[RORY has stolen softly behind her, and, as she stoops to lift the pail, he makes a sudden exclamation :

Rory. Wow!

[KATHLEEN starts with a slight exclamation, and turns suddenly round—RORY kisses her.

Kath. [Boxing his ears.] You impudent fellow — how dare you do that?

Rory. I lave you to guess.

Kath. And so you've been listening, too.

Rory. And looking too, jewel; and faith I could hardly tell which I'd rather be, blind or bothered; for there was your pretty little throat, so nice and round outside, and the song so sweet coming out of the inside of it—oh! murther, it's too much to have ears and eyes at wonst, Kathleen, when one is looking at and listening to you.

Kath. You are very impudent, so you are, Rory.

Rory. You've often told me that before.

Kath. It does not do you much good then — you hear me, but you don't heed me.

Rory. Why, if you go to that, how can I help myself? sure, you might as well keep the ducks from the water, or the bees from the flowers, as my heart from you, Kathleen.

Kath. Now, Rory, leave off.

Rory. By this light, Kathleen!

Kath. Now don't be going on, Rory.

Rory. There's not a girl —

Kath. Now don't be making a fool of yourself and me, too, Rory.

Rory. If makin' you my own would be to make a fool o' myself, thin it's a fool o' myself I'd be makin' myself, sure enough.

Kath. [Rather sadly.] Rory, don't be talkin' this way to me — it is not good for neither of us.

Rory. Kathleen, darling, what's the matter with you?

[Takes her hand.]

Kath. Nothing — nothing — only it's foolishness.

Rory. Don't call honest love foolishness, Kathleen. Sure our hearts would be of no use to us at all, if we were not fond o' one another; arrah! what's the matter with you, my own Kathleen!

[Steals his hand round her waist.]

Kath. I must go home, Rory — let me go, Rory, dear! [Strives to disengage his hand.]

Rory. No, I won't let you go, *mavourneen*; now, or never, I must have your answer. You are the girl that is, and ever was, the core o' my heart, and I'll never love another but yourself, nor rest aisy till you're my wife.

[During this speech, KATHLEEN exhibits much emotion, and at the word "wife," throws herself on RORY'S neck, and sobs bitterly.]

Kathleen, darling! — Kathleen, jewel! — forgive me, my own colleen; if I took you too sudden, I'll say no more to you now: only give me your answer at your own good time.

Kath. [Wiping the tears from her eyes.] No, Rory, dear; you've been plain with me, and I'll be plain with you — as for myself —

[She looks up to RORY, expressive of affection which she is ashamed to name.]

Rory. [With enthusiasm.] You love me, then! you love me.

[Clasps her to his heart.]

Kath. Oh, Rory, but my cousin, Shan Dhu!

Rory. Well, what of him?

Kath. [Mournfully.] Oh, you know — you know.

Rory. You mane he wanted to be first lover, as well as first cousin; well, and what o' that: if you could n't like him, is that any reason you should n't like me?

Kath. Oh, you don't know him: Shan is very dark.

Rory. Dark !

Kath. Yes ; very dark.

Rory. By dad, I don't care if he was as dark as twelve o'clock at night : and why should you care, either, Kathleen *asthore*, when there's your aunt to look to, and her word is worth more than his in the affair ?

Kath. Oh, but *she*'s afraid of Shan, too — he's so very dark.

Rory. Why he must be the devil intirely if he's so black.

Kath. So, *Rory*, dear, we must keep our love secret for a while.

Rory. It's hard to hide what's in the heart, Kathleen ! for if the tongue does n't bethray you, it's sure to peep out at the eyes.

Kath. But we shan't meet often, and so there will be the less danger o' that.

Rory. That's hard, too. But, Kathleen, though you don't see me often, — will you — will you —

[*Hesitates, and looks tenderly on KATHLEEN.*]

Kath. You could n't say the words, *Rory*. Will I be true to you ? Oh, *Rory*, I have given you my heart, because I could not help it ; and I trust to you that you have given me yours. Don't take it away from me ; I must hide my love for a time — I'll hide it as a miser would hide his gold ; and, oh, *Rory* ! don't let me find the treasure gone when I may venture to show it to the day.

Rory. Kathleen, darling ! while there is life in my heart, it is you are the queen of it.

Kath. Go, now, go — I would not have you seen for the king's ransom.

Rory. May the heavens bless and keep you ! — one more kiss, my own, own girl. [*Embraces her.*] Farewell, core of my heart, farewell !

[*Exit RORY.* — *KATHLEEN* looks after him anxiously.]

Kath. He's gone — a little while past, and I was

light of spirit, and heart-free — and now my heart is another's, and I am — sad? — no, not sad — but thoughtful. My light-heartedness has passed away, even with the consciousness of a deeper pleasure. [Takes up her pail.] Slowly shall I wend my way home. How lightly I trod over the wild flowers when I left it!

[Exit KATHLEEN — Tender music.

SCENE III. — *A dark cellar — In one corner a hammock is hanging; a ship lantern, but without a light, is suspended from one of the rafters, underneath which stand a rude table and seats — Coils of cable, kegs, &c., lying about, indicating the inmates to be smugglers — SHAN DHU discovered seated on a chest.*

Shan. When a man 's alone and sober, what gloomy thoughts come into his head! in vain I strive to forget that girl's refusal of me — worse than refusal; for she loves another, and that other, the man of all I loath, for often I find him cross my path. If I hear it asked, "Who 's the best wrestler?" the answer is, "Rory O'More." — "Who 's the best hurler?" — "Rory O'More," — "Who gets the prettiest girl for his partner in the dance?" — "Rory O'More" — and in a partner for life, he despoils me too — for deeply do I suspect that Kathleen loves him; if so — I 'll be revenged. Yes — if I cannot requite my love, I will my hate.

[*A knocking at the door, and SHAN DHU approaches it.*] Who 's there?

Sol. [*Without.*] One, two, three.

[*Opens the door, and SOLOMON enters.*

Sol. Don't you know me?

Shan. What, you, soldering Solomon? — what brings you here?

Sol. Why a bit o' spec'lation — wants more bakky; though tinkering 's my trade, smuggling 's my delight —

Cheating is always pleasant; but of all cheating, give me cheating an exciseman.

Shan. Or the d-l in the dark.

Sol. 'T would be in the dark here; why don't you illuminate, eh? have you got saving of your oil?

Shan. We have none until Pierre brings it back: he is out with Munseer De Welskin, and I expect them every minute. [A knock.] Here they come, I suppose. Who's there?

De Welskin. [Without.] Vaun, two, tree.

Shan. [Opening door.] You were just in my mouth, Munseer.

De Welskin. Beg your pardon — I dis naut intent to go into your mous. Coame down, coame down. Monsieur coame in — tak care of de step. [Leads in RORY, who is followed by PIERRE and FLANNERTY.] Pierre — fermez la porte. [To RORY.] Now, sare, I am ver glad to see you.

Rory. May the saints spare your eye-sight! I wish I could return the compliment.

De Welskin. Whaat! you no glaad to see me?

Rory. Faith, I'd be very glad to see you; but how can I see you in the dark? — barrin' I was a cat.

De Welskin. Ha! ha! you fonee feylow — ha! ha! like you for dat bettere. Pierre mek hase wis a light.

[SHAN DHU, FLANNERTY, and PIERRE strike a light while the dialogue proceeds.

De Welskin. Sair, you air wailcome.

Rory. Thank you kindly — give us your fist.

De Welskin. Vaut you say?

Rory. [Aside.] How stupid them furriners is. I say, give us your fist.

Pierre. He's bidding you shake hands with him.

De Welskin. Oh! donnez-moi la main.

Rory. [To Pierre.] He says he doesn't know the man — does he mane me.

De Welskin. Bah! shak hans wis me.

Rory. Oh ! you undherstand me at last — there.

[*Shakes hands.*]

De Welskin. You understan' dat littel shak of de 'an — don't you ?

Rory. All right, munseer !

[*During the dialogue SHAN DHU ignites a match and lights the lamp. — RORY and he mutually start, as the light reveals them to each other.*]

Rory. [*Aside.*] Shan Dhu !

Shan Dhu. [*Aside.*] He here ? curse him, he's always crossing me.

Rory. [*Offering his hand to SHAN.*] Shan Dhu — give us the hand.

Shan Dhu. [*Reluctantly giving his hand.*] There. [*He permits RORY to shake it.*]

Rory. [*Aside.*] By my conscience, that shake was all of one side, like the handle of a pump.

De Welskin. Now vee mus talk our littel affaire dis moment.

Pierre. [To RORY.] I 'll help to explain between you ; for De Welskin does not speak the best English, and you, I suppose, don't understand French.

Rory. To be sure I undherstand it — did n't you hear me say *munseer* ?

De Welskin. Come, sair, seet you down —

[*RORY and DE WELSKIN sit down at the table, which has been furnished by SHAN DHU and SOLOMON, from a cupboard, with stone jars and glasses ; the other characters draw round the table also.*]

Here something for you to drink — not nastee, like pobeleek ouse — bote goote — brandee ! — ha ! ha ! goote, and nussing to pay.

Rory. By my conscience, you 'll get a grate dale of custom at that rate. So here's your good health, Misther — [*Aside to PIERRE.*] What's his name ?

Pierre. De Welskin.

Rory. Here's to your good health, Mr. Wilkinson.

De Welskin. No, no — das not my nem — my nem
De Welskin.

Rory. I beg pardon, sir, but would you say that again,
if you plase.

De Welskin. De-vel-skein.

Rory. Oh ! Divilskin, here's to your health, Misther
Divilskin.

De Welskin. [Produces a letter.] Here, sair, dis is for
Monsieur De Lacy — dis is lettre from le General
Hoche — prenez garde — tak care of him very mush —
sacre — if you be kesh vid dis letter from General
Hoche — in your poche —

Rory. Wow ! wow ! — say no more.

[Puts his thumb under his ear, as a sign of being hanged.]

De Welskin. You oonderstand, den ?

Rory. Not a place in the world where they undher-
stand hanging betther than in Ireland.

De Welskin. Tek him den — and tak care auf him.

[Gives the letter.]

Rory. And this is from General Hoche. Oh ! to
think I 'd ever see the day I 'd be the bearer of a letter
from the great General Hoche — long life to him.

[Kisses the letter.]

De Welskin. Sacre ! — fine feylow ! you af de entou-
siasm — bon ! bon ! [Slaps him on his shoulder.]

Rory. To be shure I have bones — but you need n't
break them, if it 's all one to you — there. [Puts the
letter inside his vest.] That's the place for it — next
my heart — and tell me, munseer, will the gineral soon
be here ?

De Welskin. Me fraid, no — me fraid he die — me
tinks he got vaut you call de gunstump in him. —

Rory. Oh, musha ! — think o' that — and where is it
in him, sir ?

De Welskin. Inside, in his boddee.

Rory. Oh, my poor fellow ! what these sojers has to
put up with — to have the stump of a gun stickin' in
him !

De Welskin. No — no — de gun not stick in him — it is de tickle-hine.

Rory. No wonder, 't would tickle him, faith —

Pierre. He says General Hoche is in a decline — a consumption.

De Welskin. Ah, me forges the terminaison — de gunstumption — dat is it —

Rory. Oh, then, if we had him here, we'd cure him intirely.

De Welskin. Comment !

Rory. Oh, common enough, indeed, in this country — the finest thing in the world for consumption is goat's milk made into whay.

De Welskin. Ah, yais, — ghost's milk — ver goot !

Rory. Goat's milk, munseer.

De Welskin. Yais, yais ! — ghost's milk —

Rory. After one is dead, maybe ghost's milk would be very nice.

[*Knocking*; SHAN DHU opens the door.]

Enter a blind FIDDLER and his WIFE, MRS. DOYLE, BIDDY CASEY, and NELLY RILEY.

Shan Dhu. Welcome — what kept you so late, Nelly ?

Nelly. Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no lies.

Shan Dhu. Always saucy, you baggage.

[*Chucks her under the chin, and talks with her apart ; the other women converse with the rest.*]

De Welskin. [To RORY.] You see de leddeesmek visit to me.

Rory. Yes, sir. [Aside.] Ladies — quare ladies, I think.

De Welskin. Ah, Madame Doyle — glad to see you, Madame. [To RORY.] Dis is Madame Doyle.

[MRS. DOYLE makes a grand curtsey to RORY.]

Mrs. Doyle. Proud of your acquaintance, sir.

Rory. The same to you, ma'am, and a great many of them.

Nelly. [To SHAN.] What's the name of that sporting-looking fellow over there? [Pointing to RORY.]

Shan. [Savagely.] You like him, do you?

Nelly. Yes, I do, if you go to that —

Shan. Then go to him! [Turns on his heel.]

Nelly. Never say it again! [Goes to RORY.] Sarvant, sir — fine weather for dancing.

Rory. Yes, miss — if it was a thrifle cooler.

Nelly. I'd be sorry to have a coolness with you, sir. [Eyes him tenderly.]

De Welskin. Leddees — you vil have something too dreenk — vaut you vil ave?

Nelly. Anything, munseer, that's nice.

Rory. I suppose, my darlin', you would n't take anything sthonger than sperits for the world.

Nelly. [Shakes her head at him.] Oh, you rogue.

[She turns towards DE WELSKIN, who is talking with the FIDDLER.]

Rory. This is a nice little family tay party — that postman of General Hoche's is a quare chap — I would n't be a money letther in his way, for a thrifle — and that innocent young woman that was talking to me — I wondher has her mother any more like her — 't would be a nice family to marry into ; and the kegs o' brandy lying about — faith they want them, for they are all mighty thirsty souls — and the bundles o' rope — well they say give some people rope enough, and they 'll hang themselves — 'pon my conscience, it is the ugliest kennel I ever was in, and a mighty ill-looking set of dogs is in it.

De Welskin. Come, sair, [To RORY.] feel your glass.

Rory. Faix, I feel it in my fist, Misther Divilskin — and I 'll feel it in my head soon, I 'm afeard — I 'll be mulvathered.

De Welskin. But dis is for de leddees. Now, messieurs — you all fools.

Rory. All fools — 'pon my soul, that 's a compliment.

De Welskin. No, no ; all FULL !

Omnès. All ! all !

De Welskin. I give, sair, dis tost — hells a piece to de leddees.

Rory. And a little one for yourself, munseer.

[They drink.]

De Welskin. Now, Mr. Fiddlehair — you begin —
Viva la Dance.

Rory. Faix, Misther Divilskin, I must be goin' —

De Welskin. Not visous a dance, Mistair Rory — von little dance.

Nelly. [Dancing up to RORY.] I dance to you, sir —

Rory. Your will is my pleasure, ma'am. [Aside.] I wish I was out o' this. Let me take off my coat. [Lays down his coat near the ladder.] What tune would you rather, miss ?

Nelly. The Derrymagloughny jig.

Rory. Now, you blind ould thief, open your eyes, and pull it out shtrong.

[RORY and NELLY dance a jig ; whilst they dance the rest of the party look on ; DE WELSKIN seems to become enthusiastic at sight of RORY'S activity, and takes out MRS. DOYLE to dance ; SOLOMON selects BIDDY CASEY for a partner, and they all ultimately become jumbled together ; RORY takes advantage of the confusion and disengages himself from amongst them, runs up the ladder, which he drags after him, and escapes ; NELLY, when she misses him, runs amongst the dancers and the party all exclaim, " He 's gone — he 's gone ! " — they run to the door and cannot follow for want of the ladder — Scene closes.

SCENE IV.—*The outskirts of a country town—Night—Hail and snow.*

Enter RORY, L.

Rory. Ha, ha, ha! how nately I gave them the slip — what will ould Divilskin do for his ladher I wonder — while they wor jiggling away it was other steps I was taking, faith. Tare an ouns, what a night it is! — hail and snow, and so late, too — and the martial law out — and the sogers out too — by dad, if they ketch me my bread's baked without an oven — an' the divil of it is I must go into the town to get out of the town, for it's just right at th' other side of it my road lies — whisht! — what's that? — by the vartue o' my oath it's the sogers — I hear their thramp. Bad luck to them, could n't they go any way but this? — Whisht! they're coming — then I had better be going while my shoes is good — for General Hoche's letter would be far from a letther of recommendation to me.

[*Exit, R.*

Music—“The Rogue's March;” — Enter SCRUBBS, L., carrying an umbrella over his head, leading a party of YEOMANRY, who march irregularly across the stage, with their heads stuck into the collars of their great coats, and trailing their muskets.

[*Exeunt, R.*

SCENE V.—*A street—Night—Hail and snow—At one side a house presenting two sides; a deep porch is before the door—From one of the pillars hangs a large bell-pull—Over the porch a practicable window.*

Enter RORY, hastily, R.

Rory. They're afther me still — what'll I do if I meet some more of them this way? [Crosses the stage.] Hillo, that's a fine big door-way — by dad, I was a bright hand when a boy at hide and seek; and I'll try

if I can't play the game yet. [Enters the porch.] I wish this post was bigger, or my shoulders less; I might as well sthrive to hide behind a kitchen poker. [Hides.]

Enter SCRUBBS, leading the YEOMANRY, carrying an umbrella over his head.

Scrubbs. 'Pon my life, this campaigning by night is very unpleasant business; taking gentlemen out in such diabolical weather is more than most men's loyalty can stand — very hard on the yeomanry — mounting guard is not proper yeomanry practice — review on a fine day all very well, but this sentry-box business in the middle of the night is what I call *non compos*; my dear wife is at this moment lamenting my absence, sweet soul! I say you, Bill Jones, you must relieve guard — it's your turn.

Bill. [Tipsy a little.] It's a good joke to call it a relief — I wish I had more punch I know.

Scrubbs. You've had punch enough, Bill, so be steady.

Bill. What a horrid night it is!

Scrubbs. Never mind, my lads, keep your powder dry.

Bill. You may as well leave us your umbrella.

Scrubbs. Tut, tut, sir; no mutiny, if you please; none but officers have a right to carry umbrellas; come, steady! march! round the corner.

[SCRUBBS and BILL march behind the house; the remainder of the YEOMANRY stand before the door, with their heads stuck down in the collars of their coats, and stooping to avoid the storm, which continues to rage.]

Rory. [Peeping.] I wish they'd lave that.

[SCRUBBS makes some mumbling mock-military exclamations at the corner of the house.]

Rory. Are they talking of me, I wondher?

[SCRUBBS returns with the relieved YEOMAN.]

1st Yeo. I'm half dead — there's no fun in this mounting guard.

Scrubbs. We have plenty of whisky and hot water at the guard house ; so let us get back to it as soon as we can. Fall in there — right face. Oh, if my dear wife only knew what I suffer for my country — march !

[*Exeunt SCRUBBS and guard.*]

Rory. [Peeping out.] There's one o' them chaps left behind to take care I would n't lose my way lavin' the place ; where are they ? — round the corner, I suppose. [Looks round the corner of the house. BILL JONES marches up and down, and grumbles. RORY runs hastily inside the porch, and his hand touches the bell-pull — the bell rings.] Tare an ouns, I've rung the bell ; bad luck to it, I only just touched it.

[A window is raised above the porch, and COLONEL THUNDER puts out his head.

Col. Thunder. Who's there ? who's there ? Sentry ! sentry, I say !

[BILL JONES comes forward.

Bill. Who calls sentry ?

Col. Thunder. Your colonel, sir. Who rang the bell ?

Bill. I don't know, colonel.

Col. Thunder. You've been asleep, sir.

Bill. I wish I had.

Col. Thunder. You're drunk, sir.

Bill. I wish I was.

Col. Thunder. Somebody rang the bell.

Rory. 'T was a mistake, colonel, dear. [Aside.] Oh ! murdher, I'm ruined now.

Col. Thunder. What do you say about a mistake ?

Bill. I said no such thing.

[The door is opened behind RORY — a figure in white appears, and pulls RORY inside the door.

Col. Thunder. Somebody did, then. See if there's any one hiding in the porch.

[BILL JONES staggers over the porch, as RORY slips inside the door.

Bill. It's as empty as my last tumbler.

Col. Thunder. Push the door.

Bill. [Pushes it.] All fast.

[*Music.*]

SCENE VI.—*A dark passage in COLONEL THUNDER'S house.*

Enter RORY and BETTY—BETTY in a bed-gown leading RORY.

Betty. Take care—step softly—don't make a noise—hush.—Stay here a minute, I want to listen if the colonel's bedroom opens. I will be back with you soon. [*Exit BETTY.*]

Rory. The colonel!—so here I am in the colonel's house. Rory, my boy, luck's on your side—just to be let into the colonel's house when you wor within an inch of being catch by the sogers, and put in the guard-house—that's out o' the fire into the frying-pan; now, who the dickens is this woman?—she takes me for her sweetheart, or her husband, I suppose—well, I can be either she plases, and that's a comfort: if she finds me out, she'll turn me out, so I must keep onknown'st to her as long as I can. I'll purtend to have a cowld, and disguise my voice—here she comes.

Re-enter BETTY.

Betty. Hist!

Rory. What's that?

Betty. Darby—Darby—

Rory. [Aside.] So, I'm Darby.

Betty. Darby.

Rory. Who's there?

Betty. Sure, it's your own Betty.

Rory. [Aside.] Oh! she's Betty. Well, darlin'—

Betty. All quiet, so give me your hand.

Rory. Where are you?

Betty. Here — here — give me your hand.

Rory. There, jewel. [BETTY takes his hand.

Betty. Now, don't make a noise, Darby, dear.

Rory. Not for the world, Betty, jewel.

Betty. Step softly.

Rory. Never fear; did you ever see a cat steppin'
over a pat o' butther? [Exeunt, R.

SCENE VII. — *A kitchen — A window in the centre, with a dresser before it, on which stands a dish of meat, a bottle of wine and glasses — A coal-hole on one side, and a bed on the other, both practicable — A table and chairs are on the stage.*

Enter RORY and BETTY.

Betty. Now, darlin', we're safe; I've locked the door, and we may talk as much as we please.

Rory. [Affecting hoarseness.] Iss, iss, darlin'!

Betty. [Setting the viands on the table.]. I've keep something here for your supper, Darby, dear, sit down.

Rory. Iss, darlin' —, iss.

Betty. Why, your voice is altered, Darby, dear.

Rory. Iss, it's a cowld I got — my voice is gone entirely.

Betty. Well, come and eat your supper, and 't will do you good.

Rory. Thru for you, darlin'.

[Rory sits at the table and eats.

Betty. Maybe you'd like a candle, Darby.

Rory. Oh, not in the least; my eyes is tindher with the cowld, and the dark is more plaisin' to me.

Betty. And if we were discovered it would be the ruin of me; for the colonel says to me the other day, "Betty," says he, "you've no followers?" "No, sir!" says I. "I never allow my servants to have their husbands comin' here."

Rory. Oh, the savage ! sure, that 's the laste comfort he might lave honest people.

Betty. Yis, indeed, Darby, jewel ; and after all, there 's no harm in an honest woman having her husband coming to see her.

Rory. Not the laste.

Betty. Not all as one as himself that going on with pretty doings. Another man's wife, indeed ! now, as for me, though I 'm poor, I 'm honest, and it is my own husband I have, at all events. Sure I could ruin the colonel if I liked — if I only told Mr. Scrubbs.

Rory. The collector, is it ?

Betty. Yes — no less — his purty madam, indeed, comes over here on a visit, *by the way*, sometimes — and I know what I know.

Rory. Thru for you, dear ?

Betty. Sure I could ; Scrubbs himself is here with his yeomanry now, and madame is gone back to her own house — oh, the jade !

Rory. So the colonel is a gay desaver, Betty.

Betty. Wicked, you mane — oh, Darby, Darby, I 'd die before I 'd be false to my husband.

Rory. To be sure you would, my darlin'. [Drinks.]

Betty. You 're not eating, Darby, dear.

Rory. No ; I 'm drinking for variety.

Betty. Much good may it do you — and tell, how is Johnny ?

Rory. [Aside.] Who the d—l is Johnny, I wondher — I suppose her babby. [Aloud.] Oh, Johnny 's very well.

Betty. Bless his heart, he 's a fine craythur — how well he got over it.

Rory. [Aside.] I wondher what he got over. [Aloud.] Yes, indeed, he got over it illigant ; oh, he jumps like a young cowlt.

Betty. Jumps ! — ah ! who ever heard of a child jumping over the measles ?

Rory. Whisht! did n't you hear a noise?

Betty. No, not a bit of noise—it's only the cat in the coal-hole. [Rises and listens at the coal-hole.] As you've done your supper, Darby, dear, you may as well come to sleep.

Rory. [Aside.] By dad, this is what you may call a delicate situation.

Betty. Come to sleep, darling.

Rory. Whisht! did n't you hear it again?

Betty. No, I did n't—you can speak without being afraid when our heads is under the blankets.

Rory. I can't bear my head undher the blankets.

Betty. Why, you used to like it.

Rory. [Aside.] I see there's no getting over it—I must tell her who I am. Betty, I've a grate saycret for you—a mighty grate saycret.

Betty. What is it?

Rory. Promise me you won't screech when I tell you.

Betty. Tell me; will you?

Rory. Take it aisy, dear, for it's mighty surprisin'—you must know then—

Betty. What?

Rory. I'm not Darby. [BETTY gives a faint scream; RORY puts his hand on her mouth.] Whisht, you fool—whisht! Have some wit in your anger; think o' your own charachther, Betty, if you've no regard for mine.

Betty. Oh, my charachther! my charachther!

[A knock at the door is heard.

Col. Thunder. [Outside.] Betty—Betty.

Betty. Oh, there's the colonel—hide somewhere.

Rory. I'll get into the bed.

Betty. No, no—not the bed.

Col. Thunder. [Knocking.] Betty—let me in, I say.

Betty. Here's the coal-hole; quick, quick. Coming, sir.

[RORY hides in the coal-vault, and BETTY opens the kitchen door. The COLONEL enters half-dressed,

with his nightcap on, carrying a bed candle and drawn sword.

Col. Thunder. Who have you in the house with you ?
Betty. Nobody, sir.

Col. Thunder. I heard you talking.

Betty. I always talk in my sleep, sir.

Col. Thunder. I must search the place. [Goes to the coal-hole.] Come out here, you robbers — you midnight assassins —

[Stands in an attitude of timid defence, with his sword pointed towards the coal-hole. RORY throws his coat over the COLONEL'S head; the COLONEL falls, the candle is extinguished.

Col. Thunder. Murder ! thieves ! — sentry ! sentry !

Rory. Now is my time.

[Upsets the table, jumps on the dresser. BETTY screams ; the drums beat to arms ; RORY jumps out of the window into the arms of a SENTRY who appears outside ; his musket goes off. BETTY faints, and curtain falls.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II

SCENE I. — *A guard-room — Yeomen seated round a table smoking and laughing — A lighted candle on the table — RORY seated on a low stool apart from them, L.*

Rory. They 're mighty merry over there, and that 's more than I am. Well, variety is charmin', as the owld song says. Bad cess to the chance that put me in their way ; 't was too hard afther escapin' so long, to be nabbed at last ; well, that 's all luck, like the luck of a starvin' calf, that lived all the winther, and died in the summer. They can't do worse nor hang me, any how,



Tyrone Power.

and that same 's a comfort. — Talking of hanging, though, — this letter of Giniral Hoche's is not the safest bosom friend a man could have. [Takes the letter from his bosom.] By my sowl, if this was seen it 's the dear postage I 'd have to pay for it; — faith I 'll disguise it — I 'll twist it up like a bit o' match paper for lightin' my pipe, [Folds the letter into a narrow slip] and now, I 'll put it beside my doodeen; [Takes off his hat and sticks the paper in his hatband, beside his pipe; replaces his hat on his head;] there, now — I 'm like a great many people in this world — I 've a power of knowledge outside o' my head. [Drum beats; the yeomen run from the table, and take their arms.]

Bill Jones. Ready, my lads! here 's the commanding officer coming.

[The door opens, and soldiers and two prisoners enter, one of whom is SOLDERING SOLOMON; he and RORY recognize each other.]

Solomon. [Aside to RORY.] You here?

Rory. [Aside to SOLOMON.] Whisht! I 'm not here at all — I 'm purtending to be somebody else.

Solomon. That 's one of your Irish contrivances.

Rory. Yis; it 's what we call an *alibi*. [Aside.] I wish this owld vagabone would n't be talkin' to me.

Solomon. But, I say —

Rory. Don't throuble yourself to be saying any more. I 'm obliged to you, all the same; but I 'm no ways consaited, and so you need n't purtend to know me.

Drum beats. Enter COLONEL THUNDER.

Hillo! — there 's my friend of last night; by dad, I 'm meeting all my owld acquaintances here.

Col. Thunder. [To BILL JONES.] Let those prisoners be searched; they may have concealed arms or papers about them.

Rory. [Aside.] Papers! I have it ready just in time! [Takes his pipe from his pocket and approaches the table. BILL JONES is going to search RORY.]

Rory. [Addressing BILL JONES.] I beg your pardon, but would you just let me light my pipe, if you please.

[Takes the letter from his hat, puts it in the candle, and lights his pipe with great composure, while BILL JONES makes a fruitless search in his pockets; he throws down the burnt paper, and treads on it.]

Well, you did n't get much, I believe ; throth, it 's very little I ever have in my pocket. [The COLONEL sits at table, with pen, ink, and paper.]

Col. Thunder. Where did you arrest this prisoner ?

Bill. In the street, your honor.

Col. Thunder. [To RORY.] What account can you give of yourself ?

Rory. [Stands with his back to the COLONEL ; speaks to BILL JONES.] Don't you hear his honor speaking to you ?

Col. Thunder. No, sirrah ! 't is to you I speak.

Rory. [Turning round.] Oh ! I ax your honor's pardon.

Col. Thunder. What account can you give of yourself, sir ?

Rory. Why, thin, indeed, it 's not much I do in the way of accounts, your honor ; my little darlin' is most in the ready money line, bekase no one will thrust me ; and it was in regard of doin' a thrifle of business that I kem to the town yesterday, your honor — it being market-day, and I had a slip of a pig to sell — and when I sowlid the pig, which was not soon indeed, for pigs was not lively yesterday —

Col. Thunder. It is of yourself, and not of your pig, I want to know.

Rory. Sure, that 's what I am comin' to, your honor — as I was saying, afther the pig was sowlid, I goes to a public-house, and there I called for something to dhrink ; — and I dhrank it — and then afther that I was thinkin' —

Col. Thunder. I don't want to know your thoughts, sir ; but how came you into the street ?

Rory. Sure, that's what I'm comin' to, your honor — as I was sayin', I called for somethin' to dhrink.

Col. Thunder. You told me of the drink, before.

Rory. Oh, that was *another* dhrink, your honor —

Col. Thunder. Then you were drunk, I suppose.

Rory. Not all out, your honor, but *spiflicated* a thrifle.

Col. Thunder. But how came you into the street at an unlawful hour?

Rory. That's what I'm coming to, your honor — as I was saying, I got dhrowsy, and fell asleep — till I was woke with a ruction.

Col. Thunder. What's that?

Rory. A skrimmage, your honor.

Col. Thunder. A fight, you mean.

Rory. Yis, a little innocent sort of a fight with sticks and chairs, and the like : but I had nothing to do with it, your honor ; and so them that was in it, seein' I was n't amusin' myself, got displeased with my company, and at last they gave me a hint to lave the place.

Col. Thunder. A hint — what hint, pray?

Rory. They kicked me downstairs, your honor.

Col. Thunder. You don't look like a fellow would take such a hint quietly.

Rory. I'm obliged to your honor for your good opinion ; and, indeed, I would n't, only in regard of the weight o' the dhrink an me at the time, and so many of them about me.

Col. Thunder. I'll have the landlord of that public-house severely punished, for keeping his house open at improper hours.

Rory. Indeed, 't would sarve the blackguard right, your honor — devil mend him — and long life to you for punishin' him, sir.

Col. Thunder. Where was it?

Rory. Sir?

Col. Thunder. Where was it, I say?

Rory. Where was it? why then — indeed that's

what I can't tell your honor, for I was so dhrunk at the time, that —

Col. Thunder. I see, sir; you forget, I suppose.

Rory. That's just it, your honor.

Col. Thunder. I'll see if we can't refresh your memory. Sergeant [BILL JONES comes forward.] Take this fellow to the halberds — give him a dozen, and he'll remember fast enough.

Rory. [Aside.] Bad luck to him, how ready he is with his cat-o'-nine-tails! [To COLONEL.] I'd be sorry to give you and this gintleman so much throuble, sir; and before you say any more, if you would ordher the room to be cleared, there's a saycret I have to tell your honor, in private, which your honor would like to hear.

Solomon. [Aside.] Is he going to blab?

Col. Thunder. Whatever you have to say you may speak at once.

Rory. Indeed, if your honor b'lieves me, it's something you would not wish to be public; something you'd like to know yourself, sir.

Col. Thunder. Clear the room, then. [RORY and the COLONEL are left alone.] Now — what is this secret you have to communicate?

Rory. Faix, Colonel, you were near ruinin' the thing altogether.

Col. Thunder. What do you mean, fellow?

Rory. Sure I come to tell you about the misthriss beyant.

Col. Thunder. About what?

Rory. Ah, you know yourself, Colonel; she's up to the eyes in love with you.

Col. Thunder. Who do you speak of, sirrah?

Rory. The misthriss, sir. Misthriss Scrubbs, your honor.

[RORY fixes his eye keenly on the COLONEL, who winces under his look.] Augh! but you're a divil among the women, Colonel, dear.

Col. Thunder. Fellow, how dare you?

Rory. Whisht! they 'll hear you outside. Mrs. Scrubbs sent me over to tell you, that as owld Scrubbs is away with his yeomen, maybe you 'd come our way some evening just to take tay with her.

Col. Thunder. [Aside.] What an imprudent woman! — This ruffian has me in his power. [To RORY.] Here, my honest fellow, here 's a guinea for you.

Rory. Faith, I don't deserve it.

Col. Thunder. Tut! tut! you must take it; and tell your mistress I wish she would *write* another time.

Rory. Oh, then, do you think I 'd tell on you? Not I, in troth! I would n't spoil sport for the world.

Col. Thunder. Hush!

Rory. Mum! I dare say she makes very nice tay; do you like it green or black, Colonel? And, as for the writin', Colonel — she would write, only she suspects them in the post-office.

Col. Thunder. Indeed!

Rory. Yes; they have a way of crumplin' up the lettchers, you see, this way, and lookin' through them, for all the world like a spy-glass and they might see "My darlin' Colonel," or —

Col. Thunder. Poo! poo!

Rory. Be aisy; sure you 're the devil among the girls, and no wondher, an illigant gentleman, like you, would —

Col. Thunder. Enough! enough! [Goes to the door and opens it.] Enter!

YEOMEN and PRISONERS enter as before.

Col. Thunder. This man is free; I am quite satisfied with the account he gives of himself; and as a reward for his fidelity, he shall have a pass.

[Signs a pass at the table.

Sol. [Aside.] A pass! then he is a traitor, and Munseer de Welskin must hear of it.

Col. Thunder. [Rising from table.] There! [Gives a

paper to RORY.] this will bear you free from military arrest at all times.

Rory. [To COLONEL.] Good-by, your honor, and long life to you; and may you always have a good appetite for your tay.

Col. Thunder. Clear the room — turn out the guard.

[*Exit RORY.* — *Roll of drum.* *Exit COLONEL.*
Stage is cleared, and scene changes.

SCENE II. — O'MORE'S *cottage, as before — A large meal barrel stands at the back of the stage.*

Enter DE LACY, in a dressing-gown.

De Lacy. I am surprised O'More has not yet returned; I hope no disappointment has arisen in the communication from France; or, still worse, that no mishap has befallen Rory. He's a fine fellow — indeed, all the family are to be admired; his excellent mother, his pretty sister — by-the-by, I must not let myself grow weak upon that subject; she's a sweet creature, and were she of higher birth, I would not ask a fairer wife; but De Lacy must not marry a peasant girl, and would not betray one. So have a care, Mr. De Lacy.

[*MARY O'MORE sings outside.*

Oh ! come to the west, love ; oh ! come there with me —
'T is a sweet land of verdure that springs from the sea.

De Lacy. Those words are mine that she sings; how could she get them ?

MARY enters, R. — starts on seeing DE LACY.

Mary. I beg your pardon, sir ; I did not think you were here.

De Lacy. And if you knew I were here, that is no reason you should not enter, Mary ; but, perhaps, you would not have been singing so near me.

Mary. [Aside.] He has heard me — oh, sir ! I was only —

De Lacy. Singing a song of mine — and I wonder how you got the words ?

Mary. They were written on a slip of paper, sir ; and folded in the pages of the book you were so kind as to give me.

De Lacy. But where got you the music ?

Mary. It is an air I have known from my childhood — often has my mother put me to sleep in her arms while singing it.

De Lacy. Then sing it to me now.

Mary. Oh, sir ! I should be ashamed — I am so unused to sing before anybody.

De Lacy. Take courage, Mary — you have a willing audience.

SONG — MARY.

THE LAND OF THE WEST.*

Oh ! come to the west, love : oh ! come there with me —
'T is a sweet land of verdure that springs from the sea :
Where fair plenty smiles from her emerald throne.
Oh ! come to the west, and I 'll make thee my own ;
I 'll guard thee — I 'll tend thee — I 'll love thee the best,
And you 'll say there 's no land like the land of the west.

The south has its roses, and bright skies of blue ;
But ours are more sweet with love's own changeful hue,
Half sunshine, half tears, like the girl I love best —
Oh ! what is the south to the beautiful west !
Then come there with me, and the rose on thy mouth
Will be sweeter to me than the flow'rs of the south.

The north has its snow-tow'rs of dazzling array,
All sparkling with gems in the ne'er setting day.
There the storm-king may dwell in the halls he loves best,
But the soft breathing zephyr he plays in the west.
Then come to the west, where no cold wind doth blow.
And thy neck will seem fairer to me than the snow.

* The first and last verses only are sung on the stage.

The sun, in the gorgeous east, chaseth the night,
 When he riseth refreshed in his glory and might ;
 But where doth he go when he seeks his sweet rest ?
 Oh ! doth he not haste to the beautiful west ?
 Then come there with me — 't is the land I love best,
 'T is the land of my sires, 't is my own darling west.

De Lacy. Thanks, Mary, thanks. [RORY sings outside.] Ha! — here's Rory returned.

Enter RORY, at the door.

Rory. Good-morrow, sir — good-morrow, Mary ; how's the mother ?

Mary. All well, Rory.

Rory. That's right — lave us alone, Mary, dear. I want to speake a word to Misther De Lacy.

[Exit MARY, at the door.

De Lacy. Well, Rory, have you any news ?

Rory. Plenty, faith.

De Lacy. What is it ?

Rory. Throth, it's all ended in smoke.

De Lacy. What ! no assistance ?

Rory. I did n't say that.

De Lacy. But you said 't was all ended in smoke.

Rory. And so it is, faith, as far as the news goes — for it was all in a letter, that I burned : and so I think it's ended in smoke after that.

De Lacy. Burned the letter ?

Rory. Yes ; only I burned it, the whole thing would ha' been blown.

De Lacy. How do you mean blown ?

Rory. Why, I mean blown ; don't you know what blown is ? — when anything is done entirely.

De Lacy. Discovered, you mean.

Rory. You may say diskivered, if you please ; but we may say blown ; sure how do you diskiver a rose but by its bein' blown ? or how do you find out a tune on the jarmin flute but by its bein' blown ? — and —

De Lacy. Well, Rory, you 've given examples enough — but about this letter. How *could* you burn it ?

Rory. Very aisy, faith — I just held it over the candle.

De Lacy. [Rather angry.] O'More, this is trifling.

Rory. Thrifling, is it ? — faith, if you were there yourself, Misther De Lacy, you would say 't was no thrifle to be cotch by the sojers, and put in the guard-house.

De Lacy. What ! taken by the military ?

Rory. Yes — they 've mighty takin' ways with them.

De Lacy. Then you burnt the letter to prevent discovery — O'More, pardon my haste — you 're a glorious fellow ! — I 'll never forget it.

Rory. Nor I either, faith !

De Lacy. Were you long under an arrest ?

Rory. Devil a rest I had at all — but it 's a long story, and the ind of it is, I kept the lether as long as I could — and when I could keep it no longer with safety, I burned it — that 's what good sogers calls resarving their fire — and what do you think, but an old flusterin' fool of a colonel was so bamboozled by a little bit of a story I invinted, that he gave me a pass.

[*Produces it.*]

De Lacy. Why, Rory, you 're a prodigiously clever fellow.

Rory. Not at all — it was n't I was clever — 't was only the colonel was a fool. [*Shows the pass.*] Look at it — there it is with a big sale at one ind, and his superscription at the other. Faix, that 's the thing, if the sogers ever stops one, that will pay the turnpike — — read it. [*Reads.*] "Give the bearer purtection at all times — apperceeand — apperceeand — apperceeand."

De Lacy. *Et cetera*, you mean.

Rory. Oh, it 's all the same in Irish. Come into your own room here, sir, and I 'll tell you more about it.

[*RORY and DE LACY retire to DE LACY'S apartment.*]

Enter DE WELSKIN and MARY O'MORE ; DE WELSKIN speaks outside, previously to his entrance.

Mary. What's your pleasure, sir?

De Welskin. My plaisir alvais is to look 'pon so charming preety demoiselle as von leetle lady wis blue as I see before me.

Mary. Your business, sir?

De Welskin. My bastiness! — my bastiness, made-moiselle, is not bastiness at all; it ees a profession — I am capitaine — soche a beautiful ship as mine — vous you like to tek a leetle voyage wis me?

Mary. [Aside.] What an odd man!

De Welskin. You shoos be queen of my leetle sheep.

[Puts his arm round MARY'S waist.]

Mary. I don't understand such liberties, sir.

De Welskin. Poor ignorant peopple, dey do not onderstand liberté! my dear, if you come wis me to La belle France, I will taish you liberté. — Ah! if you see my beautiful contrey — I tink I see it now. [Shuts his eyes, and stretches forth his hands with enthusiasm; MARY retires, R.] Sush beautiful wine! — sush beautiful brandee! — sush beautiful revolusion! — sush beautiful everything! — bot nussing so beautiful as you, my dear. [Looks round.] Sacre? she gone away; — ah, leetle rog! vairy pret! shoos like her for my leetle sheep ver moche. — No wonder Monsieur De Lacy like to leeve in dis leetle cottage wis sush charming compagnie.

Enter DE LACY and RORY from apartment.

Bon jour, citoyen capitaine —

De Lacy. De Welskin!

De Welskin. Oui, monsieur, — and you, sair, [To RORY.] what for you run away from me de usser night?

Rory. Did you ever see a pig runnin' very fast?

De Welskin. Peeg? — *cochon*?

Rory. No, not in a coach at all, but on his own two legs.

De Welskin. Peeg, sair, has four legs.

Rory. Yis, and hind legs, too; well, did you ever see him runnin', Mr. Devilskin?

De Welskin. Yais, sair.

Rory. And do you know the raison he runs?

De Welskin. No, sair.

Rory. Well, then, I'll tell you; and it's the same raison I run from you th' other night — and remember it now, for it's worth remembrin'. — Whenever you see a pig runnin' very fast, the raison is, that he's in a hurry.

[Exit RORY through door; DE WELSKIN goes to the door and looks through the keyhole.]

De Lacy. Why all this caution?

De Welskin. [Puts his finger to his lips in token of silence, and gets close to DE LACY.] Dere is a great rascal very near you! Rory O'More is a traitor!

Re-enter RORY hastily.

Rory. [To DE WELSKIN.] That's the last lie you towld.

De Welskin. Sacre!

Rory. Ah, howld your prate, you dirty furriner. Misther De Lacy, here is Scrubbs and his yeomen all powdherin' down the road, and if owld Devilskin is seen we're lost.

Enter MARY hastily, R.

Mary. Oh, sir, the soldiers are all surrounding the house.

De Welskin. We are betrayed — he sent for de sogers.

[Points to RORY.]

Rory. [To DE LACY.] Make that fool hide himself, or we're ruined — here, let him get into the male-tub.

[Uncovers the barrel.]

De Welskin. No, no, you wans to kesh me in a trap.

De Lacy. Quick — hide yourself.

De Welskin. [To MARY.] My dear, coos you not poot me undere your bede?

Rory. Get in there, you owld thief.

[DE LACY and RORY force him to hide.]

De Welskin. [Getting into the tub.] Sacre ! I do not like him.

[He is concealed, and RORY sits on the barrel.

Enter SCRUBBS and two armed yeomen.

Scrubbs. You, outside, there, keep watch ! don't let any one escape !—see that nothing gets out of the chimney.

Rory. Except the smoke.

Scrubbs. Silence, fellow. Treason is abroad ! villainy is abroad ! and now, sir, [To DE LACY,] who are you ?

De Lacy. What I am inclined to think you are not, sir.

Scrubbs. A French rebel, you mean.

De Lacy. No, sir ; an Irish gentleman.

[During this dialogue RORY has taken DE LACY'S coat, which hangs on the back of a chair, and put the pass into the pocket.

Rory. [Approaching DE LACY.] Mr. De Lacy, you 'd better put on your coat, sir, or you 'll get cowld. [Aside to DE LACY.] The colonel's pass is in the pocket.

[DE LACY takes off his dressing-gown, and is assisted by RORY to put on the coat. RORY then retires to DE LACY'S room.

De Lacy. Will you excuse me while I change my dress ?

Scrubbs. Well, 'pon my honour, this is what I call taking it easy,—change his dress !—I 'll make him change his tone, I think. Do you know who I am, sir ?—I am a magistrate, sir ; and I arrest you in the king's name. [Advancing.

De Lacy. [Presenting a case of pistols which he has taken from his pocket.] Come on, sir.

Scrubbs. [Retreating behind the yeomen.] Don't dare to present a pistol at a magistrate. [To yeomen.] Advance and seize him.

De Lacy. [Hands him the pass ; yeomen hang back.] If you can read, sir, look at that.

Scrubbs. [Taking the letter at the sword's point.] Bless my soul! — a pass from Col. Thunder. [To DE LACY.] My dear friend, this is, indeed, a surprise; I beg a thousand pardons — all done in a mistake; but in these times you know, my dear friend, magistrates must be vigilant.

De Lacy. And be careful of their personal safety.

Scrubbs. Certainly, as you judiciously remark. [To yeomen.] Quit this worthy gentleman's house directly. [Yeomen linger.] Allow me, sir, to assure you of my eternal friendship.

De Lacy. Sir, I scorn alike your friendship and —

Scrubbs. Ah — hem! [To yeomen.] Why don't you go? [Exeunt yeomen.]

You were saying something about friendship, sir.

De Lacy. I say, sir, I scorn alike your friendship and your hostility.

Scrubbs. I must say, my dear friend, I think that rayther hard.

De Lacy. If you do not relish what I say, sir, here are pistols, and there's fair ground in the field behind the house. [Offers pistols.]

Scrubbs. By no means, my dear friend. Do you think I'd shoot a friend of Col. Thunder's? — oh, dear! you mistake me — I'm not a bloodthirsty person — merely jocular, as I say — jocose — and, now that I find you are what you ought to be, I'll have great pleasure in staying and having a drop o' something to drink with you.

De Lacy. [Presenting a pistol.] Go, sir!

Scrubbs. Eh?

De Lacy. Go, sir!

Scrubbs. Oh!

[Retreating to door.]

De Lacy. Go, sir.

Scrubbs. Good morning!

[Exit.]

De Lacy. I'll see him safe in his saddle.

[Exit.]

[DE WELSKIN rises from the barrel, turns round, and exhibits his face and dress smeared with flour.]

De Welskin. Sacre! I am smuzzere. [Gets out of the barrel, and replaces the lid.] Ha! phew! what cow-heart is dat gentleman sojere — Big federe — little courage — Monsieur De Lacy brave-garçon! — Go, sair! — [Mimics.] — hah! — Go, sair! — ho! *Sacre! quel poltron.* I like to see de man vouds do dat to me! by gar, I would pull his nose. I vondre vere is dat lissel girl: she go dis way, me tinks; I will go dare too — hide myself in de rideau of her curtain bed. — By gar, me aff very mosche audace ven a lady in de case. [Exit, r.

Re-enter RORY from DE LACY'S room.

Rory. Ha! ha! ha! By the powers, Mr. De Lacy done that illigantly. Oh! how politely he landed owld Scrubbs out o' the place — the cowardly thief o' the world! I suppose poor Divilskin is nigh hand smothered by this time — I must let him out. [Knocks on the lid of the barrel.] Divilskin, come out. [Lifts the lid, and looks in.] By dad, he is out. Where is he gone? — he did not go out, or I'd ha' seen him out of the window of Mr. De Lacy's room; and he did n't come in there, sartinly; and there's no other place for him to go to, barrin' he'd go into Mary's sleepin'-room, and he would n't have the impidance to do that, I suppose — though 'pon my conscience I don't think that fellow's modesty would shut any door agin him. [Takes up a three-legged stool.] I'll go look for him there, and if he has had the assurance to go into Molshee's sleepin'-room, I'll comb his head with this stool. [Exit, r.; a thumping and roaring is heard within.] Come out, you thief, come out o' that.

Re-enter DE WELSKIN and RORY.

De Welskin. What de devil, saire, you do dat for?

Rory. I was only dustin' the flies off the curtain, munseer.

De Welskin. Sacre ! but why for you break my back ?
you cannot mend him for me.

Rory. Mend your own back, and I 'll mend your
manners. I 'll be bound you 'll not play hide-and-go-
seek in the bed-curtains again — eh ! Divilskin ?

De Welskin. Ha ! you dam fellowe, you hit my head
— pretty joke.

Rory. That 's what we call cracking a joke, in Ire-
land. See, Divilskin ; listen to me —

De Welskin. Well, sair.

Rory. I told you why a pig runs fast, and I showed you
how we dust bed-curtains, and now I 'll show you the door.

De Welskin. I know ver well, sair, what is de door.

Rory. Yes ; but you don't seem to know the use of
it. You see in Ireland the use of a door is to put a
blackguard at the other side of it — so get out.

De Welskin. What, sair ?

Rory. Be off — cut your stick !

De Welskin. No, sair ! — what you mean, sair ? —
you not dare to turn me out, sair !

Rory. Faith, I 'll turn you inside out, if you 're not
out o' this in one minit.

De Welskin. I will not, sair !

Rory. [Holding out his arm in a menacing attitude.]
Look at that, Divilskin — I 'm getting mighty ticklish
about the elbow.

De Welskin. Oh ! good morning, sair. [Going.

Rory. Get out, you impidint thief !

[RORY kicks him out ; scene closes.

SCENE III. — *A view of wild hills ; a richly-clouded sunset.*

Enter KATHLEEN, R.

Kath. How beautifully the sun is setting ; the clouds
are piled up, like palaces of fairyland, and the golden
beams come shooting out through the bright chinks, as
if the halls were illuminated for merrymaking ; but it is
the king of the storm will hold his feast among them,

for that bright sunset looks troubled. Yes; all those bright and glowing clouds will soon be scattered by the storm ! I know not why, but that sunset makes me sad.

*Enter SHAN DHU, L., at the back, who advances and taps
KATHLEEN on the shoulder.*

Shan Dhu. Where are you going, Kathleen ?

Kath. Home. [Aside.] His presence at this moment chills me.

Shan Dhu. Why do you seem as if you feared me ?

Kath. Fear ? Do not think I fear you.

Shan Dhu. You shun me ; and that looks like fear.

Kath. Nay, it is you who shun our meeting. I live in your mother's house, Shan, and if you did not shun your mother's house we should meet oftener.

Shan Dhu. If I do shun my mother's house, it is for the sake of the cruel girl that will not make it a happy home to me.

Kath. No, no, Shan, there are other causes ; there 's a wild glen in the hills yonder ; there 's an old ruin of no good repute in that wild glen ; and they say that some, wilder than the glen itself, make it their haunt. You know the place I mean.

Shan Dhu. And if I know it, it is that the wild glen is made more welcome to me than the thatched roof. Your love would make the thatched roof pleasanter than the wild glen.

Kath. You deceive yourself. Shan, you have never been to the mother who nursed you, what a son should be ; and from such the wife can have no hope — the son is the forerunner of the husband.

Shan Dhu. You would not speak so, if you did not love another. I know it. You love Rory O'More — do not attempt to deny it. Ah, Kathleen ! you knew me longer than him ; from childhood you have known me ; and yet to him, the acquaintance of later years, you have given your love.

Kath. Talk not of your boyhood ! even as a child I did not love you ; do you remember the day I prayed you not to rob the poor bird's nest, and you laughed at me and called me a fool, and did it ? From that hour, Shan, our hearts were separate. There's an old saying, Shan :

The feather shows how the wind blows ;
The straw tells how the stream flows.

Good-by, Shan — I am going home.

Shan Dhu. [Detaining her.] Kathleen, this is the last time I shall ever ask you ; beware how you refuse me — beware how you turn love into hate.

Kath. Shan Dhu ! — Shan Dhu ! — The man who truly loves could never in the same breath speak of hate — farewell.

Shan Dhu. Go not yet ! — Even though you reject me, I have love enough left to preserve you from a deceiver.

Kath. What mean you ?

Shan Dhu. Rory O'More has already betrayed one woman, and may deceive you.

Kath. 'T is false ! I know 't is false.

Shan Dhu. If you will not believe me — will you not believe his victim ? — I have a witness of his falsehood.

Kath. I have a stronger witness to his truth.

Shan Dhu. Where ?

Kath. Here, in my heart —

[*The sound of a distant bell is heard* ; SHAN DHU starts. Hark to the chapel bell — does it not whisper to your conscience, Shan ? — 't is long since you have heard the holy sound beneath the holy roof. [SHAN lays hold of her arm.] Let me pass. [SHAN interrupts her no longer.] I go to vespers. [Exit KATHLEEN, R.]

Shan Dhu. The sound of that bell, and her parting words, have made a coward of me — a creeping chill comes over me — I am a man no more, but tremble like a child — ah, when I was a child I knelt at prayer, and

— [The bell sounds again.] It calls again! — yes, I will go to chapel. [Going, r.

DE WELSKIN enters suddenly, l.

De Welskin. Methinks you said shappell.

Shan Dhu. Well — and suppose I did — many a good man goes to chapel.

De Welskin. So you vaunts to be a *good* man — ah, mon ami, you af been a long time about eet — besser let im alone now — lissel girl vas here — mak you art soft — 'ead grows soft wid de art — but de art grows strong vid de brandee — come wis me — come to de Follee — I will be your friend, and Mistair Rory moste not marry your lissel girl —

Shan Dhu. Ha! — marry!

De Welskin. You tink not me know — ha! ha! — come wis me — ve vill settle all about eet; you muss run avay vid dat leetel girl — I vill run avay vis anozer — you loaf Mistair Rory's *maitresse* — I loaf Mistair Rory's sistair — ve run avay vis boas — dat vill be von good revensh.

Shan Dhu. Revenge! — yes — revenge is sweet.

De Welskin. Sairtainlie — and it ess vairy, vairy sweet indeet, ven you mix him vis a leetle brandee — come along vis me. [Exeunt, l.

SCENE IV. — *A pass leading into a glen — Night — Wind and rain.*

Enter SCRUBBS, r.

Scrubbs. Bless my soul, what a storm! How it rains — how it whistles! — zounds! what a misfortune to lose my horse at such a moment! poor devil 's killed, I suppose — well I was n't killed too — but what *am* I to do? — five miles from home in this wild country, and to walk it too. If I meet any of these lawless ruffians I

am a gone man. [*A shout outside.*] Bless me ! some one is near — what am I to do ? [Hides.]

RORY enters, L., carrying a crowbar.

Rory. 'Pon my conscience, this is a nice night for young ducks, tare an ounty how it's powerin' rain ! [*Thunder and lightning.*] Phew ! — there's more of it.

Scrubbs. [Coming forward.] Why, Rory, my dear friend, this is so fortunate !

Rory. Is it fortunate to be cotch in a storm ?

Scrubbs. No ; but to meet a friend under such circumstances — I have lost my horse — I have lost my way — I have lost my courage.

Rory. Well, nobody will break their shins over that.

Scrubbs. Rory, my man, you must let me go along with you — you will guide me — you will take care of me — which way are you going ?

Rory. Home, through the glen.

Scrubbs. The glen ! — you would n't go through that horrid lonely place — the road is safer.

Rory. All places are safe enough for me. [*Thunder.*]

Scrubbs. Oh, dear ! [Leans against RORY.] I say, Rory, what's this you have in your hand ? — why, I declare it's an iron crowbar !

Rory. Did you ever see a wooden crowbar ?

Scrubbs. No ; but it's such an odd thing to carry about with you — what do you want with it ?

Rory. Just to pick my teeth.

Scrubbs. You do say such odd things ! But really — this crowbar — such an odd thing to have — how comes it ?

Rory. Why, I lent it to Larry Lanigan, at the sign of the dead horse kicking the blind man's eyes out.

Scrubbs. The what ?

Rory. The public-house beyant, you know. Well, his wife makes her punch so strong, that she bent all her silver spoons strivin' to stir it, and so I lent her the

crowbar to mix it. But come along if you 're comin'—
for there 's no fun in stayin' here. [Thunder.

Scrubbs. Oh, dear ! But you 're not going that way
in this dreadful storm — the river will have risen so high
as to make the glen impassable.

Rory. The pass at the head of the glen is not yet
flooded.

Scrubbs. But that river

Rory. Are you afraid it will bite you ?

Scrubbs. No ; but it may drown me.

Rory. Them that 's born for hanging will never be
dhrownded, and there will be worse than the river in the
glen, when you 're there.

Scrubbs. O'More, you *do* say such odd things — don't
go that way — don't. [Thunder and lightning.] Oh, dear !

Rory. Faith ! I won't stay here, any how, so you may
stay or come, just as you plaze.

Scrubbs. But may I depend that —

Rory. Mr. Scrubbs, may be you 're afraid o' me —
now I don't want your company at all, and if I wanted
to harm you, here 's a crowbar, and a mighty convayni-
ent place. Now, I 'd rather you 'd go your own way.

[Going.

Scrubbs. No, no ! my dear O'More — don't leave me.

Rory. Well, I 'm going through the glen — and if
you 're so afraid of your own company as to prefer mine,
why, follow me.

Scrubbs. Well, don't go far from me, at all events.

Exit RORY, R — SCRUBBS lays hold of the skirt of his
coat and follows.

SCENE V. — *A large vaulted subterranean apartment ; a door high up in the back wall, with a ladder leading down from it into the vault ; a large grated window in one of the side walls, which must be distinctly seen by the audience, and large enough to permit the characters to be seen passing*

behind it; a lamp hangs from the roof; FLANNERTY, PIERRE, and others seated on blocks of stone round some rude planks, supported tablewise on stones also; a large pot hangs suspended over a turf fire; the characters are drinking.

Pierre. Pass the brandy round again; here's a toast: Bad luck to Scrubbs the collector.

Flannerty. He won't trouble us much longer.

Pierre. No; when De Welskin comes, his fate will be settled. I wonder what keeps him.

[SOLOMON appears at the grated window.

Solomon. Good boys — good boys — all at school and minding your lessons.

Pierre. Welcome, old fellow — come down [SOLOMON disappears from the grate.] Old soldering Solomon is never too late when there is mischief in the wind.

[SOLOMON descends the ladder.

Omnes. Welcome, old Sol. — welcome !

Pierre. So you're come to school too.

Solomon. Yes; but I have n't got a book with me. I'll take a leaf out of yours. [Takes PIERRE'S brandy-flask and drinks.] The Munseer is not come yet.

[DE WELSKIN and SHAN DHU appear at the grate;
DE WELSKIN puts his head through the bars.

De Welskin. [From above.] Who told you so, sair?

[Retires.

Solomon. Talk of the devil — here he comes.

[DE WELSKIN and SHAN DHU descend the ladder.

De Welskin. Now den for de bizziness. Firste I mind de potage, and den we moste mak little commeetay of poobleek sefty. Now Mistair Solsodderman, you open dis affaire.

[DE WELSKIN lays hold of a large cooking ladle.

Solomon. Yes; but I'll open this affair first.

[Uncorks the brandy and drinks again.

De Welskin. Ah! you old feesh!

[Goes over to the fire, and attends the boiling pot.

Solomon. Now, gentlemen — this collector, you know this Scrubbs — he has got our friend Darby Daly in jail — he's to swear against him at the next 'sizes ; and so sure as he does, Darby goes over the herring pond. Now, I say that Scrubbs must be put out of the way.

Omnes. Ay ! ay !

Flannerty. Give him a dog's knock.

Shan Dhu. I don't like murder.

Flannerty. Don't you ? are you afraid of his ghost — eh ?

De Welskin. Settel ees ash.

Solomon. Dead men tell no tales.

Shan Dhu. But murder speaks out.

Solomon. And that's the only objection you have to it ?

De Welskin. Solsodderman ees roight ! de ded mans has no tails ; I moste mind my paut, or he vill run over de vay.

Flannerty. But about Scrubbs — that's our great business.

Solomon. I say, dead men tell no tales.

Pierre. Would n't it do to send him over the sea ?

Shan Dhu. Yes ; and if you take my advice there is another you'll send along with him.

Pierre. Who ?

Shan Dhu. Rory O'More.

De Welskin. [Aside.] Settle one ting at von time — suppose you let de collectere come over de say vis me — he may speak as mosh as he like in France.

Solomon. Dead men tell no tales.

Shan Dhu. Bloodthirsty villain !

De Welskin. What moste it be ! — to kill im or to tek im vis me. Poot up your 'ans — shall de collectere go over de vattere ?

Omnes. [Holding up hands.] Ay ! ay !

De Welskin. Von, two, tree, four, seven, five, eleven, — dat vil do — he go over de vattere.

Solomon. Now that you've settled that, we may as well

play a game of cards, while the Munseer is minding the cooking.

Shan Dhu. What stakes shall we play for?

Solomon. The larger the better—I don't like losing time for shabby stakes. [A party sit down to play.

[DE WELSKIN goes round the table, and looks at all the cards, giving SOLOMON an occasional signal.

De Welskin. Very good cars indeed. Ver nice play, sair, ha! you old rog—you play besser den any bodie—by gar you vin him.

[DE WELSKIN skims the pot while the deal is made, and goes through the same manœuvres at the game; SOLOMON wins again.

Shan Dhu. Why, Solomon, you are winning everything.

Solomon. Oh, that's nothing to what I can do—down with the stakes again.

[All lay down their stakes, and after playing a round, a vivid flash of lightning crosses the grated window, followed by a loud peal of thunder.

Shan Dhu. [Starting.] What a dreadful peal!

Solomon. Mind your play. [Thunder.

Shan Dhu. No; I'll play no more.

De Welskin. Sacre! what you 'fraid for! tonzer and loightning is nussing but natture. You might as vell be 'fraid of de sun and de moon, and de stars, as de tonzer: it is all natture—and all natture is nussing at all but—[A tremendous peal of thunder]—by gar, dere is a great change in de wedder!

[All the players rise from the game, and leave the money on the table.

Shan Dhu. I'll go.

Solomon. You fool, you are safer here, under these arches. [A tremendous peal, and vivid lightning.

Shan Dhu. I'll stay no longer.

[As he ascends the ladder, a thunderbolt falls, and is followed by a loud crash, and a large mass of the building falls across the entrance.

Horror! horror! the door is blocked up.

[*Great consternation among the group.*

Pierre. And the fire is going out. The waters are rising under the foundations.

[*SHAN DHU lights a torch and waves it at the window; the waters rise rapidly within the vaults; the smugglers run to and fro making exclamations of fear; the table is placed near the window, and they stand upon it; RORY O'MORE and SCRUBBS appear above, at the grating; the smugglers exclaim, "Save us, save us!" RORY wrenches the bars from the window with the crowbar, and SHAN DHU, DE WELSKIN, and others, get out; they seize RORY and SCRUBBS.*

Shan Dhu. Victory! they're our prisoners!

[*They form a tableau, and the curtain falls.*

The mechanism of the Adelphi Theatre, rendered the rising of the waters in the foregoing very effective; but in the case of provincial theatres, which might not have the command of such scenic effect, the following arrangement of the scene is recommended.

SCENE V. — Exterior of the ruins of the Folly — a large arch with iron gratings in the foreground, through which is seen a vault, lighted with a lamp — A fire burns within it, over which is suspended an iron pot — Two or three figures are seen within — The exterior is under the effect of moonlight, the interior under that of firelight — FLANNERTY, PIERRE, and two others, are discovered outside, drinking. — The dialogue then proceeds, the same as in the foregoing scene, with such alterations of changing the situation from interior to exterior as the business of the scene requires, till the smugglers, having finally gone into the vault to play their game, they are made prisoners by the thunderbolt throwing down the building, and blocking up the entrance; at the same time the walls and roof appear to give way, and the waters are seen to pour downwards upon them, when they rush to the bars and cry for help, while they endeavour to pull down the grating, at which moment RORY and SCRUBBS enter, and the following dialogue ensues:

Enter RORY and SCRUBBS.

Rory. Hubbaboo! what's this — Misther Divilskin, is that you?

De Welskin. Rory, boy — help us — help us — ve vill be drownded if you do naut mek hase.

Rory. Faith, you're a quare fish to be in the wather there.

Omnès. Let us out! Let us out!

Rory. Faix, it's I that will do that same. Now you'll see, Misther Scrubbs, the use of this little tooth-pick o' mine — for you see I'll pick them fellows out o' the jaws o' death with it.

Scrubbs. Let them out, *Rory* — don't!

Rory. Why, you hard-hearted villain, do you think I'd lave them to perish with hunger and thirst in the wather?

De Welskin. Oh! *Rory*, mek hase, mek hase!

Rory. Make hey — yis, while the sun shines so beautiful. [*IWrenches the bars.*] There! — and there! — now you've room to get out; give us your fist, you poor dhrounded rat. [*Assists DE WELSKIN to get out; the rest follow.*]

De Welskin. Tank you, Mistair *Rory*, tank you — merci, merci!

Rory. 'T was a mercy, sure enough, ould Divilskin, and you ought to say your prayers afther it.

Shan Dhu. [Pointing to SCRUBBS.] See who's behind him — the collector!

Rory. And what if it is?

Shan Dhu. Birds of a feather flock together.

Rory. Shan Dhu, you're a slanderous villain; I met this man at the mouth o' the glen; he asked me to lead him in safety through it; I promised him I would, and *Rory O'More* never broke his faith yet.

Shan Dhu. You hold your head mighty high, Mr. *O'More*.

Rory. No higher than an honest man *may* hold it. See, boys; I consider myself bound in honor to this man.

Shan Dhu. [Contemptuously.] Your honor! indeed — seize them! [Advancing.]

Rory. If you have not the spark of honor, at least

have the spark of gratitude. I saved your lives this minute, you dhroundin' rats as you were, and all I ask is to let us pass unharmed.

De Welskin. See, Mistair Rory—we shall not do you no harm; but dis jentelman most coame wis me.
[*Advancing.*]

Rory. [*Interposing.*] See, Divilskin—just keep your five fingers off o' that man—he's in my company, and must not be touched.

Onnes. No! no! give us the collector—the collector.

De Welskin. De collector!

Scrubbs. [*Clinging to RORY.*] Oh, Rory, don't betray me.

Rory. Betray you!—that word to me, after what you've heard; bad luck to you, you cowardly hound; pull out your ould toasting-fork and fight like a man for it.

Scrubbs. [*Clings close.*] Oh, Rory—Rory!

De Welskin. Give him up, sair.

Rory. [*To SCRUBBS.*] Bad luck to you, let me go, or I can't fight.

De Welskin. Will you give him up? [*Draws.*]

Rory. Whoever gets him must walk over my body first. [*Throws himself into a posture of defence.*]

Shan Dhu. I told you this—Rory O'More, you're a traitor!

Rory. Shan Dhu, you're a liar!

Shan Dhu. Down with them!

[*The characters form a tableau, SHAN DHU standing in triumph over RORY.*

END OF ACT II.

ACT III

SCENE I.—*Exterior of O'MORE'S cottage.**Enter DE LACY and MARY, L. H.*

De Lacy. I wish I could be as hopeful as you, Mary.
Mary. But why do you despair, sir?

De Lacy. I may talk to you of the cause, Mary ; for you are a brave, as well as a good girl. You know the cause I speak of.

Mary. The cause of our country !

De Lacy. Yes, Mary — alas ! that cause, I fear, is lost.

Mary. Oh, say not lost, sir.

De Lacy. Yes, lost ; I find we have no hope of aid from France, and without it, must be hopeless.

Mary. A noble cause is never hopeless.

De Lacy. Your sentiment is generous, Mary, but I fear me 't is also fallacious.

Mary. We have an old saying in Ireland, sir, which has often inspired to noble deeds. Let me inspire you with that saying. Remember, that the darkest hour is the hour before day.

SONG — MARY.

THE HOUR BEFORE DAY.

Bereft of his love and bereaved of his fame,
A knight to the cell of the old hermit came ;
“ My foes, they have slander'd, and forced me to fly ;
Oh ! tell me, good father, what's left, but to die ? ”
“ Despair not, my son, thou 'lt be righted ere long,
For Heaven is above us, to right all the wrong ;
Remember the words the old hermit doth say :
’Tis always the darkest the hour before day ! ”
 Oh ! the hour before day, &c.

“Then back to the tourney, and back to the court,
And join the bravest in chivalry’s sport.
Thy foes will be there, and thy lady-love, too —
And show both thou ’rt a knight that is gallant and true.”
He rode in the lists, all his foes he o’erthrew,
And a bright glance he caught from a soft eye of blue,
And he thought of the words the old hermit did say,
For her glance was as bright as the dawning of day.

Oh ! the hour before day, &c.

The feast it was late in the castle that night,
And the banquet was beaming with beauty and light,
But fairest of all is the lady who glides
To the porch, where a knight with a fleet courser bides.
She paused ’neath the arch, at the fierce ban-dog’s bark,
She trembled to look on the night — ’t was so dark ;
But her lover he whisper’d, and thus did he say :
“ Sweet love, it is darkest the hour before day ! ”

Oh ! the hour before day, &c.

De Lacy. Brave girl ! such a song might well inspire to hopefulness.

Enter the WIDOW O’MORE, R.

Widow. Oh, Mr. De Lacy. My boy ! my boy !

De Lacy. What of him ?

Widow. They have accused him of murder !

Mary. Oh, mother !

De Lacy. Who have accused him ?

Widow. The collector’s friends. Mr. Scrubbs is missing, and as Rory was the last person known to be in his company, they have accused him of his murder.

De Lacy. Atrocious charge — but fear not, Mrs. O’More — Rory’s innocence will be easily established.

Widow. I met poor Kathleen, just now, well nigh distracted, going to the glen of the Folly, where they say Rory and the collector were last seen — poor girl, her heart was breaking.

Mary. Mother, I will follow her—my brother, my brother—I would die to save him. [Exit MARY, R.]

De Lacy. In the glen of the Folly, you say. Courage, Mrs. O'More; I will look in another direction. [Aside.] I fear some of De Welskin's people may have done this—I know they have a retreat in the hills. I will hasten there: [Puts his hand to his pocket.] I have my pistols. Mrs. O'More, be of good cheer—for I will lose my own life rather than a hair of Rory's head shall be harmed. [Exit, L.]

Widow. Heaven bless you, sir.

[Exit, R.]

SCENE II.—*The retreat of the smugglers in the hills—A grated door in the background—A door leading into the retreat, at the side—Arms are lying about—Barrels of gunpowder in one corner—A wood fire lighting on the hearth—RORY O'MORE discovered with his arms pinioned.*

Rory. Well, I often heer'd that bad company was the ruin of a man, and I know it now, for it was being along with that blackguard Scrubbs that got me into this scrape. Bad luck to them, how tight they've tied me; oh, then, if I could only get my hand loose I'd be a match for the vagabones yet. That's gunpowdher over there in the corner—I know that—and by dad, if I was only master of my own pair o' five fingers I'd make a bargain with them yet, would astonish them.

NELLY enters through side door.

Nelly. Rory, do you forget me?

Rory. Forget you!—by my soul, to forget a purty face was never a failing o' mine, my jewel—and maybe, my darlin' little colleen, you'd loosen these cords a trifle for me.

Nelly. Hush! here's De Welskin—he shall loose you, or I'll know the reason why.

Enter DE WELSKIN, through side door.

De Welskin. Ah ! ha ! Miss Nelly — what for you coame to talk to dis fellowe — ha ! ha ! leetel coquette — you go mek my coffee, ma'mselle.

Nelly. I'll do nothing for you until that poor boy is loosed — are n't you a pretty set of men to tie up one among so many of you — I thought a Frenchman was too brave to fear one man.

De Welskin. Fear ! you say me fear ! — Sacre ! me not fear nineteen tousand seven men vaun hundrede. 'Tis not me ties him up, but Monsieur Reggan ; he fight so moche.

Rory. Shan Dhu, is it ? well, that's another thrifle I owe him. But he's not here now, and you need not keep me tied if you're not afraid.

De Welskin. You moaste not say, Mr. Rory, me 'fraid. By gar, me cut you open dis moment vis my knife. [Feels in his pocket.] Me not 'fraid of you ; no, by gar, me like you, you soshe funne feylow ; bote you bettere stay vis me, for, by gar, if you get away from here, you be hang.

Rory. [Aside.] I'll be hang'd if I don't get from here.

De Welskin. My knife not in my poche ; I must go for him. [Exit through side door.]

Rory. What does he mane, Nelly, dear, about my being hanged ?

Nelly. It's truth he tells you, Rory ; you're safer here ; Scrubbs is reported to be murdered, and they say you have done the job for him, and the soldiers will put the military law on you, if they catch you.

Rory. Is it me kill owld Scrubbs, the rap ? I would n't dirty my fingers with the likes o' sitch varmint. Oh, my poor mother, and the sister, and Kathleen, what will they say of the report agin me, and I not there to give the lie to it ? See, Nelly, if it costs me my life I must get out o' this place.

Nelly. And if it costs me mine, I'll help you.

Re-enter DE WELSKIN, PIERRE, and FLANNERTY.

De Welskin. Now, sair, me cote you open.

[*Cuts the knot of RORY'S cord, and unwinds it from the stick with which he is pinioned.*

Dere, me like you ; you are soshe funnee rascal.

PIERRE stretches himself on the ground ; FLANNERTY sits on one of the barrels of gunpowder.

Rory. Thank you, Divilskin. Oh, murther ! I'll never get the use of my arms agin.

[*Swings back his arms and nearly knocks down DE WELSKIN.*

De Welskin. Ha ! what devil of nelbow you aff, sair ; you moste not do dat again ; you moste be quiet, now dat I cut you open ; if you not be quiet I blow you to the devil. See dere, sair, [*Points to the gunpowder,*] do you know what is dat over dere, dat dis fellow sit upon him ?

Rory. It's not soap, I suppose, or he'd wash his face.

De Welskin. No, sair, it is gunpowzer ; and dere is fuzils and plunderpush nuff to blow you forty tousan' time to nussing at all. So you be quiet, sair.

Rory. Oh, I'll be as quiet as an oysther ; but may be you'll tell me what you've done with owl Scrubbs ?

De Welskin. Nevere you mind, sair ; coame now, sit down by the fire, you shall have someting to dreenk.

Rory. That same's a comfort !

[*They sit down by the fire ; a coffee-pot and brandy flask are beside it.*

De Welskin. Vaut vill you aff, cawfee or brandee ?

Rory. Thank you, Munseer, I'll take the brandy while the coffee's gettin' ready.

De Welskin. Ha ! ha ! you fonnee feylow ! by gar you are de von great rog, Monsieur Rory.

Rory. Do you think so, Munseer ?

De Welskin. Ah, ah ! von great rog, rascal, by gar.

Rory. Well, then, there 's a pair of us, so here 's your health, Divilskin, [Drinks.] and if you 're ever hang'd for being an honest man, it 'll be a murdher.

De Welskin. Tank you, Rory, tank you, my boy ; [Shakes hands.] but, by gar, you are de big rog. So cunning you are, *ma foi*, you arr so cunning as dat litel animal vot runs about ; vot you call 'im ?

Rory. Magpies, is it ?

De Welskin. No, no, no !

Rory. Magpies is the cunningest bastes in the world.

De Welskin. No, no, no, not dat ! Bah ! vot you call de littel ting vot runs about vid a broshe.

Rory. Sweeps, is it ?

De Welskin. No, no, no ! animal vot runs about vid a tail.

Rory. Sure you run about with a tail. [*Lays hold of DE WELSKIN'S queue.*]

De Welskin. I say dat animal vot de gentlemen runs aftere.

Rory. That 's an heiress.

De Welskin. No, no, no ! — dat animal vot ve call le reynard.

Rory. Oh ! sly reynard the fox, you mane.

De Welskin. De faux — de faux — dat is him ; you be cunning as von faux, Mistair Rory.

Rory. Oh, the fox is a cunnin' baste, in throth ; an' will you tell me, Munseer, have yiz got foxes in France ?

De Welskin. Oh, yais, sairtanlee ; faux very moshe.

Rory. I 'll howld you a quart o' porther, that they 're not to compare with the Irish foxes in the regard o' cunnin'.

De Welskin. Ver moshe cunning, French faux.

Rory. Why, an Irish fox would sthrip a French fox of his skin, and sell it before his face, and th' other not know it.

De Welskin. Bah ! bah ! bah !

Rory. Tut, man, you don't know what devils them

Irish foxes is. Did you ever hear of the fox of Ballybotherum ?¹

De Welskin. Ballabot — bosh — vaut you call him ?

Rory. Ballybotherum ; oh ! that was the fox in airnest ! devil such a fox ever was before nor sense, as that same fox ; and the thing I'm going to tell you happened to a relation of my own, one Mickee Rooney, that was a ranger in the service of the Lord knows who.

De Welskin. Lord Whaat ?

Rory. Lord knows who ; a great lord in them parts.

Pierre. He's making game of you, Munseer.

Rory. Howld your gab, will you ? do you think Munseer does n't know a fox is game as well as you ?

De Welskin. To bee sure. [*To PIERRE.*] You mind your own bastiness, sair ; my own bastiness I know myself.

Rory. Well, as I was tellin' you, Munseer, the ranger lived in a small taste of a cabin, beside the wood, all alone by himself, barrin' the dogs that was his companions.

De Welskin. De daugs ?

Rory. Yes ; himself and the dogs was the only Christians in the place, and one night, when he kem home, wet and wairy wid the day's sport, he sot down beside the fire, just as we 're sittin' here, and begun smoking his pipe to warm himself, and when he tuk an air o' the fire, he thought he 'd go to bed — not to sleep, you persaive, but to rest himself, like ; so he took off his clothes and hung them to dhry forinst the fire, and then he went to bed, and an illigant bed it was ; the finest shafe o' sthraw you ever seen, lyin' over in the corner as it might be there, [*Points to the place where the gunpowder is stowed.*] and as he was lyin' in bed, thinking o' nothin' at all, and divartin' himself with lookin' at the smoke curlin' up out o' the fire, what should he see but the door open, and a fox march into the place, just as bowld as if the house was

¹ This story is taken from my first series of "Legends and Stories of Ireland ;" by permission of Messrs. Baldwin and Cradock and altered to a dramatic form (Author).

his own ; an' he went over and sot down on his hunkers forninst the fire, and begun to warm his hands like a Christian ; it's truth I'm tellin' you.

De Welskin. Staup, sair — staup ! vere vas de daugs all dis time ?

Rory. The dogs ; oh, the dogs it is ? Oh, I did n't tell you that ! Oh, sure the dogs was runnin' about the wood at the time, ketchin' rabbits — for the fox was listenin', you see, outside the door, and heerd the ranger tell the dogs to go and ketch him a brace o' rabbits for his supper — for I go bail if the fox did n't know the dogs was out o' the place, the devil a toe he'd put inside the ranger's house ; and that shows you the cunnin' o' the baste. Well, as he was sittin' at the fire, what do you think, but he tuk the ranger's pipe off the hob, an' lights it in the fire, and begins to smoke, as nath'ral as any other man you ever seen.

De Welskin. Smoke ! de faux smoke ?

Rory. Oh, yes ! all the Irish foxes smoke when they can get 'bakky ; and they are mighty fond o' short cut when the dogs is afther them ! Well, Munseer, the ranger could hardly keep his timper at all, when he seen the baste smokin' his pipe, and with that, says he, it's fire and smoke of another kind I'll give you, my buck, says he, takin' up his gun to shoot him ; but the fox had put the gun into a pail o' wather, and, of coorse, the devil a fire the gun would fire for the ranger.

De Welskin. Ha, ha, ha ! sacre !

Rory. And the fox put his finger on his nose, just that-a-way, and laughed at him. Wow ! wow ! says the fox, puttin' out his hand and takin' up the newspaper to read.

De Welskin. Sacre ! de newspaper ? no, no, my boy.

Rory. Why, man alive, how would the fox know where the hounds was to meet next mornin' if he did n't read the paper ?¹ — sure that shows you the cunnin' o'

¹ For this very droll conceit I am indebted to Mr. Power, to whose rich personation of the whole character I bear willing and grateful testimony.

the baste! Well with that, the ranger puts his fingers to his mouth, and gives a blast of a fwistle you'd hear a mile off, for to call the dogs. Oh! is it for fwistlin' you are, says the fox, then it is time for me to lave the place, says he, for 't would not be good for my health to be here when the dogs come back. So he lays down the pipe on the hob; but, before he did, I must tell you he wiped it with the end of his tail — for he was a dacent baste, and used his tail as nath'ral as a Christian would use the sleeve of his coat for a cowld in his nose — and then he was goin' to start; but the ranger seein' him goin' to escape, jumps out o' the bed and gets betune him and the door, and devil a start you'll start, says he, till the dogs comes back, you red rascal, and I'll have your head in my fist before long, says he, and that's worth a pound to me. I'll howld you a quart of porther, says the fox, I'll make you lave that. Devil a lave, says the ranger. Wow, wow! says the fox, I'm a match for you yet; and what do you think, but he whips the ranger's breeches off the back o' the chair, and throws them into the fire, and he knew the devil another pair the ranger had to his back.

De Welskin. Ha, ha, ha, by gar!

Rory. That'll make you start, says the fox. Devil a start, says the ranger; my breeches is worth half-a-crown, and your head's worth a pound, so I'll make seventeen and six pence by the exchange. Well, you are the stupidist vagabone I ever met, says the fox, and I'll make you sensible at last, that you must let me go, for I'll burn you out o' house and home, says he; and with that, he takes up a piece o' lighted stick, just like this, [*Takes a lighted brand from the fire,*] and runs over to the ranger's bed in the corner.

[*Upsets DE WELSKIN, and runs to the gunpowder.*
The SMUGGLERS and DE WELSKIN exclaim “ Gun-
powder! gunpowder! gunpowder!” and retreat to the

opposite corner ; RORY stamps his heel through one of the barrels, and upsets it ; the powder falls out. RORY stands in an attitude of triumph on the barrel.

Wow, wow ! says the fox, this is the match for you — a lighted stick and a barrel o' gunpowther. See, Divilson, get into that room there. [Points to grated door.] Lock yourselves up, and bring me the key, or I'll blow you all to Owld Nick, your relation.

De Welskin. Oh, Rory, Rory !

[Attempting to approach.

Rory. Come another step and I'll make a skyrocket of you ! get into the room, I tell you.

[*The smugglers go within the grated door ; DE WELSKIN goes last, and lingers at the door.*

De Welskin. I will lock dem up and bring you de key.

Rory. Wow, wow, says the fox — go in yourself too, Divilskin, and Nelly shall lock the door — she's the only man among you I'll trust.

[*DE WELSKIN goes within the door ; NELLY locks the door, and hands RORY the key ; RORY replaces the lighted stick in the fire.*

Hurrah ! now I have you ! Nelly avic, give me a dhrink ; for tellin' that story made me thirsty. [NELLY fills drink ; RORY drinks.] Here's your health, Divilskin — was n't that a mighty purty story I towld you ? Now such a purty set o' black-birds as you are, in your cage there, might sing me a song in return.

De Welskin. Oh, you rascal !

Rory. Nelly dear, may I thrust to you ?

[Handing her the key.

Nelly. May you trust me ?

[Reproachfully.

Rory. Curse on my tongue for sayin' the word — my heart never doubted a woman yet — there, [Gives the key,] just give me ten minutes' law, and then let them

dogs out o' their kennel as soon as you like — and if they can catch the fox o' Ballybotherum, I'll forgive them — good-by, Nelly.

Nelly. And now you 'll forget me, Rory.

Rory. Forget you? I 'll never forget your purty face, nor your kind heart, Nelly avic — and the next time we meet, I hope 't will be in better company, for both our sakes. Give me a kiss. [Kisses her.

De Welskin. Oh, Rory, Rory, I am ashamed wis my face!

Rory. Then turn your back, you vagabone — good-by, Nelly ; good-by, Divilskin, and see — the next time you ketch a fox, if he 's an Irish fox, take care of your breeches! [Exit through door.

De Welskin. Nelly, Nelly, open de door.

Nelly. No, no.

[Seats herself in a chair, and rocks herself to and fro.

De Welskin. Nellee, my loaf! Nellee, ma chère!

Nelly. Wait for half an hour.

[Whirls the key on her fingers, and laughs at them. Scene closes.

SCENE III.—*A pass in the hills.*

Enter DE LACY and RORY, at opposite sides.

Rory. Oh, Misther De Lacy, is that you?

De Lacy. I was on my way to the hills in search of you.

Rory. And I've just come from the hills, and am glad I met you before you got there — for a great set o' vagabones is in it, and Divilskin at the head o' them.

De Lacy. Do you know anything of the collector?

Rory. So you 've heerd of it too, I see.

De Lacy. Yes, and I 'm sorry to tell you, *you* are accused of his murder.

Rory. I murdher the likes of him, indeed! 'Pon my conscience, Misther De Lacy, I sthrove all I could to

save him, but it was no use, and I know no more what's become of him than the child unborn, for you see they took us away both together, separately.

De Lacy. Then I recommend you to keep concealed until the collector is found, for I dread the consequence of your being seen while the collector is missing.

Rory. Throth I'll never hide my head while I've done nothing to be ashamed of, nor skulk like a guilty man — and tell me, sir, does the mother and sisther, and Kathleen, know of this bad report agin me?

De Lacy. Yes ; and Mary and Kathleen have gone to the glen of the Folly in search of you.

Rory. The glen of the Folly ! — then you and I had betther be after them, for that glen of the Folly is not a good place for young women to be in — you know that big owld empty house there ?

De Lacy. Yes.

Rory. It's full o' blackguards — so the sooner you and I is afther them the betther — I know a short cut over the hills here that will bring us there in less than no time.

De Lacy. You are unarmed — take one of my pistols.

[*Hands a pistol.*]

Rory. Unarmed ? — look at that — [*Shows his stick.*] keep your pistols, Misther De Lacy. You understan' them — this is the pistol for me — and it has one great advantage, it never misses fire.

[*Exeunt RORY and DE LACY, l.*]

SCENE THE LAST. — *The glen of the Folly — the ruins of a romantic building standing on the brink of a turbulent stream — a waterfall in the distance — some underwood (practicable) interspersed among the rocks.*

Enter KATHLEEN, r.

Kath. Here is the spot where he was last traced to — and here, in this wild glen, and even up to the walls of

this old ruin, of which fearful tales are told, have I ventured in quest of him — 't is a lonely place — but what o' that — the world would be lonely without my beloved Rory and why should I not venture to the deepest cave within, to seek him? here I see some foot-prints. [Examines.] and here, and here, up to this broken grating — there was a struggle here. Oh, heaven! if he should have been betrayed here! — my heart misgives me, for this is one of Shan Dhu's haunts, and his hatred may have roused him to desperate deeds — hark! — I hear footsteps approaching.

Shan Dhu. [Without.] Come on, I say.

Kath. Distraction! 't is Shan Dhu's voice. Heaven be my guard!

[Conceals herself beneath the underbrush.

Enter SHAN DHU and SCRUBBS, L., whose hands are tied behind his back.

Scrubbs. Why do you bring me back again to this confounded place where you first trapped me?

Shan Dhu. Then I'll tell you for your comfort.

Scrubbs. You look like a kind-hearted person.

Shan Dhu. Do I? — well then, I'll tell you; the reason I bring you back to this place is, that the military have been seeking here already, and therefore, are not likely to seek again.

Scrubbs. What a comfortable answer!

Shan Dhu. March — you must go into the building.

Scrubbs. Oh dear! — could n't you let me escape?

Shan Dhu. And be hanged when you could catch me after.

Scrubbs. No; 'pon my honour — I'd provide for you handsomely; I'd make you parish-clerk on full salary.

Shan Dhu. Take care it's not a grave-digger I may prove — go in.

[SCRUBBS is shoved up some steps in the Folly, through a broken arch.

Kath. [Coming from her concealment.] Let me fly from this horrible spot — heavens ! what an escape I 've had. [Going, but pauses suddenly.] Ha ! that hateful old Solomon coming — I cannot escape — I must trust to concealment again. [Hides as before.]

Enter SOLOMON, L.

Sol. Well, 't is an ill wind that blows nobody good — and the storm last night in the vaults yonder, turned up pretty well for me. [Shakes a bag of coin.] This is the sweepings of the table ; monsieur won't ask me for his share of the cheating — he thinks 't was all lost when the waters came upon us — hegh, hegh ! for all the others did lose their money then ; how they were frightened — but that 's the time, when people are off their guard — that 's the time for a bit of spekkleation — and now to hide it along with the rest, under my old friend the gray stone yonder — some people place their money on a good foundation ; I put a good foundation over mine.

[Opens a large knife, digs round a stone in the background and lifts it from its bed ; while thus employed, SHAN DHU appears at the door of the tower and observes him, cautiously approaches, and stands behind him unobserved, as the tinker lifts a bag of coin from under the stone ; SOLOMON hugs the treasure to his heart.]

My darlings, my beauties. [Opening the bag and looking in. There, [Throwing in the fresh coin.] lie there ; you 're in good company.]

[SHAN DHU taps him on the shoulder ; the tinker starts, makes an exclamation of fear, and hides the money-bag under his coat.]

Shan Dhu. Well, Soldering Solomon, what brings you here to-day.

Sol. I was only gathering a few simples for a complaint I 've got.

Shan Dhu. I know ; you are laboring under too much care.

Sol. Care !

Shan Dhu. Yes ; now suppose I was to relieve you of some of your complaint ? there 's nothing like *sharing* with a friend.

Sol. Ah ! Shan, Shan, you 're always joking. [Going.

Shan Dhu. Stop, stop ! you don't know how skilful I am. Why, man, you 've got a desperate fit of jaundice ; your eyes are as yellow as gold. Do you know that it all proceeds from a bag of yellow stuff that people have about them here.

[*Poking at SOLOMON'S side where the bag is concealed.*
Zounds, what an increase you 've got !

[*Pulls open the coat and exposes the bag ; SOLOMON looks aghast, while SHAN DHU utters a half savage, half derisive laugh.*

Sol. Shan, you 're a queer fellow — 't is only a few.

Shan Dhu. I know — I know ; of course, very few — and not a guinea amongst them — all copper, I dare say ; but see, [Seriously] whatever it is, the half of it is mine.

Solomon. Yours ?

Shan Dhu. Yes, mine ; the half is mine, and be thankful I don't take the whole.

Solomon. Shan, you would n't take his savings from a poor man ?

Shan Dhu. Poor ! why you starved miser ! you, who never had the heart to buy a meal's meat, or a hearty glass, you have more gold than many a sporting fellow in the country — more than ever you can want, and I do want it, and what 's more, I 'll have it before you leave this.

Solomon. Why, Regan, it 's not robbing an old man you 'd be ?

Shan Dhu. Robbing ! you talk of robbing ! who was it stole the stakes of the game last night ? You thought no one saw you, but I did — and now we 'll see who can play the best game here.

Solomon. Shan, dear, don't take it from me now, and it shall all be yours when I die.

Shan Dhu. Die ! take care how you put me in mind of that.

Solomon. Oh, Shan ! you would n't murder a poor old man, would you ?

Shan Dhu. Who was it told me last night that *dead men tell no tales* ?

Solomon. No, you would n't — you would n't ?

Shan Dhu. [Seizing him.] Would n't I ? Give me half of that bag, or, by this knife, [*I wrenches the knife from SOLOMON'S hand,*] this very knife with which you dug your stolen gain from out its hiding-place, old thieving magpie ! I 'll dig it from your heart ! Will you give it ?

Solomon. Never ! I 'll sooner part with my life.

Shan Dhu. Then take your choice.

[*Throws down SOLOMON, and is about to stab him, when KATHLEEN screams and rushes from her hiding-place ; SHAN DHU starts from the ground ; SOLOMON rises and runs to KATHLEEN.*]

Solomon. Save me ! save me !

Kath. Shan Dhu ! Shan Dhu ! you did not mean this. I know you did not. In a moment of passion you forgot yourself. I know you did. We 'll leave you, Shan.

Shan Dhu. No ; you shan't leave me. Old villain, go ! Away and save your gold ! — and leave this spying lady with me. [The TINKER attempts to go.]

Kath. [*Throws herself at his knees, and holding him.*] No, no ! you would not leave me ? Oh, Solomon ! good Solomon ! dear Solomon ! — do not leave me with that dreadful man !

Solomon. [*Striking at her hands.*] Let me go ! let me go !

[*Shan seizing KATHLEEN'S arm, drags her from SOLOMON, who disengages himself and hurries away, R.*

Shan Dhu. And now, my prying lass, you 'll find out more in the glen than you come to watch for.

Kath. Shan Dhu, may the Heaven that looks down on us both, judge and punish you if you wrong me !

Shan Dhu. I 'm desperate now, and you shall be mine.

[*Seizes KATHLEEN round the waist ; she struggles and screams for help ; as she is almost sinking, MARY O'MORE rushes in, L.*

Mary. Villain ! villain ! unmanly villain !

[*Rushes to KATHLEEN'S aid, and endeavors to disengage her ; DE WELSKIN enters at the moment, L.*

De Welskin. Who calls for elp ? Ah ! my littel girl.

Shan Dhu. Seize her ! we can bear them both off now.

De Welskin. Ha ! ha ! You shall coame to my littel sheep.

[*The women make an ineffectual struggle, and are being borne away by the men, when DE LACY and RORY appear on the cliff above the waterfall, and rush upon SHAN DHU and DE WELSKIN. RORY attacks the latter, who draws a cutlass, which RORY protects himself from successfully with a stick. SHAN DHU gives up his hold on KATHLEEN, who faints ; DE LACY engages SHAN DHU, who is disarmed and retreats up the cliff, turns as he is half-way up, and draws a pistol.*

De Lacy. [Drawing a pistol.] Dare to fire and you die !

Shan Dhu. Rory O'More, this to your heart !

MARY screams as *SHAN DHU* fires at *RORY*, who is engaged in a struggle with *DE WELSKIN* ; the ball takes effect on *DE WELSKIN*, who falls.

De Lacy. Villain ! take the reward of your treachery.

[*Fires at SHAN DHU as he gains the summit of the cliff ; SHAN DHU utters a piercing cry, and falls down the cataract. RORY and MARY hasten to KATHLEEN, whom he lifts from the ground.*

Rory. Open your eyes, my colleen, and look on your own *Rory* ; you 're safe, you 're safe now, darlin' !

De Lacy. Where's that ruffian, De Welskin?

Rory. He's got more than he bargained for ; a chance shot may kill the divil, they say, and owld Divilskin has got his gruel, I'm thinking.

Kath. Oh, Rory ! 't was heaven that sent you here.

Rory. 'T was an angel that brought me here anyhow.

Kath. How came you to arrive so opportunely ?

Rory. Why, I give the vagabones the slip in the hills yonder, and, on my return, met Misther De Lacy coming to look for me, and when he towld me where you and Mary had gone I lost no time in being afther you — for I knew 't was not the safest neighborhood in the world. But now, let us go home, as fast as we can, for, in throth, you want rest, jewel.

[*A bugle sounds* ; COL. THUNDER and SOLDIERS appear in the distance, and march on the stage.]

Hillo ! here's more of it — what's going to happen now !

Col. Thunder. This is the man. [Points to RORY.] Arrest him.

[*Soldiers advance* ; DE LACY, by his action, expresses surprise.]

Rory. For what ?

Col. Thunder. For murder.

Rory. Oh, murdher, murdher — arrah, who did I murdher ?

Col. Thunder. The collector.

Kath. He is innocent ! He is innocent !

[*Runs to the ruin, and enters.*]

Rory. Oh, my poor girl ! she's gone mad, I'm afeard ; Misther De Lacy, would you go afther her ? Colonel, by this and that, all I know of the collector is that I did all I could to save him — and we were taken off together.

Col. Thunder. Produce the collector or you die — bear him away !

Kath. [Appearing at the entrance of the ruin, with SCRUBBS still bound.] Hold ! hold ! here is the collector. [Advances to the front.]

Rory. Hurra ! all's right, then. Kathleen, darling, you're a janius ! where did you scrubb out owld Scrubbs ?

Kath. I saw him placed there by Shan Dhu while I lay concealed.

Rory. By dad, Scrubbs, I never thought I would be glad to see you, but, 'pon my soul, I am.

Scrubbs. Oh, Col. Thunder—I'm more dead than alive ! how is my darling wife ?

Col. Thunder. Tell me, Mr. Scrubbs, have you any charge against this man ? [Points to *Rory*.]

Rory. Spake out, did I murdther you ?

Scrubbs. To do him every justice, he did all he could to save me.

Rory. But saltpethre could n't save him, and that's a strong pickle.

Col. Thunder. Then you are free.

[To *RORY*; *KATHLEEN* rushes to his arms.]

Rory. My jewel, and 't was your own sweet purty self that saved me afther all. Colonel, dear, when you kem to take me at first, I thought it might be something about that tay.

Col. Thunder. Hush ! here's a marriage portion for Kathleen. [Gives a purse.] And not a word about tea.

Rory. I would n't say bohay for the world.—And now, Colonel, if you're goin' my way home, I'll be proud to see you, sir, and indeed the collecthor too, though he nigh hand cost me my life ; and indeed, I'll ax every friend I meet between this and my own house, to come wid me and dhrink long life to me afther all my adventures, and sure if the house is too small, them that can't get inside must stay outside ; but they'll be well received all the same, and the oftener they come the more welcome will they be to *Rory O'More*.

THE WHITE HORSE OF THE
PEPPERS

A COMIC DRAMA IN TWO ACTS

LIST OF CHARACTERS

COLONEL CHESHAM.
MAJOR HANS MANSFELDT.
DARBY DONAGHUE.
PHELIM.
MONK.
PORTREEVE.
GERALD PEPPER.
RAFFERTY.
CHORUS.
TWO SUPREME BURGESSSES.
TWO SERVANTS.
MAGDALENE.
AGATHA.

Time of representation, 1 hour and 35 minutes.
Scene lies in Ireland, in the year 1690.

COSTUMES

COLONEL CHESHAM — Light blue broad-skirted coat, trimmed with gold lace — yellow cloth breeches, buff sword belt, trimmed with gold lace, black slouch hat, bound with gold, one white feather, high black boots.

MAJOR HANS MANSFELDT — Same as Chesham, with steel cuirass, brass spurs, straight flaxen wig, yellow gauntlets.

DARBY DONAGHUE — *First dress*: white serge peasant's jacket, green damask waistcoat, blue apron, brown cloth breeches. *Second dress*: Brown Dutchman's dress, high dirty boots.

PHELIM — Brown tabbed jacket, blue cloth breeches, high russet boots, drab hat.

MONK — Friar's gray dress.

PORTREEVE — Old fashioned brown coat, ditto waistcoat, black breeches, black worsted stockings, yellow cloak.

GERALD PEPPER — *First dress*: Scarlet broad-skirted coat, trimmed with silver lace and tassels, buff serge trunks, green silk sash with silver fringe, buff sword belt, trimmed with green ribbon, black slouch hat and feather, bound with silver. *Second dress*: The same as Rafferty.

RAFFERTY — Old scarlet waistcoat, patched, old woollen jacket, without sleeves, green cloth breeches, torn old hat.

CHORUS — The same as Rafferty.

TWO SUPREME BURGESSES — Old fashioned suits, high boots, three-cornered hats.

TWO SERVANTS — Old-fashioned liveries.

MAGDALENE — Dove-coloured satin gown, trimmed with white satin, open in front, white satin petticoat.

AGATHA — *First dress*: Orange merino, trimmed with blue. *Second dress*: Chintz bedgown, brown patched petticoat, handkerchief over the head.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

THE WHITE HORSE OF THE PEPPERS

ACT I

SCENE I.—*An Interior of Ballygarth House.*

MAGDALENE discovered, seated at a table—lights upon it—employed at needlework—handsome pictures hang round the room, in which an air of ancestral comfort prevails—an oriel window at the back, through which a moonlight view is seen.

Mag. Vainly I endeavour to wear away the time while Gerald is absent; he never leaves the house that I dread not some fatality may occur either to his home or himself. Oh, what dreadful times are these, when you know not how long a home may be left you.

Enter AGATHA, R.

Aga. The children sleep so soundly, my lady, and Master Gerald is laughing in his dreams so; 't is beautiful to look at him—bless him!

Mag. Yes, the boy sleeps and smiles, while his mother wakes and weeps.

Aga. Oh, my lady dear, don't take on so; indeed, indeed, my lady, you fret too much.

Mag. Oh, Aggy, when I think of those dear children, and know not how soon they may be beggars and outcasts.

Aga. Don't be talking so sadly, my lady, pray don't:

I want to finish the dear boy's mantle, and I came to ask you for more silk for the lining.

Mag. You'll find it in the basket, — make it warm for him, Agatha, there's no knowing how soon he may want it — perhaps at dead of night we may be driven from our home, and forced to seek shelter beneath some hedge [*Great shouting and clashing of swords outside*]. Ha! whence this shouting? perchance they are coming now [*Goes to window and looks out — great uproar and strife outside.*] Heavens! I see Gerald on his white horse, surrounded by a crowd, and other horsemen, too. Their swords flash — Ah! [Shouts outside — she sinks into a chair.]

Aga. [Looking out.] The crowd is dispersing, my lady; my master is quite safe. I see him plainly, he is riding towards the house. [*Magdalene reviving.*] He is safe, my lady — he returns!

Mag. Thank heaven! Thank heaven!

Gerald. [Outside.] This way, gentlemen, this way!

Enter GERALD, COLONEL CHESHAM, and HANS MANSFELDT. — *Magdalene rushes to Gerald's arms.*

Agatha exit, R.

Mag. My Gerald! Oh, I have been so terrified!

Ger. My poor Mag — what a timid heart it has!

Mag. What meant that shouting?

Ger. A mere nothing, my love; here are two gentlemen, who demand our courtesy. [*She curtsies with constraint to the Colonel and Hans.*] I will leave you, gentlemen, for a few minutes; we want wine, and my serving varlets are enquiring about the row, instead of minding their business.

[*Exit, R.*

Mag. [Aside.] These men — armed to the teeth; perhaps the hour is come to drive us from our hearths. [*To Colonel Chesham.*] Oh, tell me truly, sir, what means all this?

Ches. In brief, madam, we are indebted to your hus-



H. L. RICHARDSON

band for our lives. Set upon by a large and armed mob, he gallantly rode amongst them, and by the influence of words, obtained our safety, which our swords must have failed to do. It was the more generous as, I am aware, we are political enemies.

Hans. De reppel rascals vas verra near to vinish uz, in teet.

Ches. [Aside to *Hans.*] Hush! you forget where you speak. [Aside.] What a brute he is!

Enter AGATHA, R.

Aga. My lady, the dear boy wakes, and cries for you; I cannot pacify him.

Mag. Poor child, heaven help him! Excuse me, gentlemen.

[*Exeunt MAGDALENE and AGATHA, R. S. E.*

Ches. Poor lady, she is sore troubled. Did you mark her alarm when we entered? she feared we were come in the execution of a forfeiture.

Hans. And no vondher she was froightened, dis is ver nice ouse to lose; look at de peecture — ver goot; de blate ver goot; mid every ting else goot besize.

[*Looks about in admiration.*

Ches. [Aside.] Hang me, if that calculating rascal is not reckoning in his own mind the profits of this generous fellow's ruin. I say, Hans Mansfeldt.

Hans. Vell, vat vant you mid me.

Ches. What are you about?

Hans. I tink dis vill be ver noice ting ven Mynheer de Commissioner begin de fish kitchen.

Ches. The confiscation, you mean?

Hans. Ya!

Ches. Major Mansfeldt, it is true the confiscations will be extensive, and perchance the generous fellow who has saved our lives may be a sufferer; but is it fair thus to anticipate his ruin? I swear, if it chanced to be my fortune to have this man's property allotted to

me, I would sooner cut off my sword arm than take it from him, after his conduct of this evening. Now, suppose it were your case to have it given to you, could you accept it?

Hans. Vy, I dink I goot.

Ches. Then I don't envy you your feelings, Major Mansfeldt.

Hans. Vy, now, zee — suppose dis vas gif to me, if I vould n't haf it, somepody else vould, vitch vould be as all as bad for dis man here, and no petters vor me, and vy should n't I getch vat I goot in de fish kitchen, as another.

Ches. I think, sir, you had better keep this to yourself, while you are under this hospitable roof.

Hans. [Aside, looking round.] Splot! but I vood like to keep it all mineself.

Enter GERALD, followed by a SERVANT, bearing a handsome salver, silver claret-jug, and glasses.

Ger. Now, gentlemen, some wine. Where is my wife?

Enter MAGDALENE, R. S. E.

Mag. Here, dearest; our Gerald cried, and I went to soothe him. I hope these gentlemen will pardon my absence?

Ches. Madame, name it not.

Hans. Oh, de shoidl vil zometimes croi.

Ger. [To SERVANTS.] Fill!

[The SERVANT pours out wine, and they drink with salutations to each other, all but HANS, who swigs his wine, and has his cup filled twice.]

Hans. Dat glarets is goot!

Ger. That claret, sir, has been in my cellar fifteen years: it is a wine of which the second draught is better than the first.

Hans. I will droi dat.

[He has his cup filled again, and drinks.

Ger. And now, gentlemen, as we are all safe and quiet here, may I ask how you became involved in the riot I found you?

Ches. We are engaged, sir, truth to say, in an ungracious duty: it has devolved on me to make some surveys under their honours, the commissioners of the court of forfeitures; the peasantry having obtained a knowledge of our purpose, were hanging on our flank all day, and the branches of a pretty stream near a neighbouring town hereabout —

Ger. I know it — Duleek.

Ches. From our ignorance of the winding of the stream these branches misled us, and so we became separated from our troopers, on perceiving which, the peasantry fell upon us as you saw.

Hans. Ha! the rappel rascals!

Ger. Call them not rebels, nor rascals, sir, I pray you. We differ in opinion, gentlemen, as to who should be king, but it is hard that our successful adversaries should brand with the name of rebellion, what is, in fact, but a too faithful adherence to a worthless monarch.

Ches. I am glad to hear you call him worthless, sir.

Ger. I do so now, because he has deserted the most generous people on the face of the earth, who perilled all in his cause; it is too well known to seek to make it a secret from you, that I was one of his strongest adherents. I fought for him, and so did many of those fellows who attacked you just now; but why did they do so? the man whose property you were on, is popular, sir; these poor fellows are attached to those who have lived and spent their fortunes among them, and it is their ardent natures that urge them to this strong demonstration of opinion.

Hans. Sdrong demonsdration? Ha! dat is a ver noice name for pikes and pall gaderisches.

Ger. I give you my honour, sir, some of those boys

are the best-hearted and most good-natured fellows in the world.

Hans. Oh, ver good-natured — Ha ! ha !

Ches. I can feel the truth and justice of all you say, and only regret your opinions have been so decided in the cause; for in the political heat of the moment, I will not flatter you by saying your property is very safe.

Ger. I know it, sir; but I would recommend whoever gets it, or any other property, to take it gently, and soften the hardship of the seizure with as much of charity as he can. In short, to do it like a gentleman, for our people are fond of the landlords who have used them well, and will not be easily reconciled to plunder.

Hans. Plonther ! dat is a hard vort !

Ger. It is not the less plunder, sir, because it has the sanction of the law of the strongest.

Hans. Dat is anoder of your sdrong opinions.

Ger. We had better say no more on the subject, sir. In a couple of centuries our posterity will judge more calmly than we can.

Hans. [Aside.] I hope my bosderity vil have zome-
ding pedder to old dan sdrong opinions.

Ches. However we may differ, sir, on such matters, there can be but one opinion of your generous conduct in our rescue.

Ger. You, sir, are a soldier and a gentleman, and would have done the same by me.

Ches. I would, sir, and will, if it should ever be in my power to befriend you. I am Colonel Chesham, of the King's Dragoons; may I ask the name of our generous protector?

Ger. It might only give you pain to hear it associated some day with ruin; therefore, ask it not, I pray you.

Enter SERVANT, l., with a letter.

Ser. A messenger, sir, who has ridden hard, desired me bear you this letter with all haste.

Ger. See that messenger well taken care of. [Exit SERVANT, R.] Excuse me, gentlemen. [Aside.] 'T is the seal of my friend, Lawyer Dillon. A lawyer's letter I have a special horror of, particularly in troublesome times.

[*Reads and seems disturbed* — MAGDALENE approaches him.]

Mag. Gerald, you seem disturbed?

Ger. No, dearest, no; our guests will feel neglected, Magdalene.

[MAGDALENE leaves and approaches the COLONEL and HANS — GERALD continues reading, and his emotion increases.]

Ches. Madam, I have to ask pardon for the sudden interruption and uneasiness we have caused you. I hope you forgive us?

Mag. Sir, I should rather crave your pardon, if my welcome was chilled by an alarm, at which, in these times, you cannot wonder.

[GERALD finishes reading the letter.]

Ches. And now, madam, in bidding you farewell —

Ger. You are not going to-night, Colonel; will not the morning serve?

Ches. I expect some important dispatches await me on the road to Dublin, and thither we must journey at once, sir; if you will do us the additional favour to put us in the way.

Ger. A faithful servant of mine shall conduct you, and his presence will secure you from further molestation; but before you go, Colonel, another cup of wine — the stirrup cup, as you call it, or, as we say in Ireland, the *Deoch an Dorris* — the drink at the door.

Ches. I'll fill to a toast, sir. [Fills his cup, and addresses MAGDALENE.] Lady, may your husband ever find in his adversaries the generous courtesy he has shown to us. [MAGDALENE curtsies.]

Ger. Thanks, Colonel — Good speed to you.

[Drinks — HANS drinks without any demonstration of politeness.]

Ches. And now, boot and saddle, Major Mansfeldt.

Ger. [With suppressed surprise.] Mansfeldt !

Hans. You zeem zurprise at dat name.

Ger. Why ! 'tis rather an odd name, sir, that's all.

Hans. Hegh !

Ger. Colonel, your hand. [They clasp hands.] In times like these, it is well, when the hand of a soldier is the hand of a gentleman. Farewell !

[Exit COLONEL CHESHAM and HANS — the COLONEL and GERALD exchanging salutation, and HANS retiring without acknowledging GERALD'S bow. — MAGDALENE, as GERALD looks after HANS, takes his hand on the other side — GERALD looks round.

Ger. Well, dearest.

Mag. That letter, Gerald, bears bad news.

Ger. [Taking her tenderly in his arms.] Mag, my girl, 'tis the first time I ever wished to contradict you.

Mag. Oh, Gerald — how kindly you tell of ruin.

Ger. You have said the word — Magdalene, I'm a ruined man. This letter from Dillon tells me, that house and all — ay, every acre I possessed, is forfeited. And who do you think has got old Ballygarth, the seat of my fathers for five hundred years ? Why, that Dutch boor who has just left us.

Mag. What ! he ? Then heaven help us !

Ger. Singular chance that I should have saved the life of my despoiler, and that my own threshold should have proved the shelter of my direst foe.

Mag. Think you he knew it ?

Ger. I'll swear he didn't ; for, if he did, he's just the gentleman who would have turned me out of my own house with very little ceremony. No, Dillon sent me the intelligence by express, and the Dutchman manifestly knows not the fortune that awaits him. Magdalene, a thought occurs to me — the Colonel said he expected the arrival of important dispatches from Dublin ;

as sure as fate, they are the decrees of the Commissioners allotting the lands — I must away to Swords.

Mag. Oh, Gerald ! leave me not here.

Ger. No, my girl, Phelim shall conduct you and the children to the Priory of Tristernah, which will shelter you for the present. Do you think I would leave you here to be insulted, perhaps, in your own home ?

Mag. Our home no more — Oh, bitter thought.

Ger. Mag, my girl, do not despise thus, though I am an outlaw.

Mag. What a fearful sound has that word, though I know not quite its meaning.

Ger. Why, my dear, being out of the law is rather worse than being in of it ; so it must be the devil intirely. But don't despair — I won't give up my dirty acres, Mag, quite so easy as they think.

Mag. You would not be so mad as to resist them ?

Ger. Not by force, Mag, but by stratagem. By good luck, that Dutchman neither knows my name, nor the name of my estate. Now I'll be off to Swords, and prepare a plan of defence against him, that I hope may bother the Dutchman, my girl.

Mag. But if it fail — our home and country are lost to us.

Ger. Well, even then, our plate and jewels will furnish means to bear us to France, and there this sword, which first I drew as a volunteer in the cause of my country, must serve me for a profession in a foreign land — but even there, though absent from Ireland, we shall be amongst our countrymen. Many an Irish refugee is there ; for the lily of France gives glorious shelter to the exiles from the land of the Shamrock. [Exeunt, R.

SCENE II. — *Another Room in Ballygarth House.*

Enter AGATHA and PHELIM, L.

Aga. You must order the horses immediately, Phelim — I must go to the convent directly.

Phe. You going to a convent, Aggy? you!

Aga. Yes. [Sighing.] I'm going, Phelim.

Phe. Well, I never could have thought of your going to a convent.

Aga. Why, Phelim, these are such bad times, that no young man can think of marrying now — a girl may as well go to a convent as not.

Phe. Then you are determined on a convent.

Aga. Why, I'm going only on trial at first; my lady is going — and so I am to follow her.

Phe. Then you are not going directly.

Aga. Not directly.

Phe. Oh!

Aga. I would, though, only our master bid me go to Swords first — the moment I'm done there, I'll go to a nunnery; it's the safest place in these times for a young woman who has no one to protect her.

Phe. Oh, Aggy, if you'd only give me the right to protect you.

[Attempts to take her round the waist — she runs away.

Aga. Well, I never saw the like o' that — So, sir, because I say a word about protection, *you* make up to me, as if there was n't Mick Mullohawn, and Dennis Delany, and Peter Purcell, and Roger O'Rafferty.

Phe. That rake Rafferty, whom you never knew till last week.

Aga. Well, I'll know more of him before long.

Phe. Why talk thus of the acquaintances of yesterday to me, who have known you from childhood. Can you forget how we have run in the wild glen, and plucked wild flowers together? Oh, Aggy — I love you now as dearly as I loved you then.

DUET.

Phe. Oh, don't you remember the beautiful glade,
Where in childhood together we playfully strayed,
Where wreaths of wild flowers so often I've made,
Thy tresses so brightly adorning?

- Both.* Oh, light of heart and foot were then
The happy children of the glen ;
The cares that shade the brows of men,
Ne'er darken childhood's morning.
- Aga.* Oh, who can forget the young innocent hours
We have passed in the shade of our home's happy bowers,
When the treasure we sought for was only wild flowers,
And we thought ourselves rich when we found them.
- Both.* Oh, where 's the tie that friends e'er knew
So free from stain, so firm, so true,
As links that with the wild flow'rs grew,
And in sweet fetters bound them. [*Exeunt, R.*]

SCENE III.— *The Village of Swords—Round Tower and Cathedral in the distance—Stone Cross in the middle of the street—a Public House, l. s. E., the sign of the “Pig and Whistle.”*

DARBY DONAGHUE, the *Landlord, serving the Peasants with drink—the PORTREEVE and a couple of BURGESSES in consultation at the Stone Cross—they come forward when the Curtain rises, and DARBY DONAGHUE joins them.*

Port. I tell you, fellow-townsfolk, something must be done for the honour of the country. What do you say? [*The Villagers shout faintly.*] Right, boys, right! I see your spirit is up.

Dar. I tell you, Mister Portreeve, there is no use in trying to get up a skrimmage. Just tell the boys to be quiet, and when they've sold their pigs, spend their money like decent men, in getting drunk at the “Pig and Whistle.”

Port. Darby Donaghue, I think you have been setting them the example yourself, or you would not presume to address me in that manner. Remember, I am the Portreeve of this borough.

Dar. So you want to come over me with the grandeur, eh! If you're Portreeve, I am landlord of the “Pig and Whistle.”

Port. Well, whistle for your pig, sir, but don't presume to interfere with my authority. Countrymen—the country never can get on unless we make a stand.

Dar. That's a queer way of getting on, and if that's your plan, why did n't you act upon it the other day at the battle; it's rather late to make a stand now, and by the same token, I did not see you in the field. Where were you then? Where were you at the skirmmage of Skerries? — the rising of Balrothery, and the fight of Feltrum? — Eh!

Port. I and the Burgesses in Council assembled, were engaged in taking measures for your safety.

Dar. And no man fitter to do that same, seeing that you are a tailor; but take my advice, and have nothing to do with any measures but your own parchment ones.

Port. Darby Donaghue, you forget yourself. Fellow-countrymen, hear me — here are some resolutions I have prepared. [*Displays a long paper — the Villagers shout — strutting about consequentially.*] There, Darby Donaghue — they will support their Portreeve!

Dar. Do you think it's for you they are shouting — Cock you up, indeed! No, 'tis for Master Gerald Pepper. [*Villagers shout.*]

Enter GERALD, PHELIM, and AGATHA.

Ger. Well, boys, I'm glad to see you — What are you doing here, Mister Portreeve?

Port. Here, Master Pepper, are some resolutions I have prepared.

Ger. Worthy Portreeve, take my advice, and keep all your resolution for yourself, for I assure you, you'll want it, [*To Villagers.*] and you, boys, be as quiet as mice, for I can tell you, there's a cat abroad with mighty long claws, that will play old scratch with you if you stir.

Port. Master Pepper, these fellows are full of spirit.

Ger. Which Darby Donaghue can account for; eh,

Darby? Worthy Portreeve, the spirit which men get in a public house is poor stuff — no offence to you, Darby, at the same time.

Port. But I have yet to notice our rights and privileges, our tenures — our — and so on.

Dar. It's easy for you, a tailor, to say, *sew on*.

Port. Master Pepper, must we forfeit our honour?

Ger. All I can tell you is, sir, that they are forfeiting our property as fast as they can.

Port. Our property!

Ger. I am sorry to say, I know it to my cost, for they have not left me an acre. [*Villagers express sorrow.*] Now, what do you say to that?

Port. [*Looking at the Burgesses dolefully.*] We'll retire, and consider the subject.

[*Exeunt PORTREEVE and BURGESSES, L.*

Ger. He's gone, and he's no loss, for he'll never want a goose as long as he's alive himself. Now, boys, listen to me!

Vil. We will, Master Gerald: you were always our friend.

Ger. And am still, boys, and I tell you, keep quiet. I have told you that all my lands are forfeited.

Omnes. Shame! shame!

Ger. Now, boys, that's not right! at least, I think so. For, upon my word, I think I could take care of my own property as well as another, boys.

Dar. And a good landlord you were always.

Ger. And a foreign stranger amongst you would n't be natural.

Omnes. No! no!

Ger. Well, now listen to me. There's a big black-guard, with a long sword by his side, coming down here to take my property from me; but, before he can take it, you know he must find it, do you perceive?

Dar. Not all on 't.

Ger. You see, boys, this fellow who's coming down,

does n't know my place any more than the man in Jericho, and of course, he must ask for it to find it. Now, spread far and wide over the barony, that this marauder is coming, and you and all your friends must remember, that any stranger asking the way to Ballygarth, must get for answer, that nobody knows such a place.

Dar. That's elegant !

Ger. None of you know the way, boys, do you ?

Omnes. Not one !

Ger. I knew you would n't — you never took a run with the dogs over my green hills, nor you never got a glass of whiskey from the kind Misthriss, nor you never got a warm seat by my kitchen fire ! You don't know such a place as Ballygarth, boys ?

Omnes. Hurra ! hurra !

Ger. I see you're up to it ! and you, Darby Donaghue, if any one asks for my name, give him your own, say — “Dunna who.” And if he asks you for a guide — for you know he must come to the “Pig and Whistle” — recommend him me.

Dar. You, Master Gerald ?

Ger. Yes. — I'll put myself into the shape of a bog-trotter ; and if I don't lead him a dance that will astonish him, may I be pickled for fasting fare, and mashed up with bad potatoes. And now, boys, some of you must lend me your clothes.

1st Vil. I will, sir !

Ger. Tut, man ! you're too much of a gentleman.

2d Vil. I will, sir !

Ger. Pho ! You're another flower of the flock ; but if there's a wild bird amongst ye, whose feathers are ruffled a bit, he'll oblige me to shake down his plumage here, and I'll give him gold for it.

Raff. [Very ragged.] Here, Master Gerald !

Ger. You're the posy ! the wild and picturesque flower fit to bloom in a bog — what's your name ?

Raff. Rafferty!

Ger. A capital name! I would n't ask a better. Rafferty, you must sell me your clothes—I 'll give you a guinea for every button you have on them, and that won't be much. I could n't afford to pay you at the same rate for the skewers; now into the house with you, and take a tender adieu of your finery, for it 's the last you 'll see of it—away with you. [RAFFERTY enters house.] Darby, do you follow him, and when the duds are off, shake them out of the window, for though I have bought the property, I don't want the tenantry with it. [DARBY enters house.] Phelim, is your lady safely bestowed?

Phe. She is, sir; safe in the priory.

Ger. I say, boys, I wish this Dutchman to see you merry. Here 's a girl [To AGATHA,] will dance any two of you down. [Villagers seem disinclined.] What, not dance? they must be sad days in Ireland when a jig is refused: but, Aggy, though they won't dance with you, they 'll be glad to hear you sing some sweet song of your own land. That is left us, at all events—for let our foes strip us of what they may, they can never rob us of our native music.

[Exit into house, L. S. E.

SONG — AGATHA.

Oh, native music, beyond comparing,
The sweetest far on the ear that falls;
Thy gentle numbers the heart remembers,
Thy strains enchain us in memory's thralls;
Thy tones endearing,
Or sad, or cheering,
The absent soothe on a foreign strand.
Oh, who can tell
What a holy spell
Is in the song of our native land.

[The last three lines repeated in Chorus.

The proud and lowly, the pilgrim holy,
 The lover, kneeling at beauty's shrine.
 The bard who dreams by the haunted streams,
 All all, are touched by thy power divine.
 The captive cheerless,
 The soldier fearless,
 The mother, taught by nature's hand.
 Her child, when weeping,
 Will lull to sleeping,
 With some sweet song of her native land.

[*Chorus as before.*]

[HANS MANSFELDT *shouts without*, L. U. E.
Phe. Here's the Dutchman, Darby ! Darby ! [Goes to house and calls out.] Darby Donaghue !

Enter DARBY from house, L. S. E.

Dar. Here, your honour, here !
Phe. Run and take his horse ! [Exit DARBY, L. U. E.
Hans. [Without.] Ouse ! ouse !
Darby. [Without, L. U. E.] This way, your honour,
 this way !

Enter HANS and DARBY, L. U. E.

[*Bowing him in.*] Your servant, sir. What's your will ?
Hans. Zome drink vor myself voorst. [Exit DARBY into house.] Donderskind ! vaut a bad roats, and vaut a back o' plockheads all dis people's ! Nopoty knows notin ! I dink I have de name roight. [Takes out a piece of folded parchment, and reads.] Ya ! Ballagarde ! Mynheer Bebber. [Puts up parchment.] Vell ! dis is some goot for to voight for. Ven you vins a yield o' pattle in oder gountry, it is notin but to kill von anoder dis day, vor to voight again to-mawrow ; but in Irelandt, ven you vins the yields o' pattle, you vins de yields demselfs. Ha ! dat is goot ! I like to voight in Irelant ! Ya ! and I dink de people's demselfs likes to voight too !

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Re-enter DARBY from house, with a tankard, which HANS drinks from.

Ya, dat is goot ! Was n't I dursty ! [Hands back the tankard, empty.]

Dar. [Looking into it.] 'Pon my word you wor, sur.

Hans. Mine vriend, do you know von place somevere bout here call Ballagarde ?

Dar. Ball — Ball — what, sir ?

Hans. Ballagarde !

Dar. Indeed, not one o' me knows the place, sir.

Hans. Ha ! plockhead, loike the rest. Ax all dese people here about dat place.

Dar. Come here, you chaps. [VILLAGERS advance.] Do you know such a place as Bunna — Bunna — Breena, is it, sir ?

Hans. No, Ballagarde !

[VILLAGERS shake their heads.]

Phe. Not exactly !

Raff. May be 't would be Bunratty your honour would want ?

Hans. No, Bun tiefel !

Dar. I don't know that place either, your honour.

Hans. Splut ! do you know who you are yourzelf ?

Dar. Donaghue !

Hans. Tiefel ! he dunna who ! Ha, ha ! Is dere noboty to shew me mine roat ?

Dar. There is a boy in the house, drinking, who knows the country well.

Hans. Gall him to me ! Gall him ! Gall the poy !

Dar. [Calling.] Here, Rafferty ! Rafferty !

Ger. [Without.] Here I am, your sowl ! [Sings.]

[Enter GERALD, disguised as a ragged, red-haired peasant, from house, L. S. E.

Hans. You said dis vas a poy !

Ger. Well, I'm not a girl, am I ?

Hans. Are you de kite?

Ger. [Looking at his rags.] A kite? Faith, you might fly me, I dare say, with a strong string and a high wind.

Hans. Do you know de fay?

Ger. Know the way—the way to fly is it?

Hans. No, the way to Ballagarde?

Ger. To be sure I do—where is it?

Hans. Vere! I vant you to dell me dat.

Ger. Well, describe the thing to me, and I'll imagine it immediately.

Hans. Imashin! splut! you no kite if you not know.

Ger. You're a stupid man: that's not the way we do things here at all. You see, I'm a bard.

Hans. A bart, vat is dat?

Ger. I'm a poet!

Hans. Ah, boor man! I bity you.

Ger. Pity, did you say pity? is it pity me, that is, the bard of Green Erin. Whoo! thank you for nothing! keep your pity to curl your hair! I would n't exchange places wid you, I can tell you, wherever 't is you're going.

Hans. I vant to go to Ballagarde.

Ger. Oh, I think I know where you mane now; who lives in it!

Hans. Von Bepper!

Ger. Pepper? Phew! by dad, you might sarch half the countrry, and not find out the right man you want; for them Peppers is as thick as rabbits in the back of a ditch—the countrry is overrun wid them!

Hans. Indeed!

Ger. Sure there's no end to them. There's not names enough in the alphabet for them, so we're obleeged to invint names to circumscribe them. There is a dark wicked thief that is called Black Pepper—and a whey-faced blackguard that is called White Pepper—and a bull-headed vagabone, with a carrotty wig, we call

Red Pepper — and a fine shtapping fellow, the full of a door, that we call Whole Pepper — and a dawnshee craythur, about as high as my knee, we call Ground Pepper, and a poor cripple among them, that limps as he goes, we call Pepper-corn — and he has a spiteful little wife, that we call “Ginger” — and I think that’s a high saisoned family for you — They’re a perfect cruet-stand in themselves.

Hans. Vat a family!

Ger. Now, which of them is it you want? — Black Pepper, White Pepper, Red Pepper, Whole Pepper, Pepper-Corn, or Little Ginger?

Hans. Splut! I don’t know — but Ballagarde is de blace.

Ger. Arrah, then! where is it at all — Darby, would it be the castle, I wondher?

Hans. Ha! to be zure — de gastle, dat is de blace. — [Aside.] I vill dry de gastle vurst, however.

Ger. Oh, then I’ll bring you there straight: will you start now?

Hans. Nein!

Ger. At nine — that will be rather late.

Hans. I zay no —

Ger. But I say yes!

Hans. Splut! I say *nein* in my language, dat is no.

Ger. Oh, nine is *no* — in Dutch.

Hans. Ya!

Ger. Then I suppose eighteen means *yis* — for we logicians say, two neggitations makes a confirmation.

Hans. Ah, dat is boetry. I don’t oonderstand boetry. [To DARBY.] I vant zomeding vor mine dinner.

Ger. Well, if you don’t undherstand rhyme, you’re up to rayson, I see, by axin’ for your dinner; so get a snap o’ something at wanst, for we have no time to lose. [HANS enters the house, L. U. E., with DARBY — Looking about.] Aggy! Phelim, where is Aggy?

Phe. She is gone to the Priory, sir.

Ger. Then you must go after her, for I've work for her to do; and you, too, Phelim. First you must lead Donaghue and a party of fellows to the bog, near the Snipe's Shallow, where they must remain concealed until I shall join them. Then proceed to the Priory, conduct your mistress to Ballygarth, and let Aggy dress herself up as an old crone, and go off to the old ruined house, where she must wait for me: get a couple of pigs about the place, and a sheaf of straw by way of a feather-bed — a blanket — a three-legged stool — a salt herring, and a few potatoes. Be off, now. [*PHELIM is going.*] I say, Phelim, she may as well have a bottle of whiskey too, [*Exit PHELIM, r.*] for I suspect that poor devil of a Dutchman will want something to refresh him, and I don't mean to kill him entirely. And now my plans are ripening into execution. [*Looks down at dress.*] What a figure I cut, to be sure! My own dogs would hunt me from my door. Gerald Pepper, is it worthy of an Irish gentleman, and the descendant of an old family, to make a mummer of himself, and play off as many tricks as a fox! But why does the fox play tricks? Because he's hunted! and so am I — the oppressed and the pursued alike are driven to stratagem to escape destruction.

Enter HANS and DARBY from the house, l. s. e.

Hans. You are sure, now, dis kite know de vay.

Dar. Oh he knows the whole country round. [*Exit.*

Ger. Aye, and square, too — and thriangular into the bargain. And if you'd want any sporting — I'm the fellow to show it you — hunting, shooting, fishing, coortin', fighting, or marryin', which is much the same thing; and I can write songs for you, and sing them too; and if you should be killed, it's myself could put an ilitant epithet over you. Whoo! I'm the boy for everything.

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SONG

Whoo ! I 'm a ranting, roving blade,
Of never a thing I was ever afraid,
I 'm a gentleman born, and I scorn a trade,
And I 'd be a rich man if my debts was paid.

But my debts is worth something — this truth they instill, •
That pride makes us fall, all against our will,
For 't was pride that broke me — I was happy until
I was ruined all out by my tailor's bill.

I 'm the finest guide that ever you see,
I know every place of curiosity,
From Ballinafad unto Tander-a-gee,
And if you 're for sport come along wid me.

I 'll lade you sportin' round about,
We 've wild-ducks, and widgeon, and snipe, and thrount,
And I know where they are and what they 're about,
And if they 're not at home then I 'm sure they 're out.

The miles in this country much longer be,
But that is a saving of time you see,
For two of our miles is equal to three,
Which shortens the road in a great degree.

And the roads in this place is so plenty, we say
That you 've nothing to do but to find your way,
If your hurry 's not great, and you 've time to delay,
You can go the short cut — that 's the longest way.

And I 'll show you good drinking too,
I know the place where the whiskey grew,
A bottle is good, when it 's not too new,
And I 'm fond of one, but I doat on two !

Truth is scarce when liars is near,
But squealing is plenty when pigs you shear,
And mutton is high when cows is dear.
And rint it is scarce four times a year.

Such a country for growing you ne'er did behowld,
 We grow rich when we're poor, we grow hot when we're
 cool, cowl'd,
 And the girls know that bashfulness makes us grow bowl'd,
 We grow young when we like, but we never grow owdl'd.

And the sivin small sinses grow natural here,
 For praties has eyes and can see quite clear,
 And the kittles is singing with scalding tears,
 And the corn-fields is list'nin' with all their ears.

But along with sivin sinsis we have one more,
 Of which I forgot to tell you before,
 It is Nonsense, spontaneously gracing our shore,
 And I'll tell you the rest when I think of more.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II

SCENE I.—*The Snipe's Shallow*—a low, sedgy, splashy foreground, in the distance an extensive range of bog, small turf clamps heaped in rows along the surface of the bog. A group of men crouching under tall flaggers and bulrushes.

PHELIM and DARBY DONAGHUE looking out, L. U. E.

Dar. Now, boys, be on the watch, and while you lie down in the rushes and keep yourselves as snug and as secret as a snipe in the sedge, have a good look-out.

1st Pea. But what's all this for?

Dar. Because the master may want our help, no knowing when, and we must hang on his path, and be ready when I give the signal. He is coming, and is not far off either.

1st Pea. But I don't understand about this hide and seek with the villain that comes to rob him of his land. I think the way to settle the business would be to kill

him at once. I'd do it, and not think much of it either.

Dar. Master Gerald won't hear of that: he charged me beyond all things to save the soldier from bodily harm, and only to frighten him.

1st Pea. The master is too soft-hearted. I wish I had my will of this outlandish robber. [Looks at his gun.

Dar. Dennis, I'm afraid to trust you, a gun in the hand of a dark-tempered man is dangerous. [Takes gun from Dennis. Shout outside, l. u. e.] Down — down — down — lie low. [Men conceal themselves — Darby looks out — shouts outside, l. u. e.] 'T is the masther and the Dutchman. Ha, ha, ha! He has brought him over the soft bog. The Dutchman's horse is stuck fast, down he goes, deeper and deeper. Spur away, soldier, your horse will not get out of that without more help than you can give. Ha! ha! The Dutchman is off, he is up to his knees in the slough, and flounders like a new caught salmon.

[Shout outside, l. u. e. Darby answers the shout and exit.

Hans. [Outside.] Der tiefel! der tiefel!

Ger. Aisy! aisy! you're out now; come along, your honour.

Enter GERALD and HANS l. u. e. much splashed with mud.

Hans. Donder and blitzen, vot a blace to pring me to! Mine orse is up to his neg, he vill be lost.

Ger. Oh, no; nothing is ever lost that we leave in the bog. He'll stop when he gets to the bottom.

Hans. But he vill be smoder!

Ger. Barring that he has a touch of the duck in him and can hould his breath hard, and dive a taste.

Hans. Splut, vat a vool you are!

Ger. It's not me's a fool — but the horse was a fool to put his fut in the soft place.

Hans. Pah ! no horse but moste go down dere.

Ger. That shows how little you know about jography. I give you my honour, an Irish horse would have stept over that as clane as a new pin.

Hans. But dat *is* an Irish orse !

Ger. Do you tell me so ?

Hans. Ya !

Ger. O, then it 's keeping company with them Jarman horses that has spylt him. It shows what evil companions will do.

Hans. Donderskind ! den vy did you yourzelf zink in de mode ?

Ger. Sure that was thrying to get you out, only for that I would n't be the figure I am, bad luck to it, my new clothes is ruined.

Hans. Your new glothes ? Ha, ha, ha ! dat is goot.

Ger. Why, being the fair day at the town, of course I put them on. — Indeed, I was savin' them up for Sundays and holidays, but I think I may take to wearing them out now. You ought to thank this gentleman for helpin' us.

[*Pointing to Darby, who is up the stage.*]

Hans. Dis is anoder shentlemans, I suppose ? —

[*Aside.*] Mine Got, vaut a gountry !

Ger. To be sure he 's a gintleman, when he behaved as sitch. And may be, sir, you'd be telling us would we be far from the castle of Ballygarth ?

Dar. You 're not far off it now. As soon as you reach the next rising ground you 'll see it before you — 't is the next estate to mine.

Hans. Your esdate ! you ab an esdate ? Ha, ha !

Ger. [To *Hans.*] I say, your honor, as you 're a newcomer into the countrhy, I 'd recommend you to be civil to the genthray, for they are mighty high. This is a Member o' Parliament, though you would n't think it.

Dar. This is a fine country, sir ?

Hans. Peautiful ! — [*Aside*] I vish I vas out of it.

Dar. This estate of mine is called Ballydrabble'um.

Hans. Goot name, dat Dragle'um ; vat mean Bally ?

Ger. Oh, all the names here are poetical and descriptive. Bally signifies the pride of, Drabble'um means bog, so Ballydrabble'um is the pride of the bog !

Hans. Vell, and mine gastle is Ballagarde : now vaut is dat ?

Ger. Why, garth is forest, so Ballygarth is the pride of the forest.

Hans. Oh, den, de gastle is build in a vaurest ?

Ger. Oh, a lovely forest as you would see in a summer's day.

Hans. Den de dimber vill be gut down very zoon. Ha, ha ! dimbers is money !

Ger. Thru for you, sir,—timbers is money where wood is scarce, and you see all our timber here is made of bulrushes — but I think we had better be jogging, now, your honour.

Hans. But I gannot jog midout mine orse — vat vill I du midout mine orse ?

Ger. Oh, don't be afraid of losin' him, he can't run away out of where he is, and we'll find him when we're coming back.

Hans. But he vill be smoder.

Ger. [To *Darby*.] Arrah, then, sir, perhaps your honour would be good enough to ordher your tinents to dig this gentleman's horse out of the bog, and send him after us to Ballygarth castle.

Dar. To be sure I will. [Whistles. *The men who are concealed rush out and crowd round Hans and Gerald.*

Hans. [Starting.] Der tiefel ! vere did all dese gome vrom ?

Ger. Oh, tinants are quite spontaneous in Ireland.

Hans. Splut ! did dey gome vrom de airth ?

Ger. Sure did n't we all come from the earth.

Hans. [Aside.] I don't like dis zudden bopulation.—

[Aloud.] Ve vill go on, if you bleaze.

Ger. Indeed it's time to be jogging, I think myself.
 [To *Darby*.] Good-bye, your honor, good-bye, gentlemen, and when you've dug up the horse send him after us, and his honor here will reward you handsomely, and he'll do the same by me, I know, in regard of the cruel way my new clothes is spylt with that blackguard bog.—
 [Aside.] I say, take off your hat to the gentleman.

Hans. Nein! nein!

Ger. His honor, here, is very polite, sir, but his hat is so tight he can't get it on if he takes it off. Come on, sir, step light, for fear of another soft place.

[*Exeunt Hans and Gerald, l.*

Dar. Down, boys, and watch again, for the masther will have more work for us. [*The men crouch, and Darby follows Gerald and Hans, with a cautious look-out.*]

SCENE II. — *The Priory of Tristernab.*

Enter PHELIM and AGATHA, from door in flat.

Phe. Now, Aggy, you understand?

Aga. To be sure I understand, do you think it's stupid I am? So, I am to go to the old castle?

Phe. Yes.

Aga. And pretend to be taking care of it!

Phe. Yes!

Aga. And make myself old and ugly?

Phe. You could n't do that, Aggy?

Aga. Wait till awhile ago, and you'll see. [Throws the hood of her cloak over her head, and assumes an old woman's voice.] Well, your honor, it's three-score years and ten since I came to the place; 't is a long time, your honor. I am an old woman now, though I was once — young. [Throws off hood.] Will that do?

Phe. You make a capital old woman.

Aga. May be you 'd rather have an old than a young one.

Phe. I 'd like to begin with one young ; she 'd grow old in time.

Aga. Well, wait for her, then, and very good work for you.

Phe. Aggy, you 're a rogue.

Aga. There 's a pair of us, Phelim.

Phe. You saucy jade, you 're up to every roguery ; when you speak under that hood, one would fancy your nose and chin met.

Aga. But they don't, you see : neither my nose nor my chin is in the way of my mouth.

Phe. I 'll try that, Aggy.

[*Kisses her.*

Enter FRIAR, L.

Aga. [*Slaps Phelim's face.*] You impudent fellow !

[*Exit PHELM,* L.]

Friar. Fie ! fie.

Aga. [*Aside.*] Bless me, he saw us !

Friar. Daughter, for shame !

Aga. He 's my cousin, your reverence, who 's going away, and I don't know when I may see him again.

Friar. Daughter, thy salutation savoured more of affection than relationship.

Aga. We 're both of affectionate natures, sir.

[*Convent bell sounds,* L.]

Friar. 'T is the convent bell — 't is fitter you were at vespers than at such leave-taking. If I were your father confessor, I would make you perform a penance.

[*Exit,* D. F.]

Aga. You my father confessor, indeed ! I would n't have such an ugly father confessor as that, if I was obliged to go to the next parish for another ; and his impudence, too — convent bell, indeed, just as if nobody kissed a girl before. Convent bell, to be sure ! I can tell you, my old gentleman, there 's a story of one of your

novices of Tristernah here, and I could let you know what became of his minding the convent bell—if I dare.

SONG — AGATHA.

There once was a novice, as I 've heard tell,
 A novice of some renown;
 Whose raven hair in ringlets fell,
 O'er his yet unshaven crown.
 But his vows as yet he had never said,
 Except to a blue-eyed blooming maid.
 And she had never confessed till now,
 To that novice who yet had not made a vow!
 So pious she grew, that early and late
 She was tapping alone at the convent gate.
 And so often she went her sins to tell,
 That the villagers called her the *Convent Belle.*
 Ding dong,
 My song,
 My song's of a Convent Belle.

The novice continued the maid to hear,
 And swiftly the months flew round ;
 He had nearly passed his trial year
 Before he was guilty found.
 But then suspicion began to spread,
 So the cowl he cast from his curly head ;
 The maiden he wedded next morning tide,
 And his penitent pale was his blooming bride.
 The Prior he stormed at the bridegroom meek,
 Who answered him fast with a smile on his cheek,
 “ Good father, indeed I have acted well,
 I was only ringing the *Convent Belle.*”
 Ding dong,
 My song,
 My song's of a Convent Belle. [Exit AGATHA, r.]

SCENE III.—*Dusk.*—A ruined Castellated House, greater part of the roof gone—the mullions of the windows broken—part of the walls fallen.—A window R. U. E.—The stage opens at the back with staircase—broken balusters—a table and rushlight upon it.

Enter GERALD and HANS up the trap at the back.

Ger. There's an illigant place for you.

Hans. [Horrified.] Vaut a blace!

Ger. I thought you'd be astonished.

Hans. Zo I am!

Ger. Is n't that an illigant castle? and you see they have been expecting you, for they've got up an illumination. [Points to rushlight.

Hans. [Abstractedly.] Midout a vall, midout a roof, midout a vindher! Zappermint!

Ger. It's a fine airy house, and nothing to interrupt the view from it.

Hans. Splut! noting intet. Vy, you vool, you tell me dis vas build in a vaurest.

Ger. And so it was built in a forest, but that's a long time ago, for this is a fine, ould, anshint place, as you may see; none o' your dirty, little, upstart places, but the rale respectable antiquity.

Hans. But you tell me dere vas voots.

Ger. And so there was—but woods won't last for ever.

Hans. Splut! I drought I voot gut down de dimbers.

Ger. Ay, and that was very cute of you, but there was a janius in the family who thought of that before you, and that's the way, in my own beautiful art of poethry, that the janius who goes before us, is taking dirty advantages of us, and sayin' the things we wor goin' to say, only they said them before; in short, takin' the bread out of our mouths.

Hans. Not in dis gountry.

Ger. Why not?

Hans. Because I never see no pread in nopyoty's mout here: in dis gountry dey have notin' but botatoes!

Ger. And the finest thing under heaven is the same praties, exceptin' only the people that ates them!

Hans. I vould n't lif in dis ouse not for notin'.

Ger. But remember, there is land along wid the house.

Hans. Ya! verachtig! and de lands is goot — eh?

Ger. Oh, beautiful! there is nigh hand two hundred acres of bog — that was a part of it I brought you over to-day.

Hans. Blitzen, I vis it vas burnt.

Ger. That's the use of it — it makes beautiful fire; and there's some wild rocks up beyant, where the goats get very nice pickin' if they're not particular.

Hans. Rocks and goats — bah!

Ger. Oh, that's what the lamb says — bah, not the goat; it would n't feed lambs, supposing you had them!

Hans. Donderskind! de ouse is empty.

Ger. Well, an empty house is better than a bad tenant, any day in the year.

Hans. De shimbleys be all crooked.

Ger. No wondher — you'll be crooked yourself when you're half as ould as they are. Hallo, there!

Hans. Dat is a vine voice vor atin rost bif.

Ger. Hallo! are you coming here to-day at all?

Enter AGATHA, L. 3d E.

Aga. Aye, aye, I'm coming.

Ger. Young woman!

Hans. [Astonished]. Young voomans?

Ger. Whist! to be sure — always say young woman to an ould one, and she'll be plazed with you.

Hans. Young voomans, how is all de vamily?

Aga. There were two killed this morning.

Hans. [Aside.] All de better vor me! — [Aloud.] Vaut is begone of de roof of de ouse?

Aga. We boiled it down for broth!

Ger. And picked the rafters after; don't you see she's bothered, and it's the pigs they killed she's speaking of.

Hans. Bodder—vat is dat?

Ger. [Points to his ears.] Deaf—can't hear!

Aga. You're right enough; yes, yes. [Points to her ears.] I remember, you mean the last fellows we found trespassing on the grounds? We cut off their ears. Ha, ha, ha! that was a good joke. [*Agatha takes table to c.*]

Hans. Vat a orrid voomans.

Ger. Yes, ma'am; don't mind her, yer honour, they are very polite to strangers, though they do sometimes have a little sport among themselves.

Hans. Sport to gut off a man's ears?

Ger. Do you know, then, I knew a man that had his ears cut off, and he said it was rather pleasant.

Hans. Bleasant?

Ger. Yes, indeed; he was a bad character, you see, and when his ears was cut off, he could n't hear anything bad of himself.

Hans. [Aside.] Gut off his ears—I don't like dis country!

Ger. The ould woman says she'll give us something to ate.

Hans. I would loike someting to ate, vor I am ztarving.

Aga. What would you like to eat?

Hans. You can vry a beit o' big!

Aga. They were all planted last spring.

Ger. You forget she's deaf. [Speaks loud.] Have you a rasher of bacon?

Aga. Bacon? Oh, no—no—no—we can't be extravagant now, since the last lord died. But I'll examine the larder, and see what I can do for you.

[Exit down the stage.

Ger. I thought there was no pig, anyhow.

Hans. Vy don't dey kill de pigs?

Ger. Kill them, indeed! Why, man, would you be committin' suicide! Kill, indeed! no, no, they keep the pigs—

Hans. Vor vaut dey geep dem?

Ger. For ornament, to be sure!

Hans. But she vas talkin' about killin' de big dis morning.

Ger. That was braggin' only; she's an ould sarvant, and wishes to support the pride of the house.

Hans. If she could zupport de ouse itself, it vould be petters.

Ger. Indeed, the house might be betther:—I own that it's rather out of repair.

Hans. Vaut a blace to vall into mind ands.

Ger. You're just in time to catch it, I think—this would be a nice room for studying astronomy, for you might see the lovely luminaries without goin' out into the could at all.

Re-enter AGATHA, with a dish of boiled potatoes and a herring, from trap.

Aga. Here's something for your supper, and a seat.

Ger. My blessin's on you! Could you lend us the loan of another stool?

Aga. Yes—yes. I'll bring it to you.

Ger. No, my darlin', I'll step down and bring it myself.

[*Exeunt AGATHA and GERALD, r.*

Hans. [Draws up the table, lifts the dish upon it, and seats himself.] Splut! noting but veesh—salt errin'! Vell, bat as dis is—I vill begin to eat, vor I'm ztarvin'.

[*He is going to cut the herring, when GERALD comes in and stops him.*

Ger. Murther! Murther! What are you going to do, man?

White Horse of the Peppers 113

Hans. To ate mine zupper !

Ger. Goin' to cut that fish ? why, it is ruinin' the family entirely you 'd be.

Hans. Ruin de vamily to ate von errin ?

Ger. That herring has supported this family for the last six months.

Hans. Pooh ! I 'm not such a vool as dat.

Ger. It 's thruth I 'm tellin' you. The herrins was throubled with a scarceness last sayson, and so we must be savin' of the few we have of them, and only use them to give the praties a flavour.

Hans. A vlavour ! — vaut is dat ?

Ger. I 'll show you — here, [Peels a potato, and HANS follows his example.] take the eye out of the potato, and then it can't see what you 're doing. [Points a potato at the herring, and then eats.] That 's as fine a herring as ever I ate. Oh, that 's nourishing, that 's what we call potatoes and point, here !

Hans. Vy, vat goot is in pointin' at de veesh ?

Ger. Why, you imagine you 're eating it all the time, and the herring never grows less for pointing at it.

Hans. Oh, dat is vera goot vor a boet ! But I have naut imaginations !

Ger. Well, if you 're a glutton, you may rub the pratie to it ; but I warn you not to put your knife in that herrin', or it may be there will be a knife in you before long.

Hans. [Rubs his potato to herring, and eats.] Bah ! I daste notin !

Ger. That shows you have n't a delicate taste, but when your palate becomes refined you 'll enjoy it, and you 'll never have the nightmare after it, for it 's a nice light supper. [Hands a bottle.]

Hans. [Drinks.] Dat is goot.

Ger. To be sure it is ; for this is the house above all others, you ought to get good dhrink in ; for it was through the dhrink the family went to decay. You

see, the ancient owner of this place was a knight arriant.

Hans. Knight Arriant — vaut is dat?

Ger. Why, then, don't you know what a knight arriant is?

Hans. Nein!

Ger. That's no! — I know that much Dutch. I'd grow quite accomplished in your company. Well, I must tell you that a knight arriant is a man that goes about the world for sport, with a sword by his side, takin' whatever he likes for himself; and that's a knight arriant — like yourself, indeed, sir. Well, he improved his property, by takin' every body else's that he could, and left a great heap o' land to his son; and a fine property it was; but, somehow or other, they never could live fast enough, and wor gettin' in debt ever more — and so the property got worse and worse, till the last owner found that he was heir only to a thousand a year.

Hans. A tousand a year — eh! dat is goot.

Ger. Yes, but you see it was a thousand a year, *that was spint.*

Hans. Oh, it vas spend!

Ger. Yes, and that made the man that owned it take to dhrink. I'd throuble you for that bottle, [*Drinks.*] and so the more he dhrank the better he liked it, which is only natural; and it made him forget his losses — for how could he remember anything bad, when he forgot himself? And so, to supply the dhrink, he began to cut down the timber.

Hans. I vish he did naut.

Ger. Indeed, it was a shame, seein' you wanted to do it yourself. But, as I was tellin' you, he grew fonder and fonder of the dhrop — and indeed it's a complaint common in Ireland yet; I'll take another gurlouge, if you please — [*Drinks.*] — and dhrunk to that degree that he was forever dhry; and the dhryer he got, the faster went the timber, and at last all the woods was sowld for

dhrink, so that, in fact, the timber was lost with a sort of dry rot.

[*Noise of many voices speaking, and a pistol shot is heard.*
Hans. Vaut is dat ?

[*Jumps up.* — GERALD remains composed.

Ger. Oh, it's only a parcel of the young people of the family enjoyin' themselves.

Hans. But I 'ear a shot.

Ger. To be sure — how could they kill one another without shooting — wait — I'll just step down and see what they're about. [GERALD descends stairs.]

Hans. I like not moche dis. [Great noise below.] Dis beople zeem not goot beoples — did not like de beoples I met dis day in de pog. Sploot, dat pog ! mine 'orse I naut get yet. Vish I vas upon him, and von goot roat unter him, vould n't I put the zpurs in him ! [Noise.] I dink I vill zee vat dey are about. [Goes to the stairs.] Dey are round de gorner, but dere zeem a great crowt. I loike not dis moche.

Re-enter GERALD up the staircase.

Ger. What are you lookin' out there for ?

Hans. I vas only admirin' de brospect — bud, I zay, as dere is not much 'gomodation 'ere, I dink ve moight as vell go back again.

Ger. Whist ! stay quiet a bit — don't be in a hurry, or you 'll rise suspicions. There's my Lord Killstranger, and about twenty other blackguards, below, was axin' impudent questions about you — and who you wor — and what you came about, and so I gave them an evasive answer.

Hans. Vat call you 'vasive answer ?

Ger. I tould them to go to the devil and wait till I came for them !

Hans. [Very uneasy.] I dink ve had petter go pack again !

Ger. Oh, don't be in a hurry, for these is quare people.

You wor wondherin' about the roof being so bad — but I'll explain it to you. You see, the people about the castle stole the slates for to thatch their places; for you must know they are in the habit of burning one another's houses in these parts, and slates does n't take fire so aisy as sthraw.

Hans. Dey burn de 'ouses, den?

Ger. Oh, only when they have nothing else to divert them; but they never burn the people in them!

Hans. Ah! naut de peoples?

Ger. Oh, no — they would n't be so cruel as that; besides, it is betther sport to shoot them flying.

[*Noise below.*]

Hans. Ve had petter go pack again.

Ger. I'm afraid they would suspect you of something bad, if you would be goin' — I would n't answer for your throat!

Hans. I am deir lantlor; dey would not gut mine droat.

Ger. Would n't they? — 'Faith they would — sooner than pay you your rent, I can tell you. — The last landlord of this place was no favourite, and he shut himself up, accordingly, and would n't open his door to man, woman, or child; but they were so determined to have him, that they climbed up the castle walls, tore the roof off the house to get at him, threw him out of the window, and he fell upon some pitchforks which they had outside, ready for him.

Hans. [*Writthing in imagined agony.*] Oh, murter! murter!

Ger. You may say murdher, sure enough! — But the blackguards was thried for it.

Hans. Oh, dey vos troid!

Ger. Oh, yes.

Hans. And hangt?

Ger. Why, they would have been — only that the jury was practical men themselves, and so they brought in a verdict of "Accidental death."

Hans. Vill you naut gome along out of dis ?

Ger. Why, I think you had better be off, for fear of accidents ; but I must stay here to watch these black-guards.

Hans. But vaut zhall I do midout a kite ?

Ger. I have put the ould woman up to it, and she is waitin' undher the window for you, and will lade you over the bog to the house of a dacent man, a friend o' mine, and he 'll give you shelther, and I 'll see you in the mornin'.

Hans. Goot yellow ! goot yellow ! — Bote how zhall I get out ?

Ger. Out of the window, to be sure, for them vagabones is down stairs.

Hans. [Looking down from window.] I zhall break my neg !

Ger. Well, it 's betther brake your neck than have your throat cut — here — I 'll make an iligant laddher for you — [Takes the blanket from the sheaf of straw that serves for a bed, and tears it,] — here, tie this to your belt — and here 's a rope — [Unties his own rope girdle and joins it to blanket,] — there 's a nate bit o' carpenthers' work for you — now, get out o' the window, and I 'll slip you down as aisy as an oysther !

Hans. You are zure dere is no bitchvorks !

Ger. If there is you 'll feel them tickle you, and then whistle to me, and I 'll pull you up — [HANS gets out of window, and is supposed to fall. GERALD pulls in half the broken line — HANS roars.] Run for your life — take care of the dog ! [Barking of dogs, squealing of pigs, and the roaring of HANS and AGGY outside, while DARBY and Peasants run up the staircase, with lighted torches, which they flare out of the window, while they shout after HANS.] Ha, ha, ha ! [DARBY and Peasants laugh.] Well done, boys ! — He 's well frightened. Now, Darby, give him a quarter of an hour's law, and then keep up the hunt after him ; Aggy will lead him round the bog to Bally-

garth house, where I will be ready to receive him, and by the time he arrives there, if he 's not tired of being an Irish landlord, I 'll never brag of being an Irish guide.

[*Exit, L. U. E.*

Dar. More luck to you, Masther Gerald ; I wondher what hand he 'll make of the furriner dragoon when he gets him over into Ballygarth ; but no fear of the masther, long life to him ; he 's as brave as a lion, and as 'cute as a fox, and has the courage and wit of the ould countrhy to hould his own yet ; —so, never despair, boys. Phelim, your sowl, give us the tune to it.

SONG.—PHELIM.

Oh, never despair, for our hopes oftentime,
Spring swiftly as flowers in a tropical clime,
Where the spot that was barren and scentless at night,
Is blooming and fragrant at morning's first light.
The mariner marks, when the tempest sings loud,
That the rainbow is brighter, the darker the cloud !

Then up! up! never despair.

The leaves which the Sibyl presented of old,
Though lessened in number were not worth less gold,
And though Fate steal our joys, do not think they 're the best,
The few she has spared may be worth all the rest.
Good fortune oft comes in adversity's form,
And the rainbow is brightest when darkest the storm.

Then up! up! never despair.

And when all creation was sunk in the flood,
Sublime o'er the deluge the Patriarch stood,
Though destruction around him in thunder was hurled,
Undaunted he looked on the wreck of the world.
For high o'er the ruin hung Hope's blessed form,
The rainbow beamed bright through the gloom of the storm.

Then up! up! never despair.

[*Scene closes.*

SCENE IV. — *The Heath.* — *Night.* — *Thunder, wind, and rain.*

Enter AGATHA and HANS, r.

Hans. Donderskind! — vaught a night! Dis old vrow does not, I veer, know de vay; — I must ztay all night in dis pog! — I shall die! verachtig! I vish I never come to dis gountry! [AGATHA sits down on a stone, and begins to cough.] Splut! is she going to ztay here? I zay, old womans, oh, I forgot! — young womans!

Aga. Yes, yes, I know — it is — I know the place well: it is Dead Man's Hole! [Shouts outside.]

Hans. Goot womans! meg haste!

Aga. No, you're wrong. The body was found the next morning.

Hans. Zappermint! — his botty vas wound — vill you get up, my brety young womans?

Aga. I will show the gibbet of three more that was hanged, when we come to Gallows-green!

Hans. Vaut a horrid gountry! — vaut names! — Dead Man's Hole! — Gibbets vor dree, and Gallows-green! — Mine dear womans, vere is de ouse ve go to — de ouse!

Aga. Oh! the house! — ah, it's not more than half-a-mile; — there — look!

Hans. [Starting.] Vaut is it?

Aga. Oh, don't be afraid; you thought that was the light which they say the murdered gauger goes about with, looking for his head that was cut off.

Hans. [Aside.] De orrid old vrow! she vill not get on!

Aga. No; that light you see is in the house we are going to.

Hans. Dat loight is in de ouse? [Shouts outside.]

Aga. Yes.

Hans. Den, I vill ron vor it. [Exit, running, l.]

Aga. Stay! — don't leave me to be murdered! [Throws

off her hood, and changes her voice.] Ha, ha, ha ! he 's in a precious fright ! he can't miss the light, and now I must get in before him through the back avenue.

Enter DARBY and Peasants.

Dar. Hollo ! are you here, Aggy ?

Aga. Ha, ha ! don't you see I am.

Dar. And where is the furriner of a villain we are huntin' ?

Aga. Oh, the poor devil — ha, ha, ha ! I 've been telling him such stories !

Dar. But where is he ?

Aga. He ran away, and would n't wait for me when he heard you close after him.

Dar. Then we must pursue him to the house.

Aga. Stop ! not too fast : he can't miss the house now, for the light is ready burning in the window to lead him : you 'll only frighten him off the road if you run him too hard ; but keep up the phillilew after him for the fun of the thing. [*Exeunt omnes, shouting "Follow ! follow ! "*]

SCENE V. — *The Interior of Ballygarth, same as first scene, first act.*

Enter MAGDALENE and DILLON, L.

Dil. You are rather surprised to see me here !

Mag. Dear Dillon, how kind to be the bearer of these good tidings yourself.

Dil. I tell you, this English colonel interests himself deeply in Gerald's welfare ; so let my friend be of good cheer, and not take any desperate step ; for, though the forfeiture of the estate be certain,—

Mag. No matter ! Hard though it be to lose wealth, what is that in comparison with life. My Gerald is safe, you think ?

Dil. I hope so ; and I would not lose the pleasure of

being the bearer of the intelligence myself. You told him this good news when you ran away from me just now?

Mag. Yes; how could I keep it from him? He will be here in a moment, he has been changing his dress.

Enter GERALD in his former dress, L.

Ger. Welcome, Dillon; good and kind friend that you are:—so, life is safe?

Dil. I can scarcely doubt it, from the interest Colonel Chesham takes in your favour.

Mag. And that is all I care for.

Dil. But the property, my dear friend, I am sorry to say, must change hands.

Ger. And I am happy to say, I hope it will.

Dil. What mean you?

Ger. Why, at present, whose property, by legal right, is it?

Dil. Why, truly, though you are here in possession, the property is the right of Major Mansfeldt.

Ger. And thereupon, I say, I hope it will soon change hands; and I have been employed all day in getting him into a proper state of mind to that end: I have given him, in the first place, a specimen of an Irish guide, that he will never desire to follow; a short cut, that he will remember long. I have shown him, that it is easier to have a keep to a castle than a castle to keep; that though it is very well to have tenants at will, 't is the devil to have tenants against their will; that bogs are not suited to cavalry movements; that murders are more plenty than blackberries; that manslaughter and arson are the common amusements of the people; in short, that Ireland is the finest country under the sun *to live out of!* and after that, I think he will be inclined to sell his property at a bargain.

Dil. Well, I hope you can bring him to a sale.

Ger. Bring him! — why, I am driving him to market

this minute. My boys are hunting him here, even now ; — I expect him every moment.

Enter AGATHA, L.

Aga. Oh, I am half-dead, scampering over that bog. He's coming, sir.

Ger. You frightened him well, I hope ?

Aga. I have n't spoken a word under manslaughter, for the last half-hour.

Ger. Well done, Aggy ! [Loud knocking and shouts, L.] Ho ! you are come, my boy ! — now to frighten him a little more. [Knocking. Gerald takes up a gun, throws up the window, and fires.] Take that, you blackguards !

Hans. [Outside.] Murter ! murter !

Ger. Is it coming again you are, you villains, to break open my house ? — Dennis, hillo ! bring me more blunder-busses !

Hans. [Outside.] No ! no ! don't zhoot me ! I'm not a ropper.

Ger. Hollo ! is that my Dutch friend ?

Hans. Ya ! ya ! open de toor, vor de loaf of 'eaven ! [Shouts outside.]

Ger. Oh, they are hunting you, I see.

Hans. Ya ! ya ! open de tote !

Ger. Open the door ! 't is more than our lives are worth ; but here, Dennis, bring the rope that we come upstairs at night with.

Enter SERVANT with rope, which Gerald lowers from the window.

Make yourself fast to that, and we 'll drag you in.

[Shouts outside.]

Hans. Make hase ! make hase !

Ger. Come along, then. [Dillon, Gerald, and Servants drag up Hans, through window : he is in a woeful plight ; at that moment a gun fired at him, and shouts.] I hope I did n't hurt you when I fired ?

Hans. Nein ! I'm so glad you did miss me.

Ger. I'll be glad to miss you every day in the year.
[*Hans sinks into a chair.*] You seem a little tired ; here, take a cup of wine. [*Hans drinks.*] But how did all this happen ?

Hans. Vy, I gome down here vor mine esdate.

Ger. I congratulate you ; what's the name of it ?

Hans. Ballagarde.

Ger. We shall be neighbours, then ?

Hans. Nein ! nein ! I vould not ztop in dis gountry not vor notin !

Ger. Poch ! pooh ! don't be prejudiced in a hurry : that estate is a very nice bit o' bog to live upon.

Hans. If dey vould let you lif.

Ger. Why, there's something in that, certainly ; and I must own, that estate of yours has been rather unlucky to the people who have held it ; the last owner — but I won't make you uneasy.

Hans. Oh, I know — I know — de bitchworks —

Ger. Oh, you heard' of it then ?

Hans. Ya !

Ger. Well, perhaps you'll have more luck with the property, and I'm sure I wish you life to enjoy it ; and don't despise it because it's a bog ; for you may reclaim very good land out of bog, if you'll only sink a little property in it.

Hans. But I aff zunk mine property in it.

Ger. Well, you have lost no time.

Hans. But I have lost mine horse !

Ger. Well, that's improving neither to the horse nor the bog ; how deep was he when you left him ?

Hans. Up to de neg.

Ger. Faith, then, that horse is digging turf, by this time, about twenty feet deep !

Hans. And vaut am I to do ? I gannot get back midout an orse — Donderskind ! but I vould gif mine esdate vor noting more dan an orse dis minute !

Ger. A dragoon without a horse is like a parson without a church ; so, take a horse out of my stable, and send him back when you get to Dublin.

Hans. Dank you ! dank you, my vriend ! but look, gif me de voight' horse you ride yesterday, and dere—
[*Produces folded parchment,*] — dere is de depenture of mine esdate.

Dil. Do, Gerald, do — I 'll draw up an assignment.—

[*Takes the debenture, goes over to the table, and writes.*]

Ger. No, no — my white horse, indeed ? you 've a good taste in horseflesh, I see ! I would n't give my white horse for three such estates !

Hans. But it 's a noice pit o' pog !

Ger. Pooh !

Hans. And a goot ouse !

Ger. A ruin !

Hans. Only a little out of rebair ! and if you zink a little broperty in de pog —

Ger. I will never sink my horse in it, sir, as you did yours ; that white horse of mine, sir, can go !

Hans. Vell, let him go vor de esdate !

Ger. The finest charger in Ireland.

Hans. Vell, charge him on de esdate.

Ger. Come, you 've said a smart thing, for once in your life, and, for the sake of the joke, I have a mind to let you have him.

Dil. Here is the assignment.

Hans. Goot, goot — Den I vill put my zynment to it.

Ger. I don't like parting with that horse, I can tell you. [To *Hans.*]

Hans. Ah, you have got von vine broperty vor him.

[*Hans goes to table and writes ; Magdalene watches him with interest — hands pen to Gerald.*]

Ger. I don't like parting with that horse.

Hans. Gome ! gome ! [*Puts pen in his hand.*] You zign, you zign,— you bromise me de orse.

Ger. Well, I must not break my promise ; [Signs.] there, you have got the finest horse in Ireland !

Hans. [Exulting.] Ha ! donder and blitzen, dat is goot ! ha, ha, ha !

Ger. [Locks up the assignment and debenture in box.] Ha, ha, ha ! This is a funny affair altogether ! well, business being over, we 'll drink a cup of wine, and wish each other good luck with our bargains.

Hans. Ya ! mid all my heart. [They fill and drink.] I vill be glad to get out of dis place, ha, ha, ha.

Ger. Ha, ha ! — Yes, and I 'm glad to stay in it ; so we are both pleased. [Knocking.] What, more visitors ! [Goes to the window.] Who 's there ?

Chesh. [Outside.] Colonel Chesham !

Ger. Welcome, Colonel ; open the door, there, to the Colonel.

Hans. You dell me you vas avraid to oben de tore.

Ger. Oh, the country is much more peaceable within the last five minutes.

Enter COLONEL CHESHAM, L.

Welcome, Colonel !

Enter AGATHA and PHELIM.

Chesh. I rejoice to see you, sir, and am glad to be the bearer of good tidings ; [Hands a paper.] here is a free pardon for you. [Gerald hands paper to Magdalene and embraces her.] What, you here, Major Mansfeldt ?

Hans. Ya ! dat is me — Oh, I vas near gilt zince I zee you by dem rascal reppels ; but I vill go avay, now, mid you, dat I have got von horse. — [Aside.] I have done him out of his voight orse ; — ha, ha ! zuch a peauty !

Ger. Thanks, Colonel, for your kind interference in my favour. This precious bit of paper secures me life : and Major Mansfeldt, I am happy to say, has behaved very liberally, and sold me the property for a trifle.

Ches. Give me your hand, Mansfeldt, I shall ever re-

spect you for this. [Shakes hands with Mansfeldt, then turns to Pepper.] Strange chance, sir, that the men you saved yesterday should have power to benefit you to-day. I have interceded for your life; the Major has restored your property, and now, Master Pepper —

Hans. Bepper! vaut, are you Bepper?

Ger. I'm only one of the Peppers; for, you know [In the manner of Rafferty], there is White Pepper, Red Pepper, Whole Pepper, Ground Pepper, Pepper-Corn, and Little Ginger.

Hans. Donderskind! den dis is Ballagarde, I zuppose?

Ger. It is Ballygarth, sir, where I am happy to welcome you, once more, as the master.

Hans. Colonel, I am shated; my depenture is roppet out of me, and is in dat pox, dat small pox.

Ger. It is in the small pox as you say, and, you know, it is very hard to recover out of the small pox. Colonel, in seeking by stratagem to recover what selfishness and injustice would have robbed my children of, I trust you do not blame me?

Chesh. Far from it, sir; where is that paper?

Dil. [Hands it from box.] Here, Colonel.

Hans. Give it to me.

Chesh. No, sir, give it to me. As the representative of their honours, the commissioners of the court of forfeiture in this district, my signature is necessary; — the Major and myself owe you something for the preservation of our lives. I am glad to see the major has not forgotten his share of the obligation; for myself, I feel great pride in doing an act of justice to a generous man; I therefore ratify the contract with my signature; [Signs.] there, sir. [Giving paper to Gerald.

Hans. Dey make a vool of me, Colonel!

Aga. [As the old woman.] The body was found the next morning.

Hans. Oh, you are de d—d old vrow! Dey zhown me von empty ouse!

Ger. By which I have verified the proverb, that an empty house is better than a bad tenant; but I hope, dear Magdalene, our friends will not turn the proverb against us; for I trust we shall always have a full house at Ballygarth, and that the White Horse will be allowed to run for many a day!

Disposition of the characters at the fall of the curtain.

DIL. MAG. GER. CHESH. HANS. AGA. PHE.
R.] [L.

THE END

THE HAPPY MAN
AN EXTRAVAGANZA, IN ONE ACT

LIST OF CHARACTERS

RAM RUSTI (the Resolute).
FOXI FUM (the Crafty).
SKI-HI (the Star-gazer).
PADDY MURPHY.
RUN-PHASTER (the Active).
FIRST BEARER.
SECOND BEARER.

KO-KET (the Man Catcher).
SING SMAHL (the Subdued).

COSTUMES

RAM RUSTI—Yellow damask robe, richly trimmed ; white figured tissue shirt ; crimson satin trousers ; yellow morocco boots ; long red scarf, and green velvet turban, trimmed with gold lace.

FOXI FUM—Lavender color Turkish robe, richly trimmed ; yellow satin Turkish trousers ; long blue and white scarf ; Turkish shoes ; flesh legs, and scarlet turban.

SKI HI—Black gabardine, trimmed with hieroglyphics ; brown satin skirt ; scarlet sleeves, trimmed with gold lace ; green cotton skirt ; brown satin Turkish trousers ; yellow boots, and beehive cap.

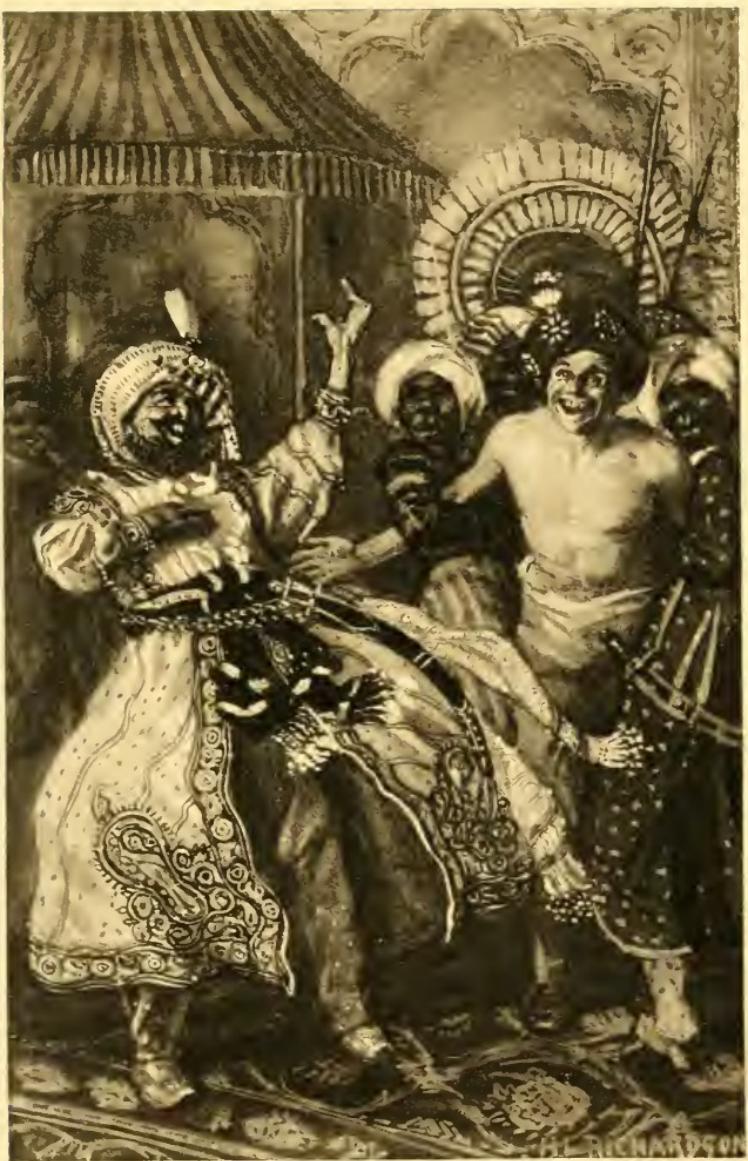
PADDY MURPHY—Military coat ; white drill trousers ; blue and white Guernsey shirt ; cap ; black cloth gaiters ; and a shirt front with a frill.

RUN-PHASTER—Blue Turkish robe, trimmed with gold ; white trousers ; blue and white scarf ; buff shoes ; Chinese cap, with long tail.

KO-KET—White leno Eastern dress, trimmed with flowers and silver ; scarlet gauze scarf ; trousers, and hair turned back with jewels.

SING SMAHL—White Eastern dress, trimmed with silver lama ; yellow silk robe trousers, trimmed with silver, and hair turned back with jewels.

Time of representation, 50 minutes.



"Tis mine. Tis happy. Tis happy."

THE HAPPY MAN

SCENE I.—*Audience Hall of the Rajah, RAM RUSTI.*
Music.

Enter, i E. R. H., RUN-PHASTER at the head of the attendants of FOXI-FUM, SKI-HI, FOXI-FUM, and his daughter, PRINCESS KO-KET.

Ko-Ket. My father, whence this cloud upon your brow ? Why droops your head ?

Foxi-Fum. Because the weight of empire is upon it. Ram Rusti has made me his vizier.

Ko-K. But why ? You are a prince yourself, and too high for the office of a servant.

Fox. But none is left about the court fit for the office but myself—they are all beheaded. A sudden melancholy on the Rajah seizes ; he calls himself most miserable, and swears it is the business of his vizier to make him happy.

Ko-K. Pooh ! Nonsense !

Fox. Ay ; but if the vizier fails, the Rajah knocks off his head ! You won't say pooh ! nonsense ! to that. All share in his vengeance — physicians, cooks, and grand viziers. 'T was but this morning Fum Foozle lost his head.

Ko-K. O, dreadful !

Fox. 'T is certain some demon has possessed him ; and the influence of the stars alone can avert this calamity. The Moonshee, Ski-hi, and I have discovered the cure for the Rajah's malady, if he will only have patience

for its accomplishment. We wait his presence here (*Trumpets.*) He comes! (*Music.*)

Enter, i.e. R. H., the RAJAH RAM RUSTI and court. All present make low salaams.

Omnes. Hail, great Ram Rusti!

Fox. May your highness live forever.

Ram Rusti. May your tongue be blistered for that wish. Why should I live beneath a load of misery?

Fox. Happy days are yet in store for your sublime highness.

Ram. But why should they be in store, when I want them for present use? See that you procure them instantly, or the fate of Fum Foozle awaits thee. Is that blockhead dead?

Fox. He died at sunrise.

Ram. May all such blockheads' heads be on the block.

Fox. Sublime mightiness, I and Ski-Hi have consulted the stars, and the stars have spoken.

Ram. Have they spoken plain?

Fox. No; but they "lisped in numbers."

Ram. And what have you gathered from their imperfect sentences?

Fox. Tenses you mean, your highness.

Ram. Well, tenses.

Fox. The stars speak not in the imperfect, but the future tense.

Ram. Well, future.

Fox. They say your highness wants a shirt.

Ram. They lie! I have a dozen.

Fox. But in that dozen, not the one you want. Thus spake the stars:—

"To cure great Ram Rusti, there is but one plan:

It is wearing the shirt of the happy man."

Ram. And will no happy man lend his master a shirt? There must be some happy man in my dominions.

Fox. [Aside.] Not while you are on the throne.

Ram. Speak. Is there no happy man?

Fox. Sublime highness, the man of whom the stars have spoken must not only be happy, but must never have been anything else — always happy.

Ram. Then the stars are humbugs! There is no such thing!

Fox. Be not too hasty, your highness. Let us seek for this happy man.

Ram. I say he exists not on the earth.

Fox. But he may on the sea!

Ram. And am I to wait for time and tide? They wait for no man, and I'll not wait for them; therefore, hear my decree. The happy man must be found within three days, or you die.

Fox. Die!

Ram. Ay; you and the Moonshee.

Moo. My stars!

Ram. Ay! See that your stars do help you. Since your knowledge plucked this wondrous secret from them, let your knowledge find the cure they promise. Produce this happy man within three days, or die.

Fox. O, mightiness! [Kneels.]

Ram. 'T is said! Let all rewards be offered. He shall be honored whose shirt procures my cure; but in three days he must be found, or death be on your heads.

[*Music. Exeunt RAM RUSTI and court, I E. R. H.*

FOXI-FUM, SKI-HI, KO-KET, and their attendants remain.]

Ko-K. [Rushes to FOXI-FUM'S arms.] O, my father! my trembling heart!

Fox. And my trembling head!

Ko-K. What's to be done?

Fox. I tell you what must be done — a happy man — we must make a happy man.

Ko-K. But how?

Fox. 'T is in your power.

Ko-K. Nay, father; our province is to make men wretched.

Fox. Poor child, she remembers what I used to say to her mother. But, Ko-Ket, you *can* do this, and by means of the great Khan Rum Jum.

Ko-K. The wretch! Name him not!

Fox. Rum Jum swore that if you married him, you'd make him a happy man. Now go! Make him a happy man, and while he is happy, bring him here, and his shirt will cover your father with protection.

Ko-K. O, horror! Besides, the sacrifice would be useless. Rum Jum is not always happy.

Fox. He is, I assure you.

Ko-K. No; he's always drunk.

Fox. And, therefore, happy. All he wants is you to complete his bliss.

Ko-K. The wretch! I hate him!

Fox. I know you do; but don't you love your poor father, the author of your being? Would n't it be a pity that the author of so charming a production should lose his head?

Ko-K. Well, that's very prettily said, indeed; and if Rum Jum was n't such a wretch —

Fox. My head.

Ko-K. To linger out one's life —

Fox. 'T is worse to have it shortened.

Ko-K. I'll do it. Rum Jum, I'm yours.

Fox. And my head's my own. Lose no time. Bring in the palanquin. [Attendants bring in palanquin, 2 E. L. H.] Here, Run-Phaster, take charge of the princess; bear her to the court of Rum Jum. Let them be married forthwith; and while he is a happy man bear him hither. — [Aside to RUN-PHASTER.] Lose no time; for there is no knowing how long he may be a happy man. Quick, despatch, away. [Hands her to palanquin.] Bless you, my child!

Ko-K. Father, farewell. Nothing but your head could break my heart.

Fox. [R.] What a very hard head I must have!

[*Music. Exeunt OMNES, bearing off KO-KET in palanquin, 2 E. L. H.*]

SCENE II.—*An Open Scene in India. The ruins of a Hindoo temple; a broken fountain beside some palm trees; PADDY MURPHY discovered washing a small front of a shirt and a frill in the stream; his dress is rather tattered, and it must be apparent that he has no shirt; his musket and a drum lie beside a fallen column.*

Pat. Well, clane linen is comfortable; and though it's little I have, yet, for the honor o' the service, I like to make it look as respectable as I can. That'll do. You may hang on that bank to dhry, and I won't have to pay my washerwoman—that's one comfort. [*Hangs up the bit of linen, and comes forward.*] It's a hard thing that an Irishman, whose native land is the land of linen, should want a shirt; but that's the fate o' war. My ducks, too, they are none o' the newest—that's more o' the fate o' war; but I'll give the ducks a swim, by and by, to refresh them—but now to rest myself a thrifle. [*Sits down on his drum.*] And to cogitate on human events. Paddy Murphy, your sowl, where will you go next? I've been thravelling these five days, and dunna where. I'm worse off than a cannon ball, for that always gets a direction; but the devil a direction I got when I set out on my thravels. Well, I'm the more like a great navigathor; and who knows but in the course o' my thravels I might make some grand discovery, and give Columbus the go-by. As for Columbus, who cares about him? He discovered Amerikay, to be sure; but the devil a much credit he got by that! I would n't give any man thanks for discoverin' Amerikay;

for it's so big that some one must have discovered it one day or other: so Columbus was no janius. Well, now to my toilet. I'd rather go without a shirt if I had a choice; "for it's pleasant and cool, says Bryan O'Lyn;" but the honor o' the sarvice must be looked to. [Takes down his tucker, and dresses himself.] It's a part o' the art o' war to make deceptive demonstrations. Now, when I button up my jacket, who the devil could tell I had n't a shirt? [Shouts of alarm.] What's that? [Looks out.] A parcel of black blackguards running as if the devil was after them. [RUN-PHASTER and the attendants of the PRINCESS KO-KET run across the stage, 2 E. L. to R. H., shouting, "The tiger! the tiger!" Some bear a palanquin on the stage, and, laying it down, desert it; a scream from the palanquin; PAT takes up his musket, and, standing between the palanquin and the approach of the tiger, fires with a deliberate aim.] Hurroo! You're dead, my buck! Ha! there's the last kick out o' you. Now, let me comfort the poor darlin' that's left dyin' in this little gazebo, all by herself. [Opens curtains of palanquin, and discovers PRINCESS KO-KET fainting.] O, the darlin'! O, the nose of her! — and the hair of her! — and the lips of her! I must revive the jewel with a ddrop o' wather. [Takes his cap, and runs towards fountain, but turns back, and kisses KO-KET, who revives.] That refreshed her! That was betther than wather for both of us! [Lifts her out of palanquin, and carries her forward in his arms.]

Ko-K. Where am I?

[Reviving, and not seeing PAT.]

Pat. The darlin'!

Ko-K. Where is the monster?

Pat. [Throwing himself on his knees.] I'm at your service.

Ko-K. What is this? Is it a dream?

Pat. If it is, don't waken me for a month! — [Aside.] Tare an owns! What eyes she's got!

Ko-K. But the tiger —

Pat. Is as dead as a door-nail.

Ko-K. Dead! Who killed him? [Excited.]

Pat. 'T was I, miss. I hope you're not angry.

Ko-K. Angry! no. You have saved my life.

Pat. By my sowl, then, it's the first thing I ever saved.

Ko-K. But are you sure the tiger is dead?

Pat. [Pointing off the stage.] Look there. Look at him, with more stripes on him than a sergeant.

Ko-K. The horrid monster! I had given myself up for lost.

Pat. Then give yourself up, now that you're found. Is n't it myself that would be happy if you'd only — [Aside.] O, by this and by that my heart's gone! O, Paddy Murphy! and is that what you're come to! Have I passed the perils of polite society to be ravished in the desert? O, darlin'! you wor — My heart is your own.

Ko-K. Generous stranger, thanks for your gallant service. Pardon me, if, in my fear, I have exposed my face to the eye of man.

Pat. O, make no apologies for your face!

Ko-K. [Drawing her veil.] I must now call my attendants.

Pat. Then, upon my word, miss, you must have a very fine voice if they hear you.

Ko-K. Have they deserted me then?

Pat. Faith, they're a mile and a half out o' this, by this time. The blackguards, to lave a lady and a tiger to dine by themselves.

Ko-K. How merrily you joke on so serious an affair!

Pat. That's the beauty of the thing. Any fool can joke on a funny affair, but the fun of it is, to joke on a serious affair!

Ko-K. You're a merry creature.

Pat. And always was. I never saw the day when

I was n't merry. I've been hungry, and contented myself with singing, "Oh, the roast beef of old England." I've been thirsty "By the banks of the sweet-flowing Liffey," and marched to the forlorn hope, singing, "Hope told a flattering tale."

Ko-K. [Aside.] He's a charming fellow. He's a much nicer man than Rum Jum.

Pat. And now, don't you think that a thrifle o' something would refresh you after your fright? I'll give you something to ate; and it's safer to dine with me than a tiger, I can tell you.

Ko-K. But I see nothing here promising food but the date trees, and I don't like dates.

Pat. I never knew a lady that did like dates, particularly if they were owld dates; but I can refer you to something better than dates.

Ko-K. Where?

Pat. Here. [Brings forward a side drum.]

Ko-K. Why, 't is only a drum. A drum is empty.

Pat. Ay, your common fellows' dhrums; but I'm a janius. Did you never hear of a dhrumadary that can carry a power? Well, mine is of that family. It sarves for a musical instrumment in the first place, and a sort of thravelling thrunk at the same time. [Throws out clothes.] A flying cook's shop, [takes out biscuits,] or ambulatory reflectory—an overground cellar. [Takes out bottle.] In short, as you perceive, my darlin', my dhrum is like Easter—a sort of movable feast; then, when you've emptied it, turn him up, and you make a seat of him! There, my darlin', sit down on that. [She sits on drum.] Now, then, I'll feed you, my little beauty, [He gives her some food.] Now for a dhrup o' something. [Hands a bottle.] You'll excuse me not having a glass, but I never want one myself, for my mouth howlds a glass exactly. May be, miss, you'd take the measure of your own?

Ko-K. [Pushing away the bottle.] I never take wine.

Pat. Faith, nor I either. I admire your taste ; but thry that.

Ko-K. [Tastes and coughs.] O, that's so strong !

Pat. Faith, it requires to be strong, for the soldiers is always attacking it. Here's to our better acquaintance, miss. Throth, I'm adoring you, so I am.

Ko-K. [Aside.] He's a much nicer man than Rum Jum ; and a British officer too. — [To PAT.] How did you chance to come here ?

Pat. I'll tell you then. We were ordhered to cross a river at night, and surprise an outpost of the enemy ; and to prevent our boys being too ready with their firelocks, and so give an alarm, we were ordhered to ddraw the charges out of our guns. Now, I forgot to ddraw my charge, you see ; and as we crossed the river, and got undher the batteries, my commandin' officer says to me, "Pat," says he. "Sir," said I. "You're sure you've no charge in your gun," says he. "I'll thry, sir," says I ; and with that, I ups with my firelock, and pulls the thrigger, and off it wint. "Bad luck to you," says he ; "I'll have you up to a coort martial for that ;" but the words was n't out of his mouth till the enemy's guns opened on us, and knocked the shot about our heads like hail ; but we leathered them for all that ! "Now, when the fun was all over, I did not see any use in goin' back to the coort martial ; for there's no fun in that : so I detarmined to make a start of it, and seek my fortune up the countrhy here. But I lost my knapsack in the scrimmage, you see, and so I took the loan of a few biscuits from some o' the boys that had their bread baked that day in the fight, and this dhrum from a dead dhrummer, and cut the head out of it ; and a mighty purty knapsack it makes, you parsaive, as well as a musical instrhument, and a sate for you, queen o' my sowl !

Ko-K. [Aside.] What a delightful creature !

Pat. By the powers ! This minit I'm the happiest man in the world !

Ko-K. The what !

Pat. The happiest man in the world !

Ko-K. [Aside.] Then he can save my father's life. —
[To PAT.] O, noble stranger !

Pat. Eh !

Ko-K. Would you come with me ?

Pat. Come with you ! Sure I would ; and go with you ! and die with you ! But, by my sowl, I'd rather live with you first.

Ko-K. [Aside.] The dear fellow ! O, he's a much nicer man than Rum Jum.

Pat. And if you'd only consent to be Mrs. Murphy.

Ko-K. O, if you'll only come to my father !

Pat. O, never mind your father !

Ko-K. O, but my father's head !

Pat. O, but what is his head to my heart ? O, my jewel ! Listen to your Paddy Murphy. Here you are sitting on the head of my dhrum, and your own soldier courtin' beside you. In fact, it's a dhrum-head coort martial ; and the pleasantest that ever was sat upon.

Ko-K. But, first come to my father. He will load you with honors. [Rises.] Where's my train ?

Pat. Here it is behind you, miss. [Points to her dress.] Hillo ! [Looks out.] What black thieves are these, crawling like beetles through the bushes ? Sharp's the word in an enemy's country ! Come behind these ruins with me, my jewel, and I'll reconnoitre them. Don't be afeard, darlin' : I'd sell my life for you ! [Exeunt PAT and KO-KET into temple, U. E. L. H.]

Enter RUN-PHASTER and the BEARERS of KO-KET, E. R. H., cautiously. RUN-PHASTER stops short, and points.

Run-Phaster. There !

1st Bearer. What ?

Run. The tiger !

Omnes. Ha! [They are all running away, 2. E. R. H., till RUN-PHASTER calls.]

Run. Stop! He's dead.

Omnes. [Returning.] O!

Run. [Perceiving the palanquin empty.] Horror! Behold, the palanquin is empty!

1st Bea. Dust and ashes on our heads. The princess is lost.

Run. How shall we dare to return to his highness, her father?

1st Bea. Better never return. Rather fly the country, and cross over into the adjoining territory.

Run. But there another danger awaits us. The English troops are at war with the Nawaub; and we may fall into their hands. [The roll of drum is heard outside.] Hark! I fear we are in danger.

Pat. [Without, U. E. L. H.] First division, advance. Second division, take them in flank. [A shot and roll of a drum, U. E. L. H., Indians fall down.]

Run. Ha! We're in the hands of the enemy!

Pat. [Outside.] Charge! [Rushes on the stage, U. E. L. H., with his drum slung at his side, and his musket in his hand. RUN-PHASTER and the BEARERS lie flat, with their faces to the ground.]

Run. Mercy! mercy!

Pat. Do you surrender? [Beats his drum.]

Run. At discretion.

Pat. Devil a much you have of it. Who are you at all? [Beats his drum.]

Run. The bearers of the palanquin that—

Pat. O, you're the donkeys that were drawing the young lady's po'shay! Are you? You may get up, then.

Run. Yes; we are the unfortunate servants of her highness, the princess. [They all rise.]

Pat. The what?

Run. The princess.

Pat. Was it a princess that was in that?

[*Pointing to palanquin.*]

Run. Yes.

Pat. [*Dancing round the stage.*] Tow, row, row, didherow. Whoo! Murphy, your sowl, your fortune's made.—[*To attendants.*] You ought to blush if you were able, you black thieves, for deserting that lovely creature! Purty bearers you are. Faith, you may be pall-bearers now, for she is dead. 'T will be a saving to you that your faces are in ready-made mourning already.

Run. Dead!—

[*KO-KET peeps from the ruins,* U. E. L. H.]

Pat. As a herrin'. The tiger ate her. I saw him pick her bones!

Run. That cannot be. The tiger is dead.

[*Pointing out.*]

Pat. To be sure he 's dead. Do you think he could survive such an act of cruelty? He died under the combined influence of grief and indigestion.

Run. Then the princess—

Pat. Come here. Are you in airnest? Is she a *rale* princess?

Run. The most illustrious—

Pat. Tow, row, row, didherow. [*Dances about.*]

1st Bea. He 's mad.

Pat. Am I mad? By my sowl, then, I don't envy any man that 's in his senses. Hurroo!

Enter KO-KET, laughing, from temple U. E. L. H. *The BEARERS fall on their knees, and make obeisance.*

Run. Her highness lives! Allah il Allah!

Pat. O, my jewel!

[*Going to embrace her, RUN-PHASTER interposes drawing his sword.*]

Run. Avaunt!

Ko-K. [Interposing.] Hold ! He is my protector, my champion, my lord. [Yields herself to PAT'S arms.

Pat. [Kisses her.] Do you see that, you spalpeen ?

Ko-K. He will relieve the kingdom's difficulties. HE is the HAPPY MAN !

Omnes. The happy man ! [They kneel.

Pat. What a miserable country this must be, when a happy man is such a wondher in it !

Ko-K. Let us onward to the palace of my father.

Pat. To be sure. Onward to the palace of my father-in-law. [Hands KO-KET to the palanquin.] And don't be afraid if you meet another tiger ; for the devil a tiger, or other foreign barbarian, but will fly at the first tap of the British dhrum !

SONG,

ACCOMPANIED BY HIMSELF ON THE DRUM

I come from the land of the Pats and pittaytees,

Tidhery idhery, tow, row, row ;

Where we're fond of good things, and of coarse love the ladies ;

Tid., &c.

But I was unlike every boy of my nation,

Resisting forever love's fatal temptation,

In the noise of the dhrum dhronning love's botheration,

Tid., &c., tow, row, row.

Till one day I discovered a lady like Venus ;

Tid., &c.

Her eyes like the stars in King Charles's Wain is ;

Tid., &c.

On the head of my dhrum down she sat on a large hill,

And I coorted her there, till she vowed she was partial.

Can I ever forget that sweet dhrum-head coort martial ?

Tid., &c. row, row, row.

Then come with your sojer, my own little charmer ;

Tid., &c.

To keep us from sorrow, good humour's the armour ;

Tid., &c.

Though poor, I am merry ; I never look glum ;
 We shall never want bread, if with me you will come ;
 When you 're hungry, I 'll give you *fresh rolls* on my dhrum!
 Tid., &c.

[*Exeunt OMNES, U. E. R. H., making a circuit of the stage, and retiring behind the temple; PAT marching before the palanquin to the symphony of the song, beating the drum.*

SCENE III.—*The Court of RAM RUSTI, as before.* The RAJAH enters, in a melancholy attitude, R. H. i E., surrounded by slaves fanning him. His favourite SULTANA, FOXI-FUM, and SKI-HI are among his train.

Ram. Still overshadowed by the clouds of despair, still on the rack of suspended hope.

Fox. [Aside.] Would it were suspended animation.

Ski-Hi. Alas ! my lord ! Will not your highness await the expiration of the third day ? My lord shall have his shirt.

Ram. Can your learning tell me, Moonshee, whether this promised shirt is one of gorgeous pattern or primeval simplicity. Answer quickly. My temper is ruffled.

Ski. So is the shirt, your highness.

Sultana. Would that I could smooth the ruffles from your highness's temper.

Ram. O, all the ills of humanity make a point to stick in my poor gizzard !

Sul. Would that my tears —

Ram. I have torrents of my own.

[*Shouts outside, L. H.* “The happy man, the happy man.”]

Fox. Hark ! your highness. [Shouts continue.

Ram. Can I trust my ravished senses ? The happy man ! Give him entrance ! Let me embrace him !

[*Rushes to meet the happy man.*

Enter PRINCESS KO-KET, followed by PAT and crowd,
I E. L. H. RAJAH starts. KO-KET rushes into RAJAH'S
arms.

Ram. Bishmilla ! Is this the happy man ?

Ko-K. No, your highness. This is the happy man !

[Points to PAT.]

Pat. I'm happy to see your honor.

Ko-K. [Kneels.] Sublime highness, he is the happy man.

Ram. I will prove if he's impervious to dismay.
Stranger! —

Pat. Anan !

Ram. You shall be married.

Pat. Thank your honor. Ha, ha ! that 's settled.

Ram. Wondrous ! The prospect of a wife dismays him not : but I 'll test him deeper. Bring forth the executioner !

Ko-K. [Kneels.] The executioner ! O, spare him ! if not for my sake, for your own ! He is, indeed, the happy man !

Pat. To be sure I am, when a darlin' like you plades for me.

Ko-K. Believe me, your highness.

Ram. I shall judge for myself. [KO-KET retires, and seats herself on the divan in centre.]

Pat. [Aside.] If they 're goin' to kill me, I 'll die game for the honor of the cloth, any how !

Ram. It is the custom of our country to put to death every wanderer who dares to cross its border.

Pat. Then, all I have to say is, it 's a bad country ; and though it 's bad enough in the middle, it is worse on the border, it seems.

Ram. Dare you call this a bad country ?

Pat. Why, you call it bad yourselves. There 's Allahabad, and Farruckabad, and Astrabad, and Firoozabad, and Hydrabad, and Khorumbad, and Futtybad,

and Tuckabad ; and if that is n't a bad lot, I don't know what is.

Ram. That is but in the name.

Pat. And what worse could a countrhy have than a bad name ?

Ram. You strangers invade us to rob our land of its riches.

Pat. There you 're out agin. The devil a poorer place I ever was in !

Ram. Poor !

Pat. Why, don't you call it poor yourselves ? Is n't there Burhampoor, and Ballapoor, and Ichapoor, and Serapoor, and Bagpoor, and Rampoor, and Dampoor ? and how can a countrhy be rich with so many poor places.

Ram. Well, be the country bad or poor, you die !

Pat. 'T will be neither richer nor betther for that. Besides, it 's against your own intherest to kill accomplished strangers, who could put the French polish on your mahogany population ; and, moreover, if, when distinguished travellers come into your countrhy they never get out of it how can the civilized world know anything about you ? Answer me that.

Ram. 'T is well and pleasantly argued — but still you die — but you shall have your choice of many deaths I will propose to you.

Pat. Thank you.

Ram. [Aside.] By Allah, his happiness is unbroken. [Takes a roll of paper from his girdle, puts on a pair of spectacles, and reads.] Number one. — Trampled to death by elephants !

Pat. That would be pleasant enough, I dare say ; and one of their trunks would save the expense of a coffin.

Ram. Number two. — Tied to a wild horse, whose swift career —

Pat. I like that better. I 'm fond o' riding ; and you

could write to my friends to say I had gone off in a galloping consumption !

Ram. Ay ; but we have *slow* poison too.

Pat. Pooh ! Slow poison would never overtake a smart fellow like me.

Ram. Number four. — Flayed alive !

Pat. That's only skin deep.

Ram. Number five. — Blown from the mouth of a gun.

Pat. That'll do. Take down canisther No. 5 : there's a peculiarity in that I like. I can hear a good report o' my own death !

Ram. By Allah, he's unshaken ! He *is* the happy man ! Stranger, I honour you. You shall not die, but live in glory.

Pat. I'd rather live in clover, if it's all one to you ; but give me your fist, anyhow. Give me your fist. You are a jolly ould cock, after all.

Ram. I will do this stranger honour. Bring pipes and coffee.

Pat. Pipes and tabakky you mane.

Ram. Come hither, Astrologer. Moonshee ! —

Pat. Is this a *she* ? What a beard she has ! I'll lend you the loan of a razor, ma'am, to-morrow !

Ram. You must cast the horoscope of this wondrous man.

Pat. What's a horoscope ?

Ski. A mystical instrument, which enables us to see into futurity.

Pat. O, I parsaive. Then a horoscope can see farther than a telescope.

Ski. Of course you know the day you were born ?

Pat. Of course I do *not* know the day I was born.

Ski. Not know the day of your birth !

Pat. No ; we never care in Ireland when we were born, or, for the matther o' that, when we die either.

Ram. Does no one know in Ireland the day of his birth?

Pat. It would be hard for them; for people in Ireland are sometimes born on two days, ever since the time of St. Patrick, our patron saint, whose nativity was so uncertain that the custom prevails in Ireland to this day. I'll explain it to you.

SONG.

On the 8th day of March it was, some people say,
 That St. Patrick, at midnight, he first saw the day;
 While others declare 'twas the 9th he was born,
 And 'twas all a mistake between midnight and morn;
 For mistakes will occur in a hurry and shock,
 And some blamed the *babby*, and some blamed the *clock*;
 Till with all their cross questions, sure no one could know,
 If the child was too *fast*, or the clock was too *slow*.

Now, the first faction fight in ould Ireland they say,
 Was all on account of St. Patrick's birthday;
 Some fought for the 8th, for the 9th more would die,
 And who would n't see right, sure they blackened his eye.
 At last both the factions so positive grew,
 That each keep a birthday; so Pat then had two;
 Till Father Mulcahy, who showed them their sins,
 Said no one could have *two* birthdays but a *twins*.

Says he "Boys, don't be fighting for 8 or for 9;
 Don't be always dividing but sometimes combine;
 Combine 8 with 9, and 17 is the mark;
 So let that be his birthday." — "Amen," said the clerk.
 If he was n't a *twins*, sure our history this will show,
 That at least he's worthy *any two* saints that we know.
 Then they all got blind drunk, which completed their bliss,
 And we keep up the practice from that day to this.

Ram. O, happy man!

Pat. Why, one would think you never saw a happy man before. My principles is this, that as long as a man has a shirt to his back —

Ram. [With excitement.] Ay, the shirt!

Pat. As long as a man has a shirt to his back —

Ram. You seem to know the value of a shirt.

Pat. It's odd if I would n't. No man is betther provided in that particular.

Ram. He owns, then, to the possession of the treasure. It must be mine. [Aside.] Without there, bring forth the richest robes my court can boast. I will hold a grand investiture of the khillaut upon this stranger.

Pat. Kill what! Is it goin to kill me agin you are?

Ram. [Aside to FOXI-FUM.] He seems to know the value of the treasure he possesses. We must tempt him with high rewards.

Fox. Good, your highness.

Ram. Bring forth the dresses. [Sumptuous dresses are produced.] Behold, it is our custom to interchange dresses with the guest we mean to honour. Noble stranger, these dresses are for that purpose. Wilt thou exchange robes with Ram Rusti?

Pat. Do you mean, am I to give you these things for them things?

Ram. Even so. [PAT bursts out laughing.]

Pat. [Aside.] What does he want with my ould rags, I wonder?

Ram. [Aside to FOXI-FUM.] He laughs at the prof- fered gift. We must tempt him higher.

Fox. Certainly.

Ram. Stranger, to ratify our friendship, ask any gift you please, demand whatever your heart desires that we can give, and it is thine.

Pat. Well, you said I was to be married. Will you let me choose my wife?

Ram. Certainly.

Pat. Then, this is the little darlin' I have set my heart upon. [Leads down KO-KET.]

Fox. My daughter! The devil!

Pat. No; that's your other daughter. This is your daughter the angel!

Fox. My daughter! I'll not consent.

Ram. [Aside to FOXI-FUM.] Take the choice of losing your daughter or your head.

Fox. O, I can spare my daughter best!

Ram. Now then, to ratify our contract, your clothes are mine.

Pat. With the greatest pleasure. I wish they were better.

Ram. Your jacket.

Pat. Yis.

Ram. You shall have this caftan for it. And those.

[Points to PAT'S trousers.]

Pat. Sartinly.

Ram. Behold the equivalent. [Handing trousers.]

Pat. [Taking them.] You call this an equivalent. We call 'em trousers.

Ram. I tremble to ask for the invaluable garment.

[To PAT.] Your a— your hat.

Pat. Here it is. I'd recommend your honor to have a little bit added to the leaf of it. 'T will save your royal nose; for mine is a thrifle ornamented, you see!

"*Ram.* This turban, with a diamond of cost, is thine.

[They exchange.]

Pat. [Aside.] I think a cargo of caubeens from Ireland would be a good speck to this place.

Ram. Your—a— [Aside.] I fear his refusal. [To PAT.] Your a—— [Whispers PAT.]

Pat. O, dacincy!

Ram. It must be mine!

Pat. O, you'll excuse me!

Ram. I'll have no excuse!

Pat. Sir, I'll give you anything but that. Don't ask it. I'm fastidious on that point.

Ram. It is my greatest need.

Pat. Well, it's *not* that makes *me* particular, for I have plenty of them; and you shall have a dozen of my best, as soon as it is convaynient.

Ram. No; that will not do. It must be the one you now wear.

Pat. You'll excuse me, your honor.

Ram. I am positive.

Pat. So am I. I would n't give you the shirt that's on me for the world.

Fox. [Aside to RAM RUSTI.] He knows its worth. Seize it by force!

Ram. It shall be so.

Pat. Don't imagine I begrudge you the shirt. Linen is too plenty in my countrhy to care much about it; but the shirt I wear at present is endeared to my feelings by being the particular one my mother gave me.

Ram. Ha! She was a sorceress!

Pat. No; she was a Mullowny!

Ram. [To SKI-HI and FOXY-FUM.] What is a Mullowny?

Fox. and Ski. I don't know; but seize the shirt.

Ram. It is resolved. Stranger, give up the shirt, or force shall make it mine!

Pat. Is it before the ladies?

Ram. Seize him, guards!

Pat. I'll die before the honor of the cloth shall be tarnished! [Guards attack him. PAT fights. In the struggle they pull the sleeves out of his jacket, and expose his breast, and discover PAT without a shirt. RAM RUSTI rushes upon him, and snatches the bit of frill from PAT.]

Ram. Sorcerer! where is the rest of your shirt?

Pat. At the wash, upon my honor.

Ram. And can so small a shirt make you happy?

Pat. The measure o' happiness does not depend on a yard o' linen, more or less.

Fox. [To RAM RUSTI.] 'T is a magic garment, and has shrunk to that, [points,] to evade your highness.

Ram. Well thought. 'T is mine ! [Holds it up in triumph, and presses it to his heart.] I am happy ! I am happy !

Pat. Are you ? Well, you're aisily plased. A little linen goes a great way in this countrhy, I see !

Ram. You shall be governor of a province. Make all those around you as happy as you have made me — happy as you are yourself.

Pat. By dad, your highness, if I can make others happy, my own happiness is complete. When my meriment is re-echoed by surrounding friends, then, indeed, I feel myself the happiest man in the world !

Situations.

ATTENDANTS. SULTANA. ATTENDANTS.

RUM. FOX. RAM. PAT. KO-K. SKI.

MAC CARTHY MORE

OR

POSSESSION NINE POINTS OF THE LAW

A COMIC DRAMA, IN TWO ACTS

CHARACTERS

MAC CARTHY MORE (a Captain in the Irish Brigade, returned from exile in France).

SIR PEIGNORY PIP (Judge and Warden of the District).

SOLOMON GRIPER (Son of the unrightful possessor of the MacCarthy More property, and law Pupil to the Judge).

JOHN DEAN (a Custom-house Officer—an alarmist in politics as well as against smugglers).

DARBY SULLIVAN (formerly Private Soldier in the Irish Brigade, now a Public Servant at "The Black Bull," and devoted adherent of MacCarthy More).

LORD AUBREY (in love with Rose Lacy, and Mac Carthy's friend).

LADY PIP (Wife of Sir Peignory).

MARY MAC CARTHY (Cousin to Mac Carthy).

ROSE LACY (Ward of Sir Peignory).

HOSTESS OF "THE BLACK BULL."

FISHERMEN.

OFFICER.

Soldiers, Fishermen, Peasants, etc.

COSTUMES

PERIOD. — 1700—8.

MAC CARTHY MORE. — *First Dress* — A black velvet shape of the reign of Queen Anne, black stockings and shoes. *Second Dress* — Large black coat.

LORD AUBREY. — A handsome square-cut military coat, boots, hat.

DARBY SULLIVAN. — A brown waistcoat with sleeves, cow-skin vest, breeches and shoes. *Second Dress* — A long military coat of the period.

SIR PEIGNORY PIP. — A handsome square-cut suit, shoes and buckles, lappet wig.

SOLOMON. — A drab square-cut suit, shoes and buckles.

JOHN DEAN. — A square-cut green suit, high boots, three-cornered hat.

FISHERMEN. — Petticoat trousers, coloured shirts, high boots.

SERGEANT and SOLDIERS. — Square-cut military coats of the period, gaiters, and three-cornered hats.

LADY PIP. — A deep blue satin dress, cap, etc., of the period.

MARY MAC CARTHY. — *First Dress* — Green satin, hat, etc. *Second Dress* — A grey frieze suit, cap, shoes and buckles.

ROSE LACY. — Brocaded suit.

HOSTESS. — A plain tuck-up suit of the period.

MAC CARTHY MORE

OR

POSSESSION NINE POINTS OF THE LAW

ACT I

SCENE I.—*A Bay on the Southern Coast of Ireland, of romantic aspect. A village skirts the shore—on a cliff above stands an old castle—a tolerably good inn, L. 2. E.—sign, “The Black Bull,”—a low practicable window and door.*

THREE FISHERMEN discovered drinking at table, L. C.

Omnes. [Knocking horns on table.] Ha, ha, ha ! capital !

1st Fisherman. [Rising.] Well, I must be off.

2nd Fish. [Laying hold of him.] It's not going you are and breaking up the party.

1st Fish. I think the party is properly broken up when the drink is all gone.

2nd Fish. Can't we get more.

1st Fish. My money is all out.

3rd Fish. And so is mine.

2nd Fish. And so is mine, but can't we have another jug on score ?

1st Fish. Oh ! if the landlady 's willing, so am I.

2nd Fish. [Calls.] House ! Landlady !

Enter HOSTESS from inn, L. 2. E.

Hostess. What do you want ?

2nd Fish. Another jug, if you will give it on score.

Host. Oh, to be sure, we are no niggards here in our small house, though you could n't say as much for the rich strangers in the castle up there. Darby, Darby!

Darby. [Within house.] Yes, ma'am!

Host. Another jug for the fishermen.

1st Fish. As you say, they are niggards in the big house yonder. Oh murther, it was a bad day when MacCarthy More the right owner, left the place.

Host. What ship was that sailed into the bay just now?

1st Fish. A foreign ship; she looked like a Frenchman. A boat left her side and rowed for the shore.

Host. I know that, for the stranger that was landed is now in the house within.

2nd Fish. I wonder if it 's smuggling brandy they 'd be after.

Host. I can't tell that but I 'm sure the stranger within [Pointing to inn] is no brandy merchant.

Enter DARBY with jug, from inn.

Darby. Here's a full jug for you, boys. [Puts it on table.] What luck to-day with the nets?

1st Fish. Not much; luck is leaving the place altogether.

Darby. True for you. Luck left the place the day MacCarthy More was driven from it; why, the very fishes, insensible creatures as they are, shows their feelings by laving the place.

1st Fish. You're right Darby, the fish is scarcer every day.

Darby. We'll soon be obleeged to eat mate on fast days, or fast on nothing.

Host. Oh, we've got eggs still.

Darby. But the hens are laving off layin' for fear their nests should be robbed by the strangers up there, [Points to castle.] that 's robbin' all they can lay their hands on. Is n't that castle, once MacCarthy More's, a bitter sight to us since the brave bird that owned it was driven away and obliged to fly.

1st Fish. He went to France they say.

Darby. Yes, and joined the Irish brigade there.

2nd Fish. I wonder will he ever come back.

Darby. Oh, that would be a happy day : if he did
would n't ye rejoice, and if he had to strive for his own
would n't you fight for him ?

1st Fish. Aye, if I had only a boathook !

Darby. Well said, then I 'll give you a toast. Here 's
luck to MacCarthy More, wherever he is, and that he
may be restored to his rights.

Omnès. [Drink and cheer.] Hurrah ! etc.

2nd Fish. [To LANDLADY] And now, mistress, thanks
for your score and good-bye.

Fishermen. Good-bye, landlady, good-bye, Darby.

Host. [Taking jug.] Good-bye, boys. [Exit into inn.
[FISHERMEN off, R.

Darby. [Collecting drinking horns.] How the hearts of
the people cling to the brave MacCarthy. The last
time I saw him was in a place where it was time for a
man to say his prayers ; but it was not in church — no,
faith, but in the middle of a hot battle ; but for all that
I 've a notion that he 's not dead yet. I only caught a
sight of the stranger within there as he walked down a
dark passage, but I think it 's himself. Keep a quiet
tongue in your head, Darby Sullivan, until you 're called
upon to speak, and when you are called upon to spake,
spake out like a man.

McCar. [In house.] House ! Waiter !

Darby. Yes, sir.

McCar. [Entering from inn.] Here, I say ! " Black
Bull ! "

Darby. That 's me.

McCar. What ! are you " The Black Bull ? "

Darby. Yes, sir, and here 's my horns. [Showing
drinking horns.] I like to give my friends a toss of
them.

McCar. Ha ! you merry rogue ; doubtless those

horns of yours have thrown many a man over ; I will not provoke them for the present. [Turns away.]

Darby. [Glancing at MAC CARTHY aside.] It is himself.

McCar. Can you recommend me an intelligent and trustworthy messenger ?

Darby. It would be sad if you could n't find both intelligence and trust in ould Ireland.

McCar. I am glad to hear it.

Darby. [Earnestly.] And if there was no other to be found, is n't it myself would be proud to do your honor's bidding.

McCar. Struck by DARBY'S manner, and looking at him earnestly.] Whence all this extreme readiness to serve me ?

Darby. Oh, does your honor forget me, then ? I remember you. Just think of parade, and the ould ould Irish brigade, and your own company in it, too.

McCar. Can it be Sullivan ?

Darby. Devil a doubt of it.

McCar. And alive, too ? Why after one of our actions you were returned killed.

Darby. So I was, sir.

McCar. Killed ?

Darby. That is, returned killed ; but while I was returned killed in the French army, I returned myself alive to ould Ireland.

McCar. How did you contrive that ?

Darby. Don't you remember that day how our regiment while scrimmaging wid the inimy got jumbled up wid 'em, and all of a sudden I found myself cut off from my comrades, and I knew if I was found fighting under French colours, there was a halter at my service from the next English provost marshal, and I did n't like to put them to the expense of a rope, for hemp was dear at the time ; so down I dropped and pretended to be dead, and when the hurry scurry was over, I changed the regimentals of the brigade with a poor English fellow

who was killed beside me, and that kept me safe for a few days, till I found it conveynant to make my way home.

McCar. How could you manage that from a foreign country.

Darby. Why, as I was kilt in the French army, I thought I had better be wounded in the English army ; so I tied up my leg and limped out of Flanders — got shipped home, and begged my way as a lame soldier, till I came to this very inn, and bedad, the landlady was so good-natured, I thought I might as well stay here and finish my campaigning.

McCar. Then you are married, I suppose ?

Darby. Privately, sir.

McCar. Oh, privately ?

Darby. Yes, sir. You see, the landlady has notions of etiquette, and she thought a private marriage was fittest for a private sojer.

McCar. A very nice distinction.

Darby. Musha ! Then, but I'm glad to see you again, captain.

McCar. [Laying his finger on his lip.] Hush ! Not a word about "captain," as yet. The discovery might be as much as my life is worth.

Darby. Thru for you — faith, I forgot that — and so nigh the castle too.

McCar. Aye, and my enemies in it too ! Yet I have one friend there.

Darby. The young lady, is it ?

McCar. Yes, Darby.

Darby. Bow wow ! How the sojers always does make friends with the ladies.

McCar. Dangerous and difficult as the task is, with her I must endeavour to communicate.

Darby. That will be hard, for they have nothing to do up there with the people about the place, but keep themselves as close as mice in cheese, and the house is barricaded like a gaol.

McCar. Even a letter, could I be certain it reached her own hand —

Darby. By dad, I think I could manage that.

McCar. How, think you?

Darby. The judge's lady, you see, is fond of doctoring people, for there's only two things the stingy ould baggage will give — one's advice, and the other's physic — and they're both cheap and nasty. Now, I'll play my character of the lame sojer over again, and get into the castle that way — the ould coat is within there.

McCar. Well contrived, bold tactician of the brigade.

Darby [Imitating MAC CARTHY'S former signal of silence.] Whist! Not a word about the brigade. [Winking.] Have n't I a neck as well as yourself, captain?

McCar. [Laughing.] Quite true, Darby, and for better uses I hope than that of hemp. If you deliver my letter into safe hands up there, you will do your old commander good service, — and not for the first time.

Darby. [Giving military salute.] Thank your honor!

McCar. If fortune favour me, the lady I have already named will place in your hands the Queen's free pardon and then all I shall have to do is to endeavour to get possession of the old halls of my fathers, and set my enemies at defiance.

Darby. I thought the property was gone clean away from your honor entirely.

McCar. No, Darby; the possession taken by my enemies was illegal, and as soon as my throat can afford my tongue leave to speak, and avow my presence here, I can claim my own again.

Darby. Hurrah! then what more do you want?

McCar. To claim, I must go to law while *they* hold possession; but if I could contrive to get the present tenants of my house *outside* the walls and get *in* myself —

Darby. Then it would be your own without any trouble.

McCar. Exactly.

Darby. Then by the fist of my father, they must lave the place, if I was obliged to kick them out myself.

McCar. Pooh, pooh ! Darby.

Darby. Devil a much I 'd think of it. There 's not so many of them.

McCar. Not many ?

Darby. No. You see, ould Griper — the fellow that purtends the place is his — laves the ould judge in possession, and Griper's son, Solomon, the big fool, is larning law from the judge to help him to *keep* by roguery what his father *got* by roguery. Then there 's Miss Rose, and the ould woman and two servants.

McCar. Two servants ! [With surprise.]

Darby. Not a one more, and in such a fine ould castle, too, the stingy ould thief. He does n't deserve a better place to live in than four deal boards, that would fit him tight, and it 's there he 'll be living yet, when he 's dead.

McCar. With so small a household as you tell me, our task is the easier. The enemy may the more readily be dislodged.

Darby. Then into the house with you and write your first despatch, and I 'll deliver it ; so write at once, sir.

McCar. Write ! Then, right about face. [They both wheel round in military fashion.]

Darby. Quick, march !

[*Exeunt into Inn, marching — stage cleared of table and stools by two men.*

SCENE II.—*A room in the Castle.* Doors, R. and L. 3 E. ; a centre opening ; table, with books, R. C. ; writing materials ; manuscript ; chairs ; small table and chairs, L. C.

SIR PEIGNORY PIP discovered at table, R. C., immersed in study, and occasionally looks from his writing, etc., as invoking inspiration, and then resuming his writing. LADY

PIP enters. L. 3 E., with basket containing bottle of liquid and a glass — she pauses ; looks at SIR PEIGNORY PIP, shrugs her shoulders, and makes signs of disapproval, etc.

Lady P. Sir Peignory ! — The man is demented ! Sir Peignory ! — He is deaf to all but what he calls the voice of the muse, and all the backs of letters which I want to cover my jam pots he wastes in that manner on his compositions, so inferior to mine. Sir Peignory ! [Goes to table and strikes on it.] Sir Peignory, I say !

Sir P. [Looking up indignantly.] What in the name of pestilence brings you here ?

Lady P. 'T is time to take your cooling decoction. [Taking bottle and glass, is about to pour out.]

Sir P. Decoction ! Distraction, you mean ! The moment I catch a beautiful idea, you come with your diabolical drugs, and drive it out of my mind !

Lady P. This is the return you make me for the care I take of your health.

Sir P. I don't want your physic. [Rises, comes forward.] I only want quiet for my mind and body too — with this eternal interruption my romance will never be ready to show my friend.

Lady P. Your friend ! Dean Swift, forsooth. Oh, to invite that man here. I never knew you guilty of extravagance before.

Sir P. Lady Pip ! Hospitality !

Lady P. Hospitality is only a convenient insinuating word to excuse extravagance.

Sir P. But I ask him *prudentially*. The Dean's influence in the republic of letters may be beneficially exercised in favour of my romance, and in this Augustan age of our good Queen Anne, a successful stroke in literature may be worth something.

Lady P. Not worth what it will cost. We shall be ruined. The Dean loves *good* things.

Sir P. And will therefore like my romance.

Lady P. And hates women.

Sir P. Then I suppose women are *not* good.

Lady P. And all this trouble and expense for a man you never saw.

Sir P. Which makes it quite natural I should wish to see him.

Lady P. I hope he may never come.

Enter ROSE LACY, c. — She pauses, takes off hat, etc., and seems amused at the squabble.

Sir P. On the contrary, I don't know the moment he may not arrive, so pray you to leave me to my quills, and I'll leave you to your squills. Why talk to me of wasting money, — your physic must cost something?

Lady P. Not a penny, Sir Peignory — not a penny; I only concoct simples.

Sir P. Then they are all the fitter for the simpletons that take them.

Lady P. Sir Peignory, you are unjust to my merits — unfeeling for my care. You're insulting, Sir Peignory! — insulting. I leave you, Sir Peignory. [Going for her basket in a great huff.]

Sir P. Thank you, my lady.

Lady P. [Bouncing off, l. 3 E.] Ungrateful man!

[ROSE LACY advances, l. c. — SIR PEIGNORY PIP looks at his watch.]

Sir P. 'T is past the hour Miss MacCarthy should be here.

Rose. Oh, Sir Peignory, don't be too strict.

Sir P. Miss Lacy — Miss MacCarthy, as mere Irish and cousin to an outlaw, is bound to render an account of herself weekly to me, the judge and warden of the district; and though she is your friend, that is no reason the law is to be infringed.

Rose. I dare say she will be here presently, sir.

Sir P. When she arrives, let me be informed.

[Exit, R. 3 E., door.

Rose. Oh, you stingy old thing ! As the ward of such a cross-grained old wretch, what a miserable three years I have passed. But 't will soon be over ! Next May I shall be of age, and then dear — dear Aubrey, no one can prevent me from being yours. [MARY MACCARTHY heard singing off — enters, c.] Welcome, dear Mary.

Mary. Good Morrow, dear girl ! What a hateful task this periodical visit would be, but for your sweet face ; it is the only pleasant thing in the house.

Rose. It ought to look pleasanter to you now than ever, when you hear the good news I have for you.

Mary. What ! is the judge dead ?

Rose. [Laughingly threatening with her finger.] Oh, you little "malice aforethought," compassing the death of one of Her Majesty's justices ! No, my dear, the old nuisance is likely to live long enough to plague both of us. But my news is better. Aubrey has obtained, through the Duke of Marlborough, the Queen's pardon for your cousin MacCarthy More. [Hands a paper, with seal appended.]

Mary. Thank heaven ! and thanks to you, dear girl, and to your generous Lord Aubrey, for obtaining this precious gift. [Kisses the paper.]

Rose. More news still. Your cousin will soon be here, I expect.

Mary. Indeed !

Rose. Aye, and I think *some* one [archly] won't be sorry for that.

Mary. Dear Rose, 't is true I rejoice in MacCarthy's good fortune, and will welcome him to his paternal halls with pride. And will own that, once, I might have added affection ; but now —

Rose. Wherefore not now ?

Mary. My dear, these soldiers are so *volage*, and I have heard of a certain French countess — deuce take these French women, they are such flirts !

SOLOMON GRIPER appears, c., reading a large folio volume.

Rose. [Seeing SOLOMON.] My dear, if you have a bit of scandal to tell me, come to my room for such a confidence — come along.

Mary. Heigho !

Rose. Don't sigh, perhaps it's not so bad as you think. Come along. *Exeunt, L. I E.*

Sol. [Advancing.] Oh ! this book of the penal statutes is one of the pleasantest books in the library — such fun. [Goes up, sits at table, L. C.]

SIR PEIGNORY PIP re-enters, looks, and goes to SOLOMON.

Sir P. Good Master Solomon, I am glad to see you reading a law book.

Sol. Oh ! I'll read fast enough, if you always give me such diverting books as these are.

Sir P. [Aside.] Diverting ! The first time I ever heard a law book called diverting. [Looking over SOLOMON.] Oh ! the Penal Statutes !

Sol. [Laughing.] Oh, such a capital thing here ! A son may turn his father out of his property ! Ha, ha, ha !

Sir P. Aye, aye ! That is, with certain provisions.

Sol. No, no ! not obliged to give him any provisions at all — that's the fun of it.

Sir P. [Advancing R. Aside.] What a jumble he'll get into his head ; however, if his father will have it so, so be it ; the fee is worth the having, and if he can't make use of the knowledge I afford him I can't help it. Solomon, a word with you. [SOLOMON advances.] 'Tis fit you study the law, which gave your father this property, in order that you may be enabled to defend the same ; but, in case of a flaw in your title, it would be as well to intermarry with the next-of-kin. You should make yourself agreeable to Miss MacCarthy.

Sol. So I do. Oh, yes — she's nice — I'd like to marry her.

Sir P. Good ! [Goes to R. table and peruses romance —

SOLOMON goes to L. table, reads.] Ah! this passage I think good — so pathetic!

Sol. [Bursting into laughing.] Ha, ha, ha!

Sir P. [With vexation.] Solomon, you had better go read your book elsewhere.

Sol. Yes, I'm going now — I'm going a shooting. By-the-bye, it says here you may shoot an Irishman, and only pay a fine of —

Sir P. Hillo! hillo! sir, I hope you're not going to shoot people? That law is repealed.

Sol. Oh no, I'm not going to shoot men — I'd rather shoot snipes. [Exit with book, L. 3 E.]

Sir P. [Referring to his romance.] Now, here the heroine must appear. What shall I make the heroine say?

• *Re-enter MARY MAC CARTHY, L. 1 E.*

Mary. Here I am, Sir Peignory, come to render evidence of my safe presence and goodly intentions.

Sir P. [Annoyed at interruption — rises — comes forward.] I will invert the phrase and say, your goodly presence and safe intentions.

Mary. You flatter, Sir Peignory; but for all your soft words, woe betide me if I dared to be absent to-day.

Sir P. Miss MacCarthy, 't is necessary to place you wild Irish under safe wardship. The Pretender and his agents are at work.

Mary. Well, sir, here I am to prove I have not gone off with a flying French regiment. You see I have no wooden shoes; neither have I brass money, nor silver either I am sorry to say; nor have I turned myself into a seventy-four to float the Pretender into Ireland, and you may search and satisfy yourself I have not a park of artillery in my pocket.

Sir P. For all this excellent raillery of yours we must watch you; that Pretender — that "king over the sea" you Jacobites are so fond of — you are altogether dangerous; we may well doubt you. [MARY sings.]

SONG — MARY.

Why should you doubt me, because in this bosom
Nature has sown with a generous hand
Feelings of love — and for worlds I 'd not lose 'em :
Feelings that cling to my own native land,
Could I betray it, what vow e'er could bind me ?
They will keep more who keep one holy tie ;
See what a dangerous woman you find me —
Oh ! what a dangerous woman am I.

Long live the Queen ! and may Heaven defend her ;
I love not the king that is over the sea :
In truth, sir, I ne'er could abide a “ pretender ” —
They 'd better be always in earnest with me.
'T was not a traitor that nature designed me ;
The best of the loyal for freedom would die :
See what a dangerous woman you find me —
Oh ! what a dangerous woman am I.

Sir P. For all your singing and your speeches, you MacCarthys are a sad set.

Mary. Sad ! 't is the first time I 've heard it ; we might be accused of being merry, indeed.

Sir P. But not wise.

Mary. As for wisdom, Sir Peignory, that belongs so entirely to our ancestors, 't would be impertinence in us to have anything to do with it.

Sir P. 'T is a pity your ancestors never left you any.

Mary. 'T is little of anything they 'll have to leave us soon, thanks to the law, Sir Peignory ; a precious piece of injustice that which robbed my cousin of his estates.

Sir P. Robbed ! you are excited, Miss MacCarthy. Your cousin's estate we hold in right of legal decision.

Mary. The confiscation was never confirmed.

Sir P. But will be in three days, unless he returns and pleads in person.

Mary. I know it.

Sir P. And then we have possession, and you know the old saying “ Possession is nine points of the law.”

Mary. But suppose he does return in time, and that we get possession ?

Sir P. Pshaw, we can’t suppose in law, we must have facts — to facts we must bow, for they are stubborn things.

Mary. [Curtseying.] Then I make my obeisance to Sir Peignory Pip.

Sir P. [Turning up.] She has a tongue of her own.

Enter SOLOMON with gun ; going off c., SIR P. sees him and calls, “ Solomon ! ” SOLOMON goes to him, r. c. SIR P. whispers him, points to MARY, signals and exit, R. 3 E. — MARY is humming a song.

Sol. [Tapping MARY on shoulder.] I could fine you if I liked.

Mary. Fine me !

Sol. Oh, I’m not going to fine you, though ; I like you too well for that.

Mary. Thank you, sir.

Sol. But I could if I liked. By the statute against minstrels ; any Irisher who plays or sings is liable to a fine.

Mary. In short, we were fined for being *re-fined*.

Sol. [Ogling her sheepishly.] What nice hair you’ve got ; I could cut it all off if I liked.

Mary. The savage !

Sol. But don’t be afraid. I won’t. I love you too well.

Mary. Oh ! You love me, do you ?

Sol. [Sheepishly.] Yes !

Mary. Do you know what a goose once said to a fox ? “ Mr. Fox,” says she, “ I’m sure you’re very fond of me, but you have a very queer way of showing it.”

Sol. I only said I could cut off your hair *if I liked*. That’s the law of Henry the Eighth.

Mary. I never knew that Henry the Eighth favoured us women so much in Ireland.

Sol. Do you call it a favour to cut off a woman's hair?

Mary. Certainly; for Henry's practice in England was to cut off their heads.

SERVANT enters, c., knocks, l. 3 E.—exit. Re-enter ROSE LACY, l.

Sol. Well, the King can do no wrong, that's law. Now I must go. Good-bye. [Going up, ogling, nodding, sighing, etc.] Good-bye. [Exit, c.]

Enter LADY PIP, l. 3 E., followed by SERVANT.

Lady P. A stranger asking for me?

Servant. Yes, my lady.

Lady P. It must be Dean Swift. Oh dear, oh dear! So he is come at last—well, it can't be helped! [To SERVANT.] Show him in. [LADY PIP goes to r. door, knocks.] Sir Peignory! Sir Peignory!

SIR PEIGNORY PIP, with manuscript and pen.

Dean Swift has arrived.

Sir P. The Dean!

Lady P. [Pointing, c.] He's coming upstairs.

Sir P. Let's meet him with all honours.

SERVANT enters, as preceding a visitor; all bow and curtsey.

Thrice welcome, very reverend!

Enter, DARBY, c., disguised as a lame soldier. A general surprise.

Sir P. What mummery is this, my lady?

Lady P. I thought it was the Dean.

Sir P. You thought it was the Dean! You stupid old woman. Don't you know the difference between a dean and a wooden-legged soldier? Again dragged from

my studies ! Everlastingly disturbed ! 'T is enough to provoke a saint.

[Rushes into room, R., in a rage.

DARBY limps forward, c.; he has a wooden leg, a patch over his eye, and one hand is substituted by an iron hook; he has a large protuberance on his back.

Lady P. Who and what are you, fellow, and what brings you here ?

Darby. I'm a poor crippled sojer, my lady — wounded in the foreign wars — and hearing of your honorable ladyship's great skill in the doctoring line, I came to crave relief for the wounds and scars received in glorious war.

Lady P. You can get no money here, sirrah ! and I must tell you, you are liable to be taken up as a vagrant.

Darby. Oh, my lady, you mistake me entirely — as for money, I don't crave it — I scorn it; and as for being fragrant, it's the odour of glory that's about me; it's only your honorable ladyship's advice I crave for my wounds.

Lady P. Oh, that alters your case.

Darby. And I hope your ladyship will alter my case still more, for it's a bad case as it stands — seeing that I'm lopp'd of a leg, short of an arm, blind of an eye, and five ribs gone.

Lady P. But full of glory, and of course full pay.

Darby. No, my lady, only half pay ; they think half pay is enough for the half of me that's left. [Turning his back to get the young ladies' attention, who are down R.]

Lady P. [Feeling the lump on his back.] What's this ?

Darby. The doctor calls it a confusion, my lady.

Lady P. A contusion you mean ; what a hard lump !

Darby. No wonder it's hard, my lady ; it's an eighteen-pounder that's stuck in me, my lady.

Lady P. An eighteen-pounder ! surely that would have killed you.

Darby. It would, my lady, only it was a spent ball, and I'm sorry they spent it on me; I'd like to pay it back to them again.

Lady P. Why was n't it extracted?

Darby. The doctors were afraid, my lady, if they tried to distract it, they'd pull me to pieces altogether.

Lady P. Poor man! let me feel your pulse. [DARBY gives the iron book — LADY P. screams.] Ha! what's this?

Darby. It's my favourite hand, my lady — it's what I play blind hookey with.

Lady P. Gambling! for shame, it's a great vice.

Darby. Part of the sojer's trade, my lady! for war has its chances, and every day the sojer plays at hazard.

Lady P. Alas! too true; where did you lose your leg?

Darby. At Minden, my lady — and it wanted mindin' ever since.

Lady P. Your ribs?

Darby. Four of them, my lady, at Ramillies; and though a man might spare one rib, four is more than he can afford to lose — barrin' he was a Turk.

Lady P. Where was your arm broken?

Darby. My arm was broken — a — my arm was broken hereabouts. [Points to his elbow.]

Lady P. I mean, at what place was it broken?

Darby. Oh! the place, my lady? — oh, ay, the place — faith, it was broken in two places.

Lady P. You misunderstand me — I mean where was the battle fought where your arm was broken?

Darby. It was at Elbow-cracken, in Jarmany, my lady.

Lady P. I don't remember a battle of that name.

Darby. Oh! you see, my lady, it was n't rightly a battle — a sort of a scrimmage.

Lady P. Oh, a skirmish — ah! and your eye?

Darby. Was lost in making a demonstration. [Looks round at MARY and ROSE significantly.]

Rose. What do you call a demonstration?

Darby. To make a false appearance, miss — to pretend one thing while you want to do another thing. [Shows letter in his breast slyly.]

Mary. [Crosses, R. C., next him.] I understand you perfectly — in short, to deceive an enemy.

Darby. Upon my word, miss, you've a very party notion of tic-tacs.

Lady P. At what place was the demonstration made where you lost your eye?

Darby. I'd be proud to tell you, my lady, only I lost my memory at the same time — and so I've forgot the name of the place.

Lady P. Quite natural, with a wound so near the brain. Where do you suffer most at present?

Darby. Here, my lady, [Puts his hand in the breast of his coat.] and then what I have here flies round to my back with a sort of a flutter, [Shakes letter behind his back — MARY takes it, reads unperceived.] and then it goes away from me all of a sudden, and I feel hot and cowld like, and wondher what will come next.

Lady P. And does this extraordinary sensation come back again?

Darby. Not the same pain, my lady, but another pain I expect will come back to the same place. [MARY places the Queen's pardon in DARBY'S hand.] Ah — I have it now. Oh! oh! how it shoots to my heart! [Thrusts pardon into the breast of his coat.]

Lady P. [To ROSE.] Go for my soothing syrup, child, and the lotion. [Exit ROSE, L. 3 E.]

They will relieve you.

Darby. May angels make your bed, noble lady.

Lady P. And you, Miss MacCarthy, have the kindness to copy from my tablets. [Producing tablets.] But perhaps [To DARBY.] you can't read?

Darby. But I can get them read for me. I'd like a few directions, my lady. [Giving tablets — speaking significantly.]

Mary. [With tablets.] I will write the directions for you.

Darby. Long life to your ladyship!

Re-enter ROSE, with basket, bottle, and glass.

Lady P. [Pouring from bottle into glass.] Take a portion of this at once. [DARBY makes wry faces aside — MARY at table, R., writing.] You'll find it drive the pain away.

Darby. I'm sure of it, my lady. [After a few comic efforts, he drinks — gives back glass.] The pain would be a fool for its pains to stay in the same place with that bitter stuff.

Mary. [R.— Giving a paper she has been writing.] And here are the directions. [Taking tablets to LADY PIP.]

Darby. Faith, miss, the draught found its way down without any directions at all ; but I'll take the directions all the same, for the sake of your honorable ladyship.

Lady P. [Advancing, R. C.] Let me see that she has made no mistake. MARY, in action behind LADY PIP'S back, indicates "No" — DARBY demurs.] I must see them.

Darby. [Affecting a fit.] Ow ! ow ! — there it is again — oh ! the pain ! the pain !

Mary. [Running for a chair.] Here — here — poor man ! poor man !

Darby. Oh, murther ! my backbone ! [Sits in chair, kicking, groaning, etc.]

Rose. } Oh, poor man ! poor man !
Mary. }

Lady P. [In great fuss.] Run for my cordial balm.

Rose. 'T is locked up in your wardrobe, ma'am ; you must go for it yourself ; no one else can find it.

Lady P. Slap his hands. I'll be back immediately.

[*Exit hastily, L. 3 E.*

Darby. Ow ! ow ! [Starting up.] She's gone—and I'd better be gone too. Ladies, there's no time for compliments. [Runs to c. opening.]

Rose. Remember you have friends in the castle.

Mary. [R.] The enemy is deceived.

Darby. [Having pulled off his wooden leg, and waving it in triumph, c.] And the watch-word is “ MacCarthy More for ever ! ” [Act drop falls quick.]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II

SCENE I. — *Exterior of Inn; same as Scene I., Act I.*

Enter JOHN DEAN, with fowling-piece, R.

John. A bad dinner to-day — I have neither fish nor flesh to depend on, and must put up with fowl. [Pulls a snipe out of his pocket.] A slender meal — I must only make it up in drink. Holloa, Darby ! Darby !

Enter DARBY, from Inn.

Darby. Yes, Misther Dean !

John. Bring me some punch.

Darby. You shall have it in less than no time.

[*Exit into Inn.*

John. [Taking letter from his pocket.] Awful times these ! — a deficiency in the Customs, and smuggling on the increase — Treason walking abroad in wooden shoes, with brass money in her pockets — and who would think it ? Sir Peignory suspected ! a Judge ! Oh, that disaffection should nestle in ermine like vermin !

Re-enter DARBY, with tumbler of punch.

Darby. Catch it, sir.

John. [Drinks.] Good — you 've a genius for making punch, Darby.

Darby. Ah, but if you could see me *dbrinkin'* it !

[Exit into Inn.]

John. Sir Peignory is suspected of dipping his nose [Drinks.] into plots. He corresponds with Dean Swift, and everybody knows him. [Significantly. — Drinks up punch.] Oh where may we look for comfort. [Attempts to drink, but finds glass empty.] Well, such woeful goings on is enough to make a man thirsty. Darby !

Enter DARBY.

Darby. Well, Misther Dean ?

John. More punch. [Exit DARBY into Inn.] I'll keep this news snug in my own head, and watch the old miserly Judge. He has rapped me over the knuckles sometimes, and if I catch him tripping, won't I tread on his toes.

Re-enter DARBY, with punch.

Is your house full ?

Darby. It 's full of emptiness — thrade 's bad.

John. Oh, dear ! [Drinks.] I 'll sit at this window and sip my beverage. [Sits on the window sill, kicking his heels.]

Darby. Had you any sport to-day, Misther Dean ?

John. One miserable snipe.

Darby. [Looking off, R.] Here comes that *omadhawn* Misthur Solomon. The fellow is always talking of the laws that keep us down. There 's one comfort left us, however, about these laws — that as fast as they make 'em, we can break 'em.

Enter SOLOMON with fowling-piece, R., a game net, etc.

Darby. Good Morrow to your honor.

Sol. I did n't speak to you.

Darby. I wished to save you the throuble, and spoke first.

Sol. Are you busy at "The Black Bull" now?

Darby. Full of business.

Sol. Then why don't you go and mind it?

Darby. I'm waiting to be called, sir; that's manners.

Sol. You may wait long enough, for I never saw your house busy yet.

Darby. The house is crammed, sir.

Sol. I don't believe it.

Darby. Why, look at that gentleman, there, [Pointing to JOHN DEAN.] the house is so full he's obleeged to sit with his legs out of window.

John. Ha, ha, ha!

Sol. [To DARBY.] None of your humbugging—I would n't think much before I'd shoot you.

Darby. And I would n't think much afther.

Sol. You had better not provoke me. I could shoot you, if I liked, and only pay fourpence for it.

Darby. Would n't it be cheaper to shoot yourself for nothing? And that would be about the value.

Sol. You had better take care. [Raising gun.]

Darby. Sure you would n't shoot a poor spaldeen like me, while there's Dhriscolls to shoot, and the Dhriscolls cost eighteenpence. A gentleman never shoots anything under a Dhriscoll.

Sol. Oh! I did n't know that.

Darby. When you're a sportin', sure it's not a crow you'd be shootin'.

Sol. Yes; but I would though. [Takes crow from bag.]

Darby. But you'd rather shoot a woodcock?

Sol. I can shoot woodcocks too. [Shows woodcock.]

Darby. Well, you would n't shoot me after that? I'm but a crow, and the Dhriscolls is woodcocks.

John. [Coming forward, c.] Dear me, sir. What a remarkably small bird that is.

Sol. A very fine bird, you mean.

John. [Taking woodcock from SOLOMON.] Would you allow me, sir. [*I Weighs the bird up and down in his hand.*] Ah, sir ; this is one of the sort I was speaking about. I assure you at this time of the year they are most deceptive — they give promise of something when you first knock them down, but they dwindle to nothing after.

Sol. Not a fine, full-plumed bird like that.

John. Ah, sir ; fine feathers don't make fine birds. I speak of this particular time of the year. I have killed them myself at this time of year, to all appearances fine birds, and before I have got them home, they have dwindled to something so small, that they have dropt through the net of my game bag. [*During this dialogue he takes the snipe from his pocket, and slyly hands the woodcock to DARBY.*]

Darby. Oh, they 're slippery as fishes.

Sol. No one is talking to you.

Darby. I 'm talking to myself, sir.

John. You know, sir, the woodcock, like all birds of passage —

Darby. Has a way of going from one place to another.

John. [Handing the snipe to SOLOMON.] Your bird is a nice bird but I think rather small.

Scl. [In consternation.] Why, la ! Eh ! Oh ! Why this is so little !

John. I told you so, sir. I 'm proud you admit the justice of my observation. [*Exit into Inn.*]

Sol. Hillo ! Sir ! Mister ! What has he done to my bird ?

Darby. Shake it up, sir ; and may be 't will recover.

Sol. [Crossing stage and holding up snipe ; shaking it. DARBY, holding woodcock behind SOLOMON'S back, and getting it away as SOLOMON turns.] Oh ! it 's ruined ! — ruined ! My bird is ruined ! [*Exit L. I E.*]

Darby. Heigh cock ! Heigh cock.

John. [Looks through window, laughing.] Mark !

Darby. Heigh cock ! Heigh cock ! [*Exit chuckling.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Inn— a door in flat, L.— a screen, up R. C.— table, c., 2 chairs — a small table with writing materials and handbell, up L. C., chair and footstool.*

MACCARTHY MORE discovered reading paper of *Act II.*, and the Queen's pardon before him.— Enter DARBY, door in flat.

Darby. Well, your honor, is it all right?

McCar. You have executed your commission to admiration, Darby.

Darby. There's many a man worthy of a commission, sir, that, like myself, was never higher than the ranks.

McCar. Here's the Queen's free pardon which my cousin has sent me by your hands — her instructions also.

Darby. That pardon I seen her take from her own breast, sir, and in troth 't is a wondher what a power o' pardon the women has there for the people they like.

McCar. But these instructions are not so easy to swallow.

Darby. Faith, 't was harder to swallow what I got along with them.

McCar. She says I am to assume the disguise of a clergyman.

Darby. You won't be the first sojer that has done that. Many a one laves the army for the Church, and indeed it's a nice preparation for the clargy.

McCar. But how to manage the disguise?

Darby. Oh, that's aisy enough. Just wait a minute.

[Exit door in flat.

McCar. Fortune seems to smile on my adventure. The Queen's pardon! my life is safe. I may dare my enemies face to face. My friends in the castle are true, and Darby my ally here, has readiness and contrivance

for anything. Up! up! MacCarthy, we shall have our own again.

Re-enter DARBY, with cocked hat, long black coat, a pillow, and dredging box, door in flat.

Darby. Here's an ould cocked hat. We can make an elegant slouch out of it. [Pulls down sides.] See that — and here's an ould jockey coat will do for us. Your own breeches are black, and your silk stockin's just the thing. Let us try the effect. [He puts hat and coat on MAC CARTHY.] Iligant, faith! only your hair looks too roguish for a clergy. There's an uncanonical curl about it.

McCar. Could you get a wig?

Darby. Oh, no: ah! but something that'll do as well. We kill'd a sheep last week. Wait awhile.

[Exit door in flat.

McCar. What can this disguise mean? As the order is from a lady 't were vain to ask, and I must yield compliance. I hope, however, I am not expected to support the character long, for that would puzzle me.

Re-enter DARBY, with wool which he affects to stick in the hat he has taken off with him.

Darby. Here's the thing.

McCar. Wool!

Darby. Aye, sir. Wool. There's many a sheep's head under a broad-brimmed hat, and a bit of wool will be quite in character. [Having arranged the wool at the back part of the hat and turned down the flaps, it represents a full flat-bottomed wig,—puts it on MAC CARTHY.] That's the thing.

McCar. How do I look?

Darby. Rather thin; you're too like a curate. Here, [Takes a pillow, and places it within MAC CARTHY'S coat, buttoning it up.] you may remark the supayrior clergy is mostly full in the ribs. There, now you might pass for

a bishop, and now for a thrifle of powder. [Shakes flour from dredging box over MAC CARTHY'S collar of coat.] There! oh! long life to your reverence.

Enter MARY MAC CARTHY, disguised as a harper; she has a harp suspended at her back, door in flat.

Mary. [Handing a letter.] A letter for your reverend worship, [To DARBY.] and you may retire.

Darby. May I? [Aside.] Bad luck to his impudence — the little puppy. I think fiddlers must be riz in the market lately. [Exit door in flat.

McCar. [Reading superscription of letter.] "To the Very Rev. Doctor Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's."

Mary. [Aside.] He seems puzzled.

McCar. There must be some mistake here.

Mary. No mistake — but some blundering.

McCar. [Aside.] The pert young rascal sees I'm puzzled. [Aloud.] Then this is for me.

Mary. Oh yes! I know you are Dean Swift.

McCar. You're a clever lad — take this. [Offers money.]

Mary. Now I know you are not Dean Swift. The Dean never gives a messenger money. [Shakes her head and looks archly.] Not in character, captain.

McCar. Oh, you know all, I see. Plague take the disguise, — I can make nothing of it. [Takes off coats, hats, etc., throws them on chair, R.]

Mary. Ha, ha, ha! you are a bad hand at masquerading, captain. Nevertheless, you must attempt further; for the present, however, you may "stand at ease," and read your letter.

McCar. [Opens letter and finds it a blank sheet.] There's nothing in it.

Mary. Not the first time, I dare say, you have had "carte blanche" from a lady.

McCar. What do you mean! [Aside.] The intriguing little villain!

Mary. The fame of gallant captains travels far. *Bashfulness* is not the characteristic of *Irishmen*, nor *caution* of *countesses*.

McCar. [Not understanding.] Countesses!

Mary. I have heard these French countesses make no secret of their soft-heartedness, and 't is said they are very winning.

McCar. Very winning — at cards — certainly. But as for love, believe it not, boy! Think not that foreign lands surpass your own. By heaven, there is more charm in the unconscious look of the soft eyes of our country than in all the studied glances of the south; more winning to the ear are the wild accents of our mountain homes than the set phrase and flippancy of courts.

Mary. You think all this?

McCar. [Energetically.] I feel it here, boy; here in my heart.

Mary. [With ecstasy.] And so do I.

McCar. Your harp proclaims you minstrel. Sing me some strain of my own land; 't is long since I have heard one.

Mary. [Brings forward, L., the footstool and takes her harp from her back.] Now, grave or gay? The wild measure of the Planxty, or the soothing fall of sweet melody?

McCar. Soft and sad. [MAC CARTHY sits R. of table, while MARY is down L. C.; she runs her hands over the harp as if in a prelude, and affects to accompany herself throughout the song.]

SONG.

The evening light was dying,
The boat row'd from the strand,
The exile deeply sighing,
To leave his native land :

But sighs were on the shore as well
 As o'er the dark'ning bay,
 Young Mary watched the fading sail
 That bore her love away.

The exile reached a foreign shore,
 In camp and court he shone ;
 With brave and fair renown he bore,
 Yet still he felt alone :
 A void was in the soldier's heart,
 Amid the bold and gay ;
 He mourn'd the hour that bade him part
 From Mary far away.

McCar. [Drawing his hand across his eyes, much affected.] How music sounds the depths of the fond heart, where many a thoughtful treasure of the past lies buried. Minstrel, you have moved me deeply ; think me not weak. In exile, that very air did haunt my memory, and with it there was linked that soft, sweet name you sang which filled my heart when I was far away. [Apostrophizes.] Oh, Mary ! have you remembered me as I have you, with fond fidelity ? Do you still love ? [MARY, much affected by his words, has approached L. of table, up — she first exhibits joy, then faintness, totters, and is about falling, when he catches her in his arms — her cap drops off, and her ringlets escape.]

McCar. What ! a woman ! That face ! Ah, Mary ! my soul — my life — wake — wake ! 't is Redmond calls you. [MARY revives — MAC CARTHY speaks soothingly]. Mary —

Mary. Oh, Redmond ! [Throws her arms around him.]

McCar. Now, I am blest indeed. [Scene closes.]

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the Inn. Door R., and large closet, L. flats.*

Enter JOHN DEAN, R., DARBY, with a tray, napkin, etc. — he bustles across, not attending to JOHN DEAN.

John. Darby, who is this person you are waiting on so attentively? I can't get you to do anything for me — who is it?

Darby. [Going.] No one in particular, sir.

John. I'm waiting for my woodcock all day. I'm famishing.

Darby. I'll be back in a minute, Misther Dean, if you'll have a little patience. I'll be back immediantly.

[Exit with tray, r. door.

John. I'm sure that's a person of consequence by all this attention to him — perhaps some agent of the Pretender's. I wish I could find out. [Peeps through keyhole.]

Darby. [Re-entering, runs against him.] Ah, then, is't spying into the door you are? fie for shame, Mr. Dean! You have no business to be prying and peepin' here; this is no custom house, sir.

John. No; but it's the house I give my custom to, and I think I deserve some attention and civility; but I can get neither since this fellow, whoever he is, came into the house. Who is he, I say?

Darby. How should I know who he is? I wish you'd lave me alone.

[Exit, L.

John. There's something mysterious here! Darby tells me everything on ordinary occasions, and he's crusty now. I wish I could find out. [Goes to keyhole again.]

Darby. [Without.] This way, your honor, this way.

John. [Coming from keyhole.] Why here is the Judge coming! He would n't come for nothing — that's a sure thing. I'll observe. [Retires, L. C.

Re-enter DARBY, bowing in SIR PEIGNORY PIP, L.

Darby. [Seeing JOHN — annoyed.] That prying thief is here in the way — bad luck to him!

Sir P. [Pompously.] Tell the Very Reverend —

Darby. [Bowing and marshalling the way for SIR PEIGNORY to proceed.] I will, sir.

Sir P. Tell the Very Reverend —

Darby. [Still pointing way.] This way, your honor.

Sir P. Fellow, will you let me speak? Tell the Very Reverend Doctor Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, that Sir Peignory Pip, Judge and Warden of the district, has done himself the honour to wait on him.

Darby. I will, your honor's honor. [Makes signs of annoyance at JOHN DEAN'S prying about, and exit, R. door in flat.]

Sir P. What an odd person that Dean is — instead of accepting my invitation to the Manor House, he prefers staying at an inn; and asks me to it. These men of genius will do such odd things.

Re-enter DARBY.

Darby. Will your honor come this way?

[*Exeunt SIR PEIGNORY, bowed off by DARBY, door in flat.*

John. [Coming forward.] So, so! my letter of this morning comes true. Dean Swift, forsooth! The Judge, instead of having him at the Castle, comes here, to a shabby inn, to meet him hugger-mugger fashion — my worst suspicions are confirmed. I'll be on the watch — softly and slily, John Dean.

[*Exit cautiously in door flat, after DARBY and SIR PEIGNORY.*

SCENE IV.—*Same as Scene II., Act II. Tables spread for dinner, plates, bottles, glasses, hand-bell, etc., Screen before, up R. C.*

MAC CARTHY discovered, buttoning up coat, adjusting his hat, etc.

McCar. I hope I shall enact the Dean better than I did with my fair cousin. But, with the aid of her subsequent instructions, I *do* hope to succeed.

Enter DARBY and HOSTESS bowing on SIR PEIGNORY, door in flat.

Darby. [R.] Sir Peignory Pip, please your reverence.

McCar. Worshipful Sir Peignory! [SIR PEIGNORY bows. MACCARTHY is about raising his hat — DARBY slapping it on his head again.]

Darby. [Aside.] Remember you have only half a wig!

McCar. Excuse my wearing my hat: I've a cold in my head.

Sir P. Don't mention it, I pray.

McCar. And do I see at length the profound Judge and fanciful romancer?

Sir P. And have I the greater honour and pleasure to behold at once a mighty pillar of the Church and the most supple twig in the birch broom of sarcasm — who can, either under the surplice of sanctity, or the mantle of fiction, play the divine with his friends, or the Devil with his enemies?

McCar. A truce, Sir Peignory, a truce. I'm not afraid of any man at abuse, but I am easily beaten at compliments.

Host. [Advancing, c., very fussy.] Would your honour, or your reverence, take a bit o' something — a bit of mutton, or a bit o' kid, or a bit of pig, or a bit of —

McCar. I would like a bit of something, but I'm afraid it is not to be found in your larder.

Host. If it's not there, would n't I send all over the country for it — for your reverence?

McCar. I'm afraid it's not to be found in all Ireland.

Host. What is it, sir?

McCar. A bit of quiet.

Host. [Abashed.] Oh! [Exit door in flat.

Sir P. [L.] Good! [Delighted.] If I had heard that anywhere all over the world, I should have said that was "the Dean."

McCar. And now, my right worshipful old buck!

Sir P. [Aside.] Old buck! Ha, ha, ha! How like him—what easy familiarity.

McCar. [At table, R.] Sir Peignory; I drink to you.

Sir P. [L.] I have the honour to return the compliment. [Drinks.] But why, instead of remaining here, would you not come to the manor house?

McCar. Pshaw! I hate manners and manor houses—I love the freedom of an inn. You know how many of my epigrams are written on their window-panes.

Sir P. True.

McCar. And now, touching this romance of yours, is it finished yet?

Sir P. Not quite finished.

McCar. Not quite, of course; for a book is never quite finished until the critics have done with it. What I mean is—

Enter JOHN DEAN slily door in flat, and gets behind screen, R.

Have you completed your plot? [JOHN starts.]

Sir P. Why, I sent you a sort of sketch of it.

McCar. [A little disconcerted.] Oh, yes. So you did, but—somewhat vague—no names. I should like to hear of the persons engaged in your plot.

John. [Emphatically, aside.] So should I.

Sir P. Why, a plot, you know, is a ticklish thing to manage, and sometimes one's invention runs dry.

McCar. Talking of running dry, I am thirsty, and this is very bad stuff we are drinking—their cellar here is not of the best. Might I ask you for a little of your own?

Sir P. Certainly! Not that my cellar is very extensive, but if a bottle —

McCar. Say no more: we 'll have one. [Rings a hand-bell; JOHN DEAN hides behind screen.] I hope they 'll give us proper attention.

John. [Peeping out, R.] If they don't, I will.

Enter DARBY, door in flat.

Darby. Is it me your honor wants?

McCar. No, we want something better.

Darby. Oh, the mistress, you mean.

McCar. [Holding up bottle.] This is what we want.

Darby. Faith — then it 's not unlike the mistress, for it has a nice smooth neck, and is mostly full of spirits, and is an agreeable companion.

Sir P. Take this bottle to the manor house, and tell Lady Pip I desire it to be filled from my own cellar. Go!

Darby. Sure your honor knows my lady would no more give it me than the eye out of her head.

Sir P. [Angrily.] What does the fellow mean?

Darby. I mane that she 's a careful lady, and would n't thrust a *spalpeen*, like me — why should she? — so write me an order, if your honor pleases.

Sir P. The fellow is right — an order is only reasonable. [Aside.] Safer too. No mistake can be made with a written order.

[DARBY places writing materials for SIR PEIGNORY.

Darby. There, now your honor can say, just to fill the bottle for me.

Sir P. [Writing.] Fill the bottle for the bearer.

Darby. That 's me! now sign your name.

Sir P. From the hogshead!

Darby. [Laughs.] Yis — from the hog's head. [Points at SIR PEIGNORY'S head — SIR PEIGNORY looks round; — DARBY, quietly.] Yis, [Points to paper.] that 's it —

the hogshead ; and now there can be no mistake about it. I know myself the hardship of being without drink, so I won't keep your honor waiting long.

[*Exit, with bottle.*]

Sir P. And now to return to our plot. The higher the titles the better, I think.

McCar. Certainly.

John. [*Aside, behind the screen.*] The villains !

Sir P. Well ; in the first place, the Duke.

John. [*Writing on tablets.*] The Duke !

Sir P. He is to be disposed of by the sword.

McCar. Capital.

John. [*Aside.*] The cut-throats !

Sir P. The Marquis and the Princess are confined to a dungeon.

McCar. In chains, I hope.

Sir P. Rusty chains, with large iron rings in the wall.

McCar. Admirable ! nothing like striking terror.

Sir P. Then the Bishop.

McCar. Aye ; I'm curious about the Bishop ! what do you mean to do with him ?

Sir P. Well : I think you 'll say the mode of destruction is ingenious.

McCar. Smother him in his own canonicals ?

Sir P. No : the Cathedral is to be fired, and the Bishop is to perish in the conflagration.

John. [*Aside.*] The monsters !

Sir P. The Count arrives by night in a fire ship, which is to explode near the tower.

John. [*Writing.*] The Tower !

Sir P. The rabble join the insurrection.

McCar. I beg your pardon. One word. What are the authorities supposed to be about all this time ? Where are the magistrates — the constables — the guards ?

Sir P. All poisoned. I mean to have an extensive poisoning of all the minor authorities.

McCar. Good!

John. [Aside.] Diabolical!

Sir P. But the difficulty in the latter part is, how to dispose of the Queen.

John. [Aside.] Horrible!

Sir P. Whether to put her into a dungeon for life — condemn her to perpetual banishment — or bring her to the scaffold at once. Now, what do you think, Mr. Dean?

John. [Who has exhibited great excitement towards the latter part of SIR PEIGNORY'S conversation, stands on a chair, thrusts his head over screen.] What do I think? What should any loyal man think of the ruin of the church — the murder of the Queen — the downfall of the empire? [Overbalances himself in his enthusiasm, and falls — upsets screen — SIR PEIGNORY and MAC CARTHY start up in surprise — MAC CARTHY rings hand-bell, and calls "House," "Waiter," etc. — JOHN gets up, scrambles off, and, amid the general surprise, the scene closes.]

SCENE V.— Back part of the Castle,—with practicable door in flat — knocker and bell for use.

Enter DARBY, L., with a large hamper, containing carboy, a lid and apron to hamper, and cord.

Darby. [Putting down hamper, and ringing bell, knocking, &c.] By my conscience, this is a hard house to get into. [Knocks and rings.] One would think they were all dead — and devil a loss they'd be, if they were. [Rings and knocks again.] The ould lady won't like to hear I've come to storm the cellar. [Knocks and rings — noise — off chains — off bolts, etc.]

Enter SERVANT, door in flat.

Servant. [Angrily.] Why are you knocking and ringing so hard?

Darby. To get in. Is n't that what bells and knockers is made for?

Servant. You have no right to make such a noise.

Darby. If servants would come in time, I would n't make a noise; so hould your prate and tell my lady.

Servant. I won't tell my lady.

Darby. You must.

Servant. Must?

Darby. Aye, must. [Shows *Judge's order.*] Look at that.

Servant. [Abashed.] Oh!

Darby. Now, might n't you as well have held your prate for them that wants it? I think it's little else you'd give to any poor man. That's from his honor the Judge to her ladyship. You'd better shake your trotters at once, for his honor is waiting for an answer. [SERVANT looks angrily at DARBY as he is going away.] You'd better look at me again, for fear you'd forget me. [Exit SERVANT.] What a sulky set the whole kit of them is at this house. Oh! if we can only set them *out of it*, and the *right owner into it*—won't we have a blazing fine feast, to purify the place after the stingy ould niggards that have been disgracing it? Whoo! won't we make the rafters shake.

Enter LADY PIP, SOLOMON, and SERVANT, door in flat.

Darby. Sarvant, ma'am! Sarvant, sir!

Lady P. The Judge has given you this order? [Shows paper.]

Darby. Yes, my lady.

Lady P. Have you brought a bottle?

Darby. Yes, my lady.

Sol. And a cork?

Darby. Sure it's not stopping it you'd be?

Lady P. Where's the bottle?

Darby. [Taking from hamper a carboy, or vitriol bottle,

and placing it down stage, in front of LADY PIP.] Here, my lady.

Lady P. [Almost screaming at the sight of the bottle.] Do you call that a bottle?

Darby. Indeed I do, my lady: that's what may be called an honest bottle — may the man that blew it never have the asthma.

Sol. Oh, what a bottle!

Lady P. Oh! Sir Peignory, how could you think of such extravagance!

Darby. The Judge and the Clargy has a powerful thirst upon them.

Lady. I will only allow it to be half filled.

Darby. I can't take less than the full of it, my lady.

Lady P. Dare you dictate, fellow!

Darby. No, my lady: but the note does.

Lady P. Oh, Sir Peignory! what extravagance!
“Wilful waste makes woful want.” *[Exit.]*

Sol. *[To SERVANT.]* Take that bottle and follow me.

[SERVANT puts bottle into hamper, and exit after SOLOMON.]

Darby. I'll follow to the cellar too, to see they do full justice to my little phial. *[Exit into house.]*

SCENE VI.—*Same as Scene III.—Room with door and closet.*

Enter JOHN DEAN and HOSTESS, wrangling, L.

John. Don't talk to me in this manner. I drink more than any one else in your house, and pay my score, therefore am the last man you ought to find fault with.

Host. But, Mr. Dean, you have no right, sir, to disturb other people, sir, and break into their rooms, sir, and make worshipful people think my house disorderly, sir.

John. Disorderly, quotha? How do you know what goes on in your house? — what intrigue? — what —

Host. Oh, you base calumniator! I'd have you to know, sir, there never was a —

John. My good soul, I only meant —

Host. I know very well what you meant.

John. I tell you I only spoke of the intrigues of politics, and misprision of treason.

Host. I know nothing of Miss Prissy, or Miss Polly, or any such jades. [Bell rings off.] But there, I must go: and the sooner you go, the better, sir—the better.

[Exit, in a rage.

John. What a towering rage she is in! The notice I have sent to the Fort will alarm the Commandant, and I hope he and the soldiers will be down on them soon. But they might escape in the mean time—I must try to watch them.

[Exit, R.

Enter DARBY, L., carrying hamper slung to his back.

Darby. By the powers, I'd no idea it would be so heavy—gently while I land it. [Getting it carefully on to the ground, he sitting to enable him to do so.] Ha! ha! ha! I've made a good haul of it anyhow—won't I have great fun out of this for the next fortnight. Now, I must pour a little drop out of it into a Christian-like looking bottle, and shut up my ould Haythen here in this closet. [Takes from cupboard, L. flat, a wine bottle and funnel—smells bottle.] Oh, it's bad turpentine—well, sure, it don't matter, it won't poison. [Pours from carboy into bottle.] That's enough for them, more would n't be good for them. [Smells funnel—grimaces.] They've been filling the lamps through that; never mind, it 'ill make an illigant mixture. [Shakes up the contents of the bottle.] And now to make sure, in case any one should discover my treasure, I'll write something on it that will make them let it alone. Here's a bit of chalk. [Takes chalk from his pocket, sits at back of hamper, and writes, and then, placing it in closet, so that the word "Pizen" is towards audience.] The devil a one will touch it after that. [Shuts

door. JOHN DEAN enters, R.—slaps him on shoulder—
DARBY, alarmed, takes up bottle.]

John. [Mysteriously.] Darby!

Darby. [Alarmed.] Well?

John. I have discovered—

Darby. You don't mean that?

John. People may endeavour to hide, but villainy will come out. The Judge—

Darby. Well, what about the Judge?

John. Even he is not safe from the corrupt practices of these wicked times.

Darby. [Supposing John alludes to the carboy.] Arrah, don't think so hard of it—what's the great harm after all?

John. What's the harm? You astonish me—the authorities must make a seizure. [Going R.]

Darby. [Alarmed—drawing him back.] Oh, sure you would n't make such a great hubbub all for a trifle, and a man's character ruined, and make him lose his place, maybe.

John. Place! I know the place he's fit for; and he shall be in it—a prison.

Darby. Ah! see now. Would n't it be nicer for you to take a share of it yourself, and say nothing about it.

John. Do you think I'd swallow such a bait?

Darby. You've swallowed worse, I can tell you. [Bell rings off left.] There's the bell, I must run; but I'll be back in a minute. [Bell.] And for the tender mercy, don't go and tell anybody about it, till I come back.

[Exit, L.]

John. His manner is suspicious—he was alarmed at my sudden appearance—attempts to make light of the affair—and then asks me to share in it. I'm in the lions' den, and, if they think I suspect them, my life might be sacrificed.

Host. [Without, L.] Darby! Darby!

John. Zooks, she's coming this way. I must n't be seen. Where can I hide — this closet? [Opens closet and discovers carboy with poison.] Zounds, there's the poison all mixed and ready, and enough to murder the whole county. Oh, they're all in the plot then, and if they find me I am a lost man. [Exit hastily, R.]

Enter MARY MAC CARTHY and HOSTESS, L.

Mary. The message, you say, was delivered?

Host. Yes, my lady. Lady Pip was told the judge had dropped down, and with that she screeched out, and is running down as fast as she can with a power of physic.

Mary. Not forgetting the servants, I hope.

Host. Oh no; they were told — the servants would be wanted to carry the master home.

Mary. That's all right.

Lady P. [Without.] Where is he? where is he?

[MARY retires up, R. — Enter L., LADY PIP, ROSE LACY, DARBY, 2 SERVANTS with basket containing bottles of liquid and herbs. — ROSE goes to MARY.]

Lady P. Where is he? I have brought all my remedies.

Darby. You can't see him for a minit or two, my lady; for the cow doctor happened to drop in, and he's playin' an experiment on him.

Lady P. Cow doctor, fellow?

Darby. Oh, don't you be afeared of the cow doctor — he recovered a very big calf last summer, and who knows but he'd be lucky this time.

Lady P. Apoplexy, I'm told.

Darby. Yes, my lady — he tumbled down all of a heap.

Lady P. No wonder if they drank all that big bottle full. Has anything happened to his boon companion — that dreadful Dean?

Darby. Oh, the Dane is only speechless, my lady, and towld me to let no one disturb him — but I think your ladyship may go in and see the Judge now.

[*Exeunt LADY PIP with HOSTESS showing the way — SERVANTS following to flat.*]

Darby. Follow your mistress, you spaldeen!

Mary. [Advancing with ROSE.] Where is Solomon?

Rose. Oh! ruin to our plot. He will not leave the house — he is cleaning his gun, and mending his fishing rods, and says he does n't care whether the Judge is alive or dead, and *thus* our plot must fail.

Darby. It must n't fail! If I was to climb into the window myself, and throw the big fool out of it.

Mary. No, no, Darby, that would be illegal, and foil our project.

Darby. Suppose I killed him — could n't we say it was an accident.

Mary. No violence — that would ruin all. Oh, the stubborn fool, how I hate him!

Darby. Hate! Miss Mary — I have it! Love is more powerful than hate — then let love do what hatred can't. Run up to the house with me, and try to be sweet upon him, and coax him out.

Mary. Oh, if I could!

Darby. Could! have n't you an eye that would melt wax off a letter — and a voice that would coax a cat out of a dairy.

Mary. Then, I 'll try your plan, and oh, Cupid, if ever you did assist a lady in distress, do it now — follow, Darby, follow.

[*Exeunt MARY and ROSE, L.*

Darby. Where's the man that would n't follow when a lady and Cupid lade the way! Let me get my fire-arms! [*Runs to door in flat and gets a stick.*] When a lady cries "Follow me," a man is bound to obey the ordher — barrin' she is going to the other world, like Mrs. Leary, in the song.

Lanty was in love, you see,
 With lovely, lively, Rosie Carey,
 But the father can't agree
 To give the girl to Lanty Leary.
 Up to fun, "Away we'll run,"
 Says she, "my father's so contrary —
 Won't you follow me?
 Won't you follow me?"
 "Faith, I will!" says Lanty Leary.

But her father died one day
 (I hear 't was not by dhrinkin' wather);
 House and land and cash, they say,
 He left, by will, to Rose his daughter.
 Land and house and cash to saize,
 Away she cut so light and airy,
 "Won't you follow me?
 Won't you follow me?"
 "Faith, I will!" says Lanty Leary.

Rose herself was taken bad,
 The fever worse each day was growin';
 "Lanty, dear," says she, "'t is sad,
 To th' other world I'm surely goin';
 You'll ne'er survive my loss, I know,
 Nor long remain in Tipperary.
 Won't you follow me?
 Won't you follow me?"
 "Faith, I won't," says Lanty Leary. [Exit, L.]

SCENE VII. — *A handsome Castellated Building, blending the domestic with the defensive — a set piece, R. 3 E., with massive hall door — windows and shutters — a made-out practicable roof — the Castle extending beyond — L., a parapet wall and buttresses — Village on the slope below — extensive sea view — and a sunset effect.*

SOLOMON discovered seated on chair close to hall door, which is open, repairing fishing rod, very awkwardly.

Sol. Ah, there's the hook stuck in my finger again. Oh, you nasty hook, stay there, Mr. Fishingrod. [Places

it against R. 3 E., goes into hall, and returns with gun, which he is supposed to be cleaning.] I must go shoot some more woodcocks. How that impudent fellow ruined my bird this morning. Where's my turn-screw? [Feels in pocket.] Where is my turn-screw? I suppose I left it in the house. [Lays gun on chair, and re-enters hall.]

Enter DARBY, beckoning on MARY, FISHERMAN, etc., cautiously, L. 5 E.—DARBY peeps in hall.

Darby. He's there in the hall—hide yourselves—quick, my lads. [They get behind buttresses, trees, and up, L. and L. c.] Sing a bit of a song, Miss Mary, to wheedle him out, and I'll hide, and be ready to help you when you want me. [DARBY bides, L. c.—MARY sings a snatch, crossing towards R. c.—SOLOMON enters.]

Mary. Oh, Mr. Solomon, I beg your pardon. I would not have sung if I had thought you were within hearing.

Sol. Oh, don't be afraid—'t is not disagreeable.

Mary. Now, you flatter me, Mister Solomon.

Sol. Oh! you know that I—that is you—— [Looks lovingly at MARY.] You know what I mean.

Mary. [Giving SOLOMON an encouraging glance.]
Heigho!

Sol. Oh, don't sigh.

Mary. I beg your pardon—is it illegal to sigh?

Sol. Oh, no: besides, I would n't enforce the law against you—I like you too well—I'd marry you if you liked.

Mary. Ah! but would n't that be bringing me under the law of marriage?

Sol. Ah! but that's a rosy chain.

Mary. With some thorns in it. Good-bye, Mister Solomon. [Goes towards L.]

Sol. Where are you going?

Mary. To take a walk.

Sol. May I go with you?

Mary. You do me honour, Mr. Solomon. I'm going to the orchard.

Sol. Ah! I'll follow you there when I have fixed my flint. [Goes up, takes chair and fishing-rod into hall.]

Mary. [Down, L. 2 E., aside.] Oh! the flint must be fixed before the spark will follow.

[Exit, L. 2 E.]

Sol. I'll go after her as soon as I can. She has grown quite agreeable. [Trying to fix flint to cock of gun.] I think I've touched her feelings. [Cuts himself with gun flint.] Oh, my fingers! Ah! you nasty turn-screw — now for my shot pouch and powder.

Re-enters Hall, R. — DARBY peeps out, c. — *Re-enter MARY, L. 2 E.*

Mary. He does n't follow — and I see a crowd of people coming this way from the village. What's to be done?

Darby. Set up a phillalew — say there's a fellow robbing the orchard, and that he was impudent to you; and tell him to go, shoot him. [DARBY shouts — retires — MARY goes to wing and then runs to Hall — affecting terror.]

Re-enter SOLOMON, R.

Mary. Oh, Mr. Solomon! Mr. Solomon!

Sol. [At the door.] What's the matter?

Mary. There's a man robbing the orchard, and when I told him to go away, he was so insolent — he deserves to be shot.

Sol. I'll do that, if you like.

Mary. I should be so obliged to you!

Sol. Come along then, and see.

Mary. Oh, I should not like to see a man killed.

Sol. [Crossing to L. 2 E.] Then don't come; for I never miss my mark.

[Exit L. 2 E.]

Mary. And I have hit mine.

DARBY and FISHERMAN reappear.

Darby. Faith, you have, Miss Mary.

Mary. There's no one in the house now.

Darby. Then the ould saying's thtrue, that "an empty house is better than a bad tenant." Now, boys — come, Miss Mary, do you take possession, and I will keep it for you!

MARY enters Hall.

Now, boys, in with you! close the shutter, and make all tight.

The FISHERMEN and VILLAGERS enter Hall, R.

Hurrah! it's right and tight now — it will be for MacCarthy More. Bolt the doors! close the shutters; and so make all right.

[*Exit into Hall — noise of chains, bolts, etc.*

Enter OFFICER, SERGEANT, SIX SOLDIERS, and JOHN DEAN, L. Soldiers range, c.

Officer. Halt! Front!

John. Now, sir, take care that none of them escape.

Officer. The traitors, you say, are at the inn.

John. The principal ones — but I deem it prudent to besiege the house on our way to the inn, for I believe several thousand traitors, and barrels of gunpowder, may be concealed.

Officer. [To SERGEANT.] Surround the house with your men, and lie in the woods till the trumpet calls you.

Sergeant. [Motions to MEN, who retire off, R. and L. U. E.

John. Most ably manœuvred, sir. I'll mention you to the Queen, when Her Majesty sends for me. We had better retire, and lie in wait.

[JOHN DEAN and OFFICER retire, L. 3 E.

Re-enter SOLOMON, L. 2 E.

Sol. I could see nobody — but I suppose he ran away when he saw me coming. Oh, they are all afraid of

me. [Goes to hall door, pushes, and finds it fast.] Why, 't is fast ! [Knocks.] And all the window-shutters closed. I suppose the old Judge is dead, and the house is put into mourning. [Knocks with the butt of his gun.]

Dar. [On the roof of entrance hall.] What are you battherin' there for, spilein' the hall door ?

Sol. What brings you there ?

Dar. I'm keeping possession for the masther.

Sol. Why, that's me !

Dar. Faith, it's not !

Sol. Let me in !

Dar. Faith, I won't !

Sol. I'll shoot you if you don't. [Presenting gun.]

Dar. [Quickly presenting his gun.] Two can play at that game.

[SOLOMON retreats — his arms are seized at the back by a SOLDIER — SERGEANT snatches his gun — OFFICER and JOHN DEAN advance, c.

John. Here's one of the traitors, taken with arms in his hands too — bear him away.

[SOLOMON is taken off by SERGEANT and SOLDIERS, L. I E.

Officer. You are arrested in the Queen's name. [Flourish of drum and trumpets — OFFICER goes up, L.]

Enter SIR PEIGNORY and MAC CARTHY MORE, each in the custody of SOLDIERS — LADY PIP and SERVANTS following.

John. [To SIR P.] Ah ! I've caught you at last. Oh, you grey-headed old sinner !

Sir P. What is your charge against me ?

John. Treason ! Popery ! Blasphemy ! Brass money and wooden shoes — not forgetting poison.

Sir P. You most egregious ass !

John. [To MAC CARTHY as the DEAN.] And you — a churchman ! Oh ! monster !

McCar. [R.] Ha ! ha ! ha !

John. Ah — you won't laugh when you are going to be hanged. [Flourish off, L. U. E.]

Enter LORD AUBREY and ROSE, attended by SOLDIERS,
L. U. E.

Sir P. [Surprised.] Lord Aubrey?

John. [Delighted.] Lord Aubrey.

Lord A. Sir Peignory, your servant.

Sir P. What means this indignity? [Pointing to SOLDIERS.]

Lord A. Pardon a slight mistake, Sir Peignory — this ardent friend of the government —

John. [Exultingly.] Ardent friend of the government.
[Aside.] My fortune's made.

Lord A. He has been somewhat mystified. This lady [Pointing to ROSE.] has explained the whole affair to me, and these gentlemen may now be set free, sir.

[OFFICER signals the men to withdraw — they retire up range, L. U. E.]

John. [Amazed.] My lord —

Lord A. Be silent, sir.

Sir P. I will resent this indignity. I will have compensation for my wounded feelings.

Lady P. I have an invaluable recipe for wounded feelings.

Lord A. [To MAC CARTHY] Mr. Dean?

John. [Stepping in between.] Well, my lord?

Lord A. Will you be silent, sir! [Again to MAC CARTHY.] Mr. Dean, I regret your cloth should have been so insulted.

McCar. My dear Lord Aubrey, our cloth is seldom insulted with impunity. [Throws off his disguise.]

Lord A. What, my friend MacCarthy? [Turns to ROSE.] You little rogue, you did not prepare me for this.

Rose. [R. C.] I thought you would enjoy the surprise.

Lord A. And so I do. Welcome, MacCarthy, to your native land.

McCar. Where the exile has returned to claim his own.

Sir P. My lord, he is attainted, an outlaw.

McCar. [Showing pardon.] My gracious Queen has restored me to my country and my rights, and now I come to claim my home. [DARBY and MARY MACCARTHY on roof of hall.]

Sir P. Which we have possession of, and will hold.

Darby. [On roof of hall.] That's the last lie you towld, for we have possession.

Sir P. Who are you?

Darby. You'll find out by and bye.

McCar. [Perceiving MARY.] What—my own Mary, too! [Rushes off, R. U. E., and returns with MARY almost immediately on stage—FISHERMEN and VILLAGERS appear at door and windows.]

Lord A. Why, here is plot within plot.

John. Right, my lord—a frightful plot—I heard it with my own ears.

Sir P. Such very long ears as yours are characteristic of jackasses—you heard the plot of my romance.

McCar. The dearest romance on record, Sir Peignory; for it has cost you the broad lands of MacCarthy More.

Lady P. Then, you are *not* Dean Swift, sir.

McCar. No, my lady—but hearing Sir Peignory was desirous of the Dean's company, we wished to gratify him.

Lady P. Oh, Sir Peignory, I warned you against the Dean—fatal mistake.

Sir P. For which you have *no* remedy—so pray be silent. [Goes up, L.]

John. [To LORD AUBREY.] My lord, I saw the poison ready mixed—an extensive bottle of poison. [LORD AUBREY warns him to silence.]

McCar. And now, Mary, that my ancestral halls are mine—

Sir P. [Advancing.] Hold, sir—not so fast; surely

there must be some one who holds possession for us.
Where is Solomon?

Enter SOLOMON, L., between two SOLDIERS.

Sol. Here!

Sir P. Confusion! Oh, you fool!

Sol. [Pointing to MARY.] 'T was she; you yourself told me to make love to her.

Sir P. Could n't you make love in the house.

Sol. She asked me to take a walk in the orchard.

Mary. Not the first time a woman betrayed with an apple.

Sir P. One word, Lord Aubrey; give me possession of that house, and my ward shall be yours at once.

Lord A. Never, to the injury of my friend, sir.

Sir P. One word more, sir. [Turns to DARBY.] Fellow, I'll give you a thousand pounds if you answer my question *the right way*; for whom have you taken possession?

Darby. You'll give me a thousand pounds? Wait till I come down to you, [Drops down from roof to stage.] a thousand pounds! for which did I take possession? [Glancing affectionately to MAC CARTHY flourishing his hat.] Why for— for MacCarthy More, for ever!

Omnis — SOLDIERS, FISHERMEN, CHARACTERS.
Hurrah! MacCarthy More for ever!

Darby. [To audience.] One cheer more for MacCarthy More!! [Shouts, flourish.]

CURTAIN.

STAGE DIRECTIONS

R.	R. C.	C.	L. C.	L.
Right.	Right Centre.	Centre.	Left Centre.	Left.



THE HALL PORTER

A COMIC DRAMA IN TWO ACTS

LIST OF CHARACTERS

MR. TRUEMAN.
CLAUDE LORRAINE.
MR. BETT.
HON. AUGUSTUS FITZALLAN.
MR. DIGBY DARLINGTON.
BOLT.
PAT.
JAMES.
THOMAS.
MRS. BETT.
REBECCA.
LADY POTTS.
LADY PHIGGINS.

VISITORS TO THE CONCERT-ROOM, SERVANTS, ETC., ETC.

Time of representation, 1 hour and 15 minutes.

COSTUMES

MR. TRUEMAN — Black frock coat and trowsers, green spectacles and umbrella.

CLAUDE LORRAINE — Blue coat, gilt buttons, nankeen trowsers, and white hat.

MR. BETT — Coat of a heavy cut, dark trowsers, broad-leaved hat, and stick.

HON. AUGUSTUS FITZALLAN — Uniform of a naval lieutenant.

MR. DIGBY DARLINGTON — Blue swallow-tailed coat, white trowsers and waistcoat, under-waistcoat of brocade, blue satin stock, gold chain and eyeglass, black wig, whiskers, and moustache.

BOLT (the Hall Porter) — *1st dress* — Dark grey single-breasted coat and horn buttons, grey breeches, grey silk stockings, shoes and buckles, and broad-leaved hat. *2nd dress* — White livery coat and breeches with silver bands, white silk stockings, shoes and buckles, red silver-laced waistcoat, head partly bald, and white hair.

PAT, JAMES, and THOMAS — All wearing similar liveries to Bolt, and powdered.

MRS. BETT — *1st dress* — Green silk gown richly trimmed, cap trimmed in showy style with handsome ribbon. *2nd dress* — The same, with the addition of a handsome cloak and bonnet. *3rd dress* — Velvet open robe, satin petticoat, hat and feathers.

REBECCA — *1st dress* — White muslin frock. *2nd dress* — The same, with white crape bonnet and a light scarf.

LADY POTTS — An ordinary modern morning walking-dress, suitable to a middle-aged lady. *2nd dress* — Pink silk gown, and lace cap.

LADY PHIGGINS.

L. means *First Entrance, Left*. R. *First Entrance, Right*. S. E. L. *Second Entrance, Left*. S. E. R. *Second Entrance, Right*. U. E. L. *Upper Entrance, Left*. U. E. R. *Upper Entrance Right*. C. *Centre*. L. C. *Left Centre*. R. C. *Right Centre*. T. E. L. *Third Entrance, Left*. T. E. R. *Third Entrance, Right*. Observing you are supposed to face the audience.

THE HALL PORTER

ACT I

SCENE I.—*A room in MRS. BETT'S house—Table covered with writing materials, cards of invitation, pastille burner, etc.—Chairs.*

Enter MRS. BETT, MR. TRUEMAN, and REBECCA.

Mrs. B. I tell you, Mr. Trueman, it's no use your talking on so. I'll quit the city directly, and turn a West-end'er!

Tru. You might as well turn a West Indian!

Mrs. B. And why not that, if I like? I won't turn a Hottentot, sir, however.

Tru. It's unnecessary, Mrs. Bett.

Mrs. B. You're monstrous aggravating, Mr. T. Is n't the money all my own, sir?

Tru. I grant you that.

Mrs. B. Well, sir, people as has money, may turn what they chuses.

Tru. They turn their heads, very often.

Mrs. B. You may turn your back, sir, as soon as you please!

Reb. [Aside to her.] Oh! mamma!

Mrs. B. Becky, hold your tongue! How dare you, miss—

Tru. Mrs. Bett, I'm an old friend of your husband; and his solicitor for twenty years. Now, mark me, he won't like all this, when he comes back from Russia, with his tallow—

Mrs. B. Don't talk to me of tallow, Mr. T.

Tru. He'll go to Tooley-street, expecting to find his home there, and the rich scent that flavours the evening of a melting day — and, forsooth, he must pack himself into a hack cab —

Mrs. B. My brisket shall be waiting for him, sir !
[Takes up pastille burner.]

Tru. Well, he'll have to drive here all the way into Belgrave Square, and be suffocated with the smell of these perfumed —

Mrs. B. It is fashionable to burn French bastilles !

Tru. Paugh !

Mrs. B. It's no use your making a jobation ; my uncle gave me the money in hard cash, and I will be a lady now. And Mr. B. has a spirit, sir, as well as me, and will be delighted to do the genteel.

Tru. But why all this furious hurry — this want of consideration ?

Mrs. B. Rubbish, your consideration, Mr. T.

Reb. [R., soothingly.] Mamma — sir — hopes papa will be surprised.

Tru. Astonished you mean. And you really *have* taken this magnificent house ?

Mrs. B. I expect Mr. Claude Lorraine, the agent, every moment to receive the money for it.

Tru. That humbug !

Mrs. B. Mr. T., he's a dear man, a sweet man !

Tru. A humbug, I tell you ! The fellow's name was Lawrence Clod, and he turned it backwards into Claude Lorraine, to gull silly people.

Mrs. B. He's the cleverest creature in the world, sir ; he knows a trick or two, I promise you, in the way of fashionable life, and has promised me all his assistance in the business.

Tru. In the soap-boiling, is it ?

Mrs. B. Mr. T., you're vulgar.

Enter PAT, L.

Pat. Here's Mr. Cloudy Rain, ma'am, a wanting you.

Tru. Heaven help my poor friend Bett ! He's a lost bet — I'm afraid. [Exit, L.]

Enter CLAUDE LORRAINE and exit PAT, L.

Lor. Madam, your most obedient. Happy to see you look so charmingly, this morning — hope you find every thing to your satisfaction ? Fine house — is n't it ? Sure you 'll say it is — first-rate situation — cheap as dirt ! Had three applications this morning for it.

Mrs. B. It's mine now, sir — mine ! Here is the premium, Mr. Lorraine. [Handing bank-notes.] Five thousand. I think you 'll find it's all right.

Lor. Right as a trivet, madam. The lease will be ready in a day or two ; but as you were in such a hurry for the house, I have given you possession at once.

Mrs. B. You are so good, Mr. Lorraine ! Now, there is a little matter I want your advice upon. Our name is not quite aristekatical, as I may say, and I want to know — could n't we change it, Mr. L. ?

Lor. Certainly — nothing easier ! Can't you assume the name of the relation who left you the fortune ?

Mrs. B. Lauk ! That's worse than our own. Ferk.

Lor. Suppose you put them both together. Ferkbett does n't sound bad.

Mrs. B. Indeed it helps out wonderful. What a genus you have, Mr. Lorraine !

Lor. Or, you might improve your own name, simply on grammatical principles. You know, madam, the degrees of comparison —

Mrs. B. Mr. Lorraine, to be candid with you, I hate comparisons.

Reb. It's only comparisons of grammar, Mr. Lorraine speaks of, ma !

Mrs. B. Who asked you, Miss Prate? You thinks I does n't understand grammar, I suppose? Don't be capricious, Becky.

[REBECCA sits at table, and writes cards of invitation.]

Lor. As you very truly remarked, madam, in grammar there are three degrees of comparison: positive, comparative, and superlative. Now, Bett is positive —

Mrs. B. The most positive man in the world, Mr. Lorraine.

Lor. The comparative of bet would be better —

Mrs. B. Anything would be better than his obstinacy.

Lor. And the superlative, best.

Mrs. B. Mr. Lorraine, though Mr. Bett is a positive man, I do not like to hear him called names.

Lor. Madam, you misunderstand me; I was talking of grammar all this time.

Mrs. B. [Laughs.] Oh! You may abuse grammar as much as you like.

Lor. Thus — Bett, better, best. Now, Best is the name I recommend; grammatically derived from your own, and with the change of only one letter.

Mrs. B. You do know a thing or two, Mr. Lorraine. And did you think since of the servant you was a speaking to me about?

Lor. Yes, and I think I have found one who will suit your purpose admirably. He was hall porter to the old Duke of Flamborough: the young Duke discharged him, because he thought him too old; but he will be most useful in regulating your establishment of servants.

Mrs. B. Mr. Lorraine, you are really an invaluable man, though your charges are high, I must say. However, if you get me a real Duke's servant, that will be prime.

Lor. Well, madam, I'll now go. The servant will be soon here — his name is Bolt. Anything else I can

do? My services are at your command, at my usual small commission. I have the honour of wishing you good morning, Mrs. Best — Miss Best — best respects.

[*Exit L.*]

Mrs. B. Becky, are you writing them notes?

Reb. As fast as I can, mamma.

Mrs B. [*Taking up a card, reads.*] “To Lady —” What’s this? “Pig — Piggins!” I never heard of such a name.

Reb. The name is Phiggins, mamma.

Mrs. B. But this is Piggins. P—h—i—g—pig—

Reb. [*Embarrassed.*] Lady Phiggins spells her name so, mamma.

Mrs. B. Nonsense, Becky! Lady Figgins knows better than to spell Figgins with a P.

Reb. P—h, mamma, you know, is the same as F.

Mrs. B. I know no such thing, Becky!

Reb. At least, it is the fashion, mamma.

Mrs. B. Oh! that’s another thing.

Reb. You see, mamma, the name looks more genteel, spelt with a P—h. [*Shows the card.*] It is the fashionable way of spelling Figgins.

Mrs. B. Well, I think it will do. [*Looking at it in various directions.*] Lor’! How clever fashionable people are, to think of such things. Lady Potts told me, Lady Pig — Phiggins, I mean — Lor, I can’t get over that P—h — that Lady Phiggins moves in the best society. Lady Potts, you know, poor thing, is not so well off since the Alderman died; and is glad to introduce me to her high acquaintance, in consequence of our fortune. Oh, Becky, money is a fine thing!

Reb. Yes, mamma, when it is well used.

Mrs. B. And what better use for it than pushing up in the world? Wait till you see what a grand concert I shall have! Get on with the cards, Becky, my love; and see what a grand husband I’ll get for you — a nobleman, perhaps.

Reb. [R.] Dear mamma, don't think of marrying me yet!

Mrs. B. Would n't I like to have it to say — "my daughter, Lady So-and-so."

Reb. [Alarmed.] No, no, mamma, I would n't like to be a lady.

Mrs. B. Then, Becky, you have not the blood of your mother in you, if you would n't be a lady every inch of you.

Enter PAT, L.

Pat. An elderly man in the hall, ma'am, o' the name of o'Bowlt, is a wanting you.

Mrs. B. Oh, the Duke's servant! Show him up. [Exit PAT, L.] Becky, my dear, I think somehow that man speaks in an odd sort of way.

Reb. He's an Irishman, mamma.

Mrs. B. I believe so indeed. Lor'! how odd! I wonder Lady Potts would send me an Irishman—the haccent is so wulgar!

Re-enter PAT, L.

I say, you! [Beckons to PAT.] What's your name?

Pat. Pat, ma'am.

Mrs. B. Then you're an Irishman?

Pat. Oh, no, ma'am, the last place I was in was full of Irish sarvants, and I caught a bit of the brogue from them, ma'am.

Mrs. B. How came your name to be Pat, then?

Pat. Because I was christened it, ma'am.

Mrs. B. Well, you must be called Peetrick, here. You may go down.

Pat. Yes, ma'am. Oh, here's Misther Bowl特, ma'am. [Exit L.

Enter BOLT, L.

Mrs. B. You are the Juke of Flamborough's servant, I believe?

Bolt. Was, ma'am.

}

Mrs. B. The Juke discharged you, I believe.

Bolt. Not the Duke I had the honour to serve, madam, the old Duke would not have turned an old servant out to the unclemency o' fortune, leaving the remnant of his days nothing but old rags, as I may say; but would ha' pensioned him off, when the best of his labour was past. But I've good service in me yet, as you'll find, madam. I only mean, it's rather late in the day for an old servant to seek a new place.

Mrs. B. You shall have plenty to eat and drink here ! [BOLT looks astonished.]

Reb. [Kindly.] You 'll find you shall be made comfortable. [Aside, R.] I pity the old man.

Bolt. [Touched by her kindness.] Thank you, young lady.

Mrs. B. I want to engage you to be over all my servants here; to show 'em what's what, and all that sort o' thing.

Bolt. Is it as hall porter you wish to engage me, madam ?

Mrs. B. Not exactly hall porter; but a sort of foreman, like, to see that all's right. This is a larger house than I have lived in ; I paid five thousand pounds premium for it, and I want everything to be promiscuous with a fine house; and, in course, must have plenty of servants — everything plentiful in my house — and when fine people calls at my house, I want my servants to be up to everything, for I sees carriage company.

Bolt. Why, madam, if I warn't up to fashionable life, I should have thrown away my time most lamentable in a Duke's hall for forty years and better. Why, madam, I knows people o' fashion, afore I sees 'em at all.

Mrs. B. Well, I ha'n't an idear o' that. Lor' ! how can you do that ?

Bolt. By the sound o' their 'osses' feet.

Mrs. B. Well, if ever ! Now, are you a-going it on me ?

Bolt. I knows my place better, madam.

Mrs. B. Then, how can you do it ?

Bolt. Why, suppose a Jarvey drives to the door, I knows, in course, it can't be good company as comes in a Jarvey.

Mrs. B. Oh, if you see an 'ackney coach, of course.

Bolt. But I don't want to see it! I knows it's a Jarvey without seeing it.

Mrs. B. How?

Bolt. Lor'! A well edicated dog would know that! First, the 'osses, you see, they shuffles up in a stumbling way, and there's a loose, rumbling sound of wheels; and then, the 'osses stops slow, and in a minute or so you hear wooden shoes a-clatterin' on the flags, and then comes a vulgar whack at the door! High-bred servants is never in a hurry to open the door to such as that — they takes no pleasure in it — can't be expected, you know, madam.

Mrs. B. Well, I see how you know an 'ackney coach; but how could you tell the difference between a handsome job carriage and —

Bolt. La! A job! I'd know the roll of a job round the corner of the street; but when a tip-top turn-out comes up to the door, you hear the wheels rattle as brisk as the roll of a drum — the 'osses comes up with a rush, and stops as short as if they was shot, and the same instant they stop, comes the fashionable rat-tat-tat at the door — no wooden shoes on the flags — no delay between the halt and the knock — for a clean-limbed footman, with a thin pump and silk stockings, is down from his stand like a hopera dancer, and handles the knocker with taste and feeling. A high-bred footman must have a fine touch on the knocker.

Mrs. B. Well, you do surprise me!

Bolt. [L.] Why, madam, in course, there's niceties in all professions. Bless you! I can tell the difference between the light run of a chari't and the full tone of a family carriage. Aye, and the mixture of both that's in a britska.

Mrs. B. Becky, love, [*Aside.*] he's the very thing

for me, I'm convinced on it. [To BOLT.] Well, now, I'm going to open my house with a grand concert: I expect a great many fine people here, and, for that night, you don't object to be in the hall, I suppose?

Bolt. [L.] By no means, madam; it's my place.

Mrs. B. But, at the same time, I'll want you to be in other places, after the company comes. I want you to be on the look-out — see that all is going on right — to be alive, in short. — I like people to be alive.

Bolt. Why, madam, that is rather out of my line, what you ask me to do.

Mrs. B. I insist on your doing it! I'll pay you what you like, but do it you must; for nothing can be out of your line. If you can know so much through a hall door, what must you not know inside of one? I'm sure you could see through a mile-stone!

[*Exit,* R.]

Reb. [Rising, and coming down, R.] When the Duke dispensed with your services, did he not bestow on you some means of support, beyond your own exertions?

Bolt. Not a farthing, mum!

Reb. Is not that unusual?

Bolt. To the honour of the British nobility, it is, young lady.

Reb. It seems strange to me, that a nobleman could behave so unworthily to an old dependent.

Bolt. [With an offended air.] Mayhap, miss, you think I misbehaved, and was discharged for —

Reb. [Embarrassed.] No, no! Believe me, I meant no such insinuation; it was only wonder at the Duke's conduct, and interest in your situation, that prompted the remark. Then, you are now quite dependent on future servitude for support?

Bolt. [L.] No, thank heaven! — kind young lady — I have a small matter granted to me, by a grandson of the old Duke; though he can but ill afford it, for he is a younger son of a younger son, and has only his pay as a

naval officer, to support the appearance of a gentleman — and a gentleman he is, every inch of him ! But he, out of his small means, granted poor old Bolt what his rich uncle refused out of his ducal affluence.

Reb. Heaven bless him !

Bolt. Amen ! And heaven bless you, sweet young lady, for feeling as you do for an old servant. Not an old servant of *yours*, it is true ; but, from this hour, I hope I may be long in your service, to prove how I feel this touch of your benevolence.

Reb. Thank you, thank you, old man. Tell me the name of your benefactor — tell me his name, that I may honour it.

Bolt. Bless your dear heart ! [REBECCA evinces surprise.] I beg your pardon, mum ! His name is the Honourable Augustus Fitzallan. "My little Gusty," as he used to be, when I carried him on my back round the hall, many a time — and he called me "his old horse." And whenever he came home for the holidays, he always brought me something in the way of a present ; and whenever he dined at the Duke's, after he had grown up to manhood, he never passed by the old hall chair without asking the old man in it if he was well. Bless his heart ! He's the — [Much affected.] I beg your pardon, young lady ; but I forget myself, when I talk of Mr. Augustus.

Reb. [Her handkerchief to her eyes.] Better you should forget yourself, than not remember so kind a friend !

[*Exit, R.*

Bolt. There's a sentiment worthy of coming from under a shovel hat and a big wig, though it stole out through a bunch of curls, from a rosy young mouth ; and I don't know if it's the worse for that. That girl is the right thing altogether — her mother's a rum un — I suppose her father's of a good stock. However, she has the good drop in her veins, wherever it comes from. Lor' ! what queer things Nature does sometimes ! Now,

there's that girl, the daughter of that funny old mother, and she's as right down a lady in her heart as a duchess! Though hard up, at present, I don't think I'd ha' engaged with the missus, herself; but I'll stay here now, and nothing I won't do, for the sake of that darling girl! I'd — I'd — dash my buttons, I could clean knives for her!

[Exit, L.

Enter LADY POTTS and MRS. BETT, R., in carriage dresses.

Mrs. B. My dear Lady Potts, I thank you from the bottom of my heart! Then it is to be — I am to have the concert at my house?

Lady Pot. It is so arranged. And some very high company, indeed, will be here.

Mrs. B. Oh, delightful. Then I am to invite them, I suppose?

Lady Pot. By no means. They come without any invitation from you.

Mrs. B. Well, that's free and easy, however, to go into a person's house without being asked.

Lady Pot. It is Madame Singhiganloe, who brings them here.

Mrs. B. Oh! a custom with them poor foreigners, I suppose, to ask a party to meet in somebody else's house.

Lady Pot. [R.] Exactly.

Mrs. B. [L.] Well, it's a cheap way of asking company, however! I thought I should have asked people to my own concert.

Lady Pot. You forget, my dear Mrs. Bett.

Mrs. B. Best, if you please, my dear Lady Potts, we have made a *leetle* alteration in our name. Best is our name, if you please.

Lady Pot. Well, 'tis for the better, I must own.

Mrs. B. For the best, you mean! [Laughs.]

Lady Pot. But, my dear Mrs. Best, you must remem-

ber that for this concert, you could not send invitations ; for 't is a subscription concert.

Mrs. B. Lady Potts, I scorn a subscription ! I don't value the expense — no, not a pinch of snuff. I'll pay for it all, myself !

Lady Pot. You mistake, my dear, totally, the nature of a subscription concert. Madame Singhiganloe cannot afford to engage a public concert room ; so she passes tickets among her friends, stating that you have kindly consented to throw open your rooms on the occasion. By which means, you perceive, you will secure much higher people to come to your house, than you could yet hope for from invitation, and it may be the means of your making some fashionable acquaintances.

Mrs. B. Oh ! Now I begin to smell the rat !

Lady Pot. At least, you will secure the satisfaction of having people of rank in your house, and quantities of carriages at your door !

Mrs. B. Delightful ! My dear Lady P., you are my backbone — my bosom friend ! [Embraces her.]

Lady Pot. And I have got such a charming man to introduce to you ! He promised to meet us in the Park to-day. He's the son of a Baronet, with a large West India property — he's going out as Governor soon. Would n't that be a match for your daughter ?

Mrs. B. Lor' ! What a catch that would be ! My daughter, the Governess ! [Calls, crossing to R.] Becky ! Becky !

Lady Pot. My dear Mrs. Best, abbreviations are not used in good society.

Mrs. B. There sha'n't be one at my party, be assured of it ! Becky ! Becky !

Lady Pot. My dear Mrs. Best, call her Rebecca, 't is more genteel.

Mrs. B. Oh ! That's the thing, is it ? Very well. Rebecca ! Rebecca !

Enter REBECCA, in a carriage dress, R.

How dilitarious you are !

Reb. I beg your pardon if I have kept you waiting, mamma.

Mrs. B. Let me see — are you set off to advantage ? Deuce take the girl, she will always dress so plain, all I can do. Lady Potts and I want you to look smart in the brisket, when we ride in the Park to-day ; for there's a Baronet's son to be there, and you must let him see I have a daughter that's not to be sneezed at !

Reb. [R.] La ! mamma, how can you talk so ?

Mrs. B. Oh ! How modest we are ! Must n't girls be married ? I ask you that ?

Reb. It's time enough, mamma, yet.

Lady Pot. [Crosses to c.] My dear child, this is the son of a baronet ; if you could get him to marry you, you'd be a lady, in time.

Mrs. B. Think o' that ! I wish I could be a lady !

Reb. But I don't want to be a lady.

Mrs. B. Wait till you see the man, child.

Reb. I know I can't like him.

Mrs. B. Hoity, toity ! I suppose, indeed, you're still thinking of that rubbishy young man that you met down at that dirty Chatham !

Reb. La ! mamma, how can you call Chatham a dirty place ?

Mrs. B. Silence, miss ! I put a stop to that, very soon. A fellow without a shilling, Lady Potts ! But I sent him off, with a flea in his ear — I did !

Reb. We were both poor, then ; but now —

Mrs. B. That's as much as to say that I might give you to him now, with a fortune. Not a bit of it ! He shall never put his ugly nose inside my doors !

Reb. You know, mamma, he has n't an ugly nose — indeed — [Crying.]

Mrs. B. Stop, miss, stop your snivelling, or you'll

have an ugly nose, too ; it's beginning to get red, already. Mop up your eyes there and look lively. The brisket's at the door, and I can wait no longer. Oh ! Lady Potts, what a dreadful dispensary of Providence daughters is !

[*Exeunt*, L.]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II

SCENE I.—*The hall of MRS. BETT'S house—Practicable hall folding doors—Porter's chair in the hall, which is handsomely appointed.*

BOLT, *in a rich livery, discovered sitting in the hall chair, U. E. L.; a table, pens, ink, and cards, before him.*

Bolt. Well, this is a comfortable situation I hold ; — very ! But it is odd to me, too, after the fine houses I have been in, and knowing the best of the nobility, since I was as high as my knee. As this queer mistress of mine promised, I've plenty to eat and drink — capital wages ! — control over all the servants. As for that matter, missus herself takes my word for a great deal : the regulation of everything up and down. And yet, I'm like a fish out of water here — I'm not in my element — I was born for high life. The fact is, I wouldn't stand it a week only for Miss Rebecca, she's a darling — she's an angel — she's a trump ! With such a feeling for good breeding. — La ! What a pity she hadn't early advantages, like me. Now, I've been thinking that she'd be a nice match for my little Gusty ! — A fine fortune, which he wants, and a handsome girl, which always lay in his way. He has rank, which her mother would like — good looks, which

the daughter would like ! It seems all ready for mixing if there was only a judicious hand to stir up the materials. Suppose I should try my hand at it ? I 'll think of it.

[*A carriage knock at the door, which BOLT opens. A carriage discovered at the door.*]

Enter MRS. BETT, REBECCA, LADY POTTS, and MR. DIGBY DARLINGTON ; followed by JAMES and THOMAS, highly powdered, in liveries, with long sticks in their hands.

Dar. [*With exaggerated politeness to REBECCA.*] Allow me, Miss Best, to have the honour. [*Removing her cloak which he hands to SERVANTS.*] What a delicious ride we have had, to be sure ! Delicious ! Never saw a finer day on the Continent !

[*BOLT eyes DARLINGTON suspiciously.*]

Mrs. B. [*To LADY POTTS.*] What elegant manners, Lady Potts !

Lady Pot. Quite a Chesterfield !

Dar. [*Crosses to MRS. BETT.*] Allow me to take your cloak too.

Mrs. B. Oh, don't fatigue yourself ; it 's heavy, lined all through with real sable, the dearest fur as is.

Dar. Superb ! 'Pon my life ! Never saw handsomer on the Continent ! [*Takes cloak, and hands it to JAMES, R.*]

Mrs. B. And now, Mr. Darlington, you must be hungry after your ride ; I know I am, so come in, and take a bite of something.

Dar. You do me honour. [*REBECCA is going, but DARLINGTON intercepts and offers his arm.*] Permit me the felicity.

Mrs. B. [*Pointing outside.*] How do you like my new stair carpet ?

Dar. Intensely splendid ! Never saw a finer in Brussels ! [*Looking through eye-glass.*]

Mrs. B. 'T was the dearest carpet at Sewall & Cross's! Come, my dear Lady P. Jeemes, tell the coachman to put up the brisket.

[*Exeunt* MRS. BETT, LADY POTTS, REBECCA, and DARLINGTON; two SERVANTS following, s. E. R.]

Jam. [With grotesque politeness.] After you. [*Points the way to THOMAS.*]

Tho. No. [*Copying JAMES.*] After you. [*Exeunt.*]

Bolt. [Looking after DARLINGTON.] That's not a gentleman—and yet I have met him in high life somewhere; but he's no gentleman! [*Mimics.*] "Permit me the felicity." That's Brummagem. I sees the copper, through the plating. Rat it! I can't think where I could have met with such a fellow in the fashionable world!

Enter PAT, s. E. R.

Pat. Mr. Bowlt, the Misthris wants you, sir. [*Retires to the back of the stage, towards table.*]

Bolt. [Aside.] She's always wanting me! She calls me her hall porter, but I'm more like a maid-of-all-work. [*Exit*, s. E. R.]

JAMES and THOMAS come forward, R.

Jam. Well, that is the rummest missis of ours, I ever see!

Tho. [L.] A reg'lar rum-un! I intends givin' notice, soon. Only, being out of place a long while, and some of my things being up the spout, I must wait till I can get a few on 'em down again, and then hop the twig!

Jam. No more I could stand it; only that I wants to get a character, and then cut my lucky's the word. A man's manners would be destroyed here.

Tho. There's no inducement to stay.

Jam. Tho' the daughter's a fine gal! [*Crosses to L.*]

Tho. Jim, that's no go; she has summut in her brain-box, my boy.

Jam. 'Fraid she has. What a bore a sensible gal is!

Tho. What the deuce shall we do to amuse ourselves?

[*Yawns.*]

Jam. I'm sure I don't know, unless we quiz the Irishman.

Tho. Good idear, that!

Jam. Well, run to the kitchen, and bring me a couple of taters, and we'll have prime fun! [*Exit THOMAS, L.*] Peddy! Peddy! [*PAT takes no notice.*] Why don't you answer, Peddy?

Pat. [L.] Is it to me, you're talkin'?

Jam. [R.] Certainly. Did n't I say Peddy?

Pat. My name is not Peddy. It's Pat.

Jam. Well, Pat; or "Peetrick," as that rum creetur, our missis, says.

Pat. See now — don't disparage the woman whose bread you're atin'!

Re-enter THOMAS, L., with two potatoes.

Jam. Oh, Tom! Pat is sentimental: he won't hear missis called a rum-un!

Re-enter BOLT, S. E. R., who pauses on hearing the last words.

Pat. I say, again, don't disparage the woman whose bread you're atin'!

Bolt. [*Aside.*] Right! [*Sits in his chair L., up stage.*]

Jam. Strike me romantic! But, as I was saying, Peetrick. Peetrick is a Hirish name — you're Hirish, I presume?

Pat. I know you do presume.

Bolt. [*Aside.*] Good, again!

Jam. At least, I understand you're Hirish.

Pat. It's well you undershtand anything.

[*Bell rings, S. E. R.*

Jam. But come, now, Peetrick, 'ant you Hirish?

Pat. What's that to you?

Jam. [Crosses to THOMAS.] See how I 'll nick him now. [Showing the potatoes to PAT.] You know what them is ? [Bell rings, s. e. R.]

Pat. [Pointing towards sound of the bell.] Do you know what *that* is ?

Jam. She can wait. First answer my question — do you know what them is ? What do you call them ?

Pat. I don't call them, at all, and if I did call them, they would n't come.

Mrs. B. [Within, s. e. R.] James ! James !

Pat. But *you* 're called, and you must go.

Bolt. [Advancing to JAMES, l.] Why don't you answer the bell, you jackanapes ?

Jam. You 're not my master, you old bear.

[Exit sulkily, s. e. R.]

Bolt. Bear ! The old servant of a duke to be called a bear, by a twopenny-ha'penny cur like that !

Pat. [Smiling at him.] Sure, you 're like a bear, anyhow !

Bolt. [With a frown.] What ?

Pat. Didn't you bring the monkey [Points after JAMES.] on your back ?

[Exit THOMAS with offended dignity, l.]

Bolt. [Smiling.] Oh ! You 're a queer fellow, Pat ; and an honest fellow, Pat. Pat, I respect you. [Shakes hands.]

Pat. I 'm obligeed to you, Misther Bowlt ; and in throth there 's no love lost between us, for I respect you, and always did.

Bolt. Hollo ! Not always, Pat ! That 's so like you Irish — always saying too much. How could you respect me always, when you 've only known me a week ?

Pat. Sure, I could n't respect you any longer than I 've known you.

Bolt. [l.] But that 's not always.

Pat. [r.] Always since I knew you.

Bolt. You will not understand how absurd you are.

Well, it can't be helped. I say I respect you, Pat, for the manner you spoke about your mistress just now. But there is another thing I do not respect you for.

Pat. Why how can you split your respect that way, like a head o' salary?

Bolt. I respect what is worthy, and I do not respect what is unworthy. You *denied* your country, this morning. *You're an Irishman.*

Pat. I am, sir.

Bolt. Do you love your country?

Pat. [With energy.] Oh! Don't cut my heart by axin' that question. Is it love my own darlin' Ireland, that I'm far away from! Oh! wisha! wisha! [Much moved.]

Bolt. [Laying his hand kindly on PAT's shoulder.] Then, why did you deny it?

Pat. Misther Bowlt, distress is a sore thing; I'm here a shtanger, and am looking for a place this ever so long, and people sometimes won't give you a place when you ax for it with a brogue. At first I did n't mind it; but when I found that I got many a door slapped in my face, on account of the poor counthry, the pride broke down in me, and I swallowed my shame, as well as I could, when I denied owld Ireland.

Bolt. Then you *were* ashamed of it?

Pat. To be sure I was! Why would n't I? But, sure, I did n't deny my counthry to you.

Bolt. You did not, indeed, Pat.

Pat. Becase you spoke me kind, sir. But, Mr. Bowlt, hardship will take the pride out o' the best of us; and when a poor, friendless Irishman, in London, finds peoples *ears* more tendher than their *hearts*, who can blame him if he puts his pride in his pocket, and shtrives to spake fine?

Bolt. You have no loss in not living with such narrow-minded people; so never deny your country again.

Pat. Is n't it hard, Mr. Bowlt, that a poor fellow

should be turned away without a trial, and all for the way he spakes? Is his heart the worse, or his head the weaker, becase his tongue may be a thrifle broader, and can't whip round the corner of a word as fast as the Lunnun chaps? And should he starve for that?

Bolt. They who feed full never think there is such a thing as starvation. How should a poor Irishman starve, with such a fine mouthful of a brogue? He is naturally so merry, they think it can do him no harm to plunge him into misery; and asks so humbly, they think it would be a pity to spoil his humility by encouragement. But, Pat, Pat, the greater part of England, believe me, are above so poor a prejudice; so never deny your country again, if you hope to be respected; for an Englishman is too fond of his *own* native land, not to honour every other man who is fond of *his*! [Exit F. E. R.

Pat. It's a comfort to hear that owld man spake; for it makes me think I'm a blackguard! God bless you, Mr. Bowlt; I'll never deny my countrhy again.

[Exit L.

Re-enter JAMES, S. E. R., and THOMAS, S. E. L.

Jam. Did you ever see such a brute as that porter feller?

Tho. [L.] He's a nuisance! But it's all along of his having lived with a juke.

Jam. [R.] Smother a juke! I lived with a man o' fashion always. I never know'd a master o' mine as was n't in the Bench — that's the time o' day! Now, your slow-coach people would call old Bolt a good servant; but I call him a reg'lar bad-un! 'Cause a good servant ought to take care of a servant's hinterest, not of a master's hinterest; for servants and masters is nat'r'l enemies.

Tho. No doubt of it.

Jam. 'Cause it's a fine hold moral observation, that "the devil takes care of his hown!"

Tho. [Yawns.] Very true. But, I say, what shall we do for amusement?

Jam. Don't know, I'm sure! The Hirish feller is gone.

Tho. I say though, Jem, that Irish feller is a file. He hit you hard, once or twice — 'pon honour he did?

Jam. Why you see them Hirish is not up to good society, so they always says something as you never 'eared afore — some awkward thing, as you don't know how to answer. But come to the door, and we'll look out — capital fun, sometimes, to quiz the women as they pass!

[*JAMES and THOMAS open the door, and lean against the jamb, c.*

Do look there! Look at that guy of a woman coming round the corner! Did you ever see such a bonnet? Ha! ha! ha! She's coming this way — we'll quiz her. [*Nods.*] How d'ye do? How d'ye do? [*To THOMAS.*] She's vexed, Tom. Capital fun! Ha! ha! ha!

Re-enter BOLT, s. e. r.; who pauses and observes them.

Tho. Here's another! Twig her toggery. Uncommonly ugly gownd!

Jam. But uncommon pretty legs. Cotton stockings though. How I do despise cottons! [*Speaks as if to some one outside.*] Handsomest legs I've seen a long time. How d'ye do? Ha! ha! ha! Capital! Did you ever see any woman look so angry in your life? Ha! ha! ha! That's capital!

Bolt. [*Goes to door, and shuts it indignantly, c.*] Fellow, how dare you?

Jam. [R.] Hallo! This is a pretty go! What do you mean, old chap?

Bolt. [c.] I mean, that I will never permit the porch I have charge of to be a cage for powdered monkeys to insult defenceless ladies!

Jam. Ladies don't go a walking through the town.

Bolt. Many a lady walks.

Jam. She should have her footman after her. [Taking snuff.]

Bolt. She may not be rich enough to indulge in such a nuisance! I knew a lady once, the daughter of a viscount — she was portionless and married a young soldier; his pay was all his fortune, and he was abroad fighting his country's battles, and she in humble lodgings. News came home of victory; the town was mad with joy; but she only thought of the one life dear to her: she ran through the streets, to the minister's office, to know if her husband was safe; and as she passed an open portal, where some stall-fed menials were lounging in lewd idleness, she was insulted! A paltry lacquey insulted the noble wife of a brave soldier, who was keeping in security the very city where his wife was not safe from a menial's insolence.

Jam. You're a fine romantic old chap. But I knows better; ladies rides in carriages, and never walks.

Bolt. Many a lady of birth is unable to keep her carriage.

Jam. Well, I never respects your poor predestinarians as walks the flags.

Bolt. Fellow! that flag-way is the Queen's; and the pathway that is hers should be safe for every lady in England. [JAMES snaps his fingers.] Before this door, at least, it shall be free from powdered impertinence and liveried ruffianism!

Jam. I say, old chap, do you mean to call me a ruffian?

Bolt. Aye; and a coward, too!

Enter PAT, s. e. r.

Jam. Why you cursed old crab!

[He lays hold of him by the collar; PAT rushes between and burls him away.

Pat. Take your hands off him, you vagabone !

Jam. Hallo ! St. Giles is up, I see !

Pat. Get out, you blackguard ! You'd insult a defenceless woman, or lay hands on a wake owd man ; but would n't fight your match, you polthroon ! Your heart is as white as your wig, you lily-livered cauli-flower-headed thief.

Jam. [Walking up to PAT.] Do you mean that to be personal ?

Pat. No ; but I mean this to be personal !

[Turns him round by the collar and kicks him.]

Jam. [With dignity.] I'll have satisfaction for this to-morrow !

Pat. I'll take my satisfaction to-day, then !

[Kicks him off, L.]

Bolt. Well done ! Go it again, Paddy ! He has kicked the scoundrel down the stairs ! The Irish are a fine people !

[Exit, F. E. R.]

SCENE II.—*A room in AUGUSTUS FITZALLAN'S lodgings.*

Enter AUGUSTUS and TRUEMAN, L.

Aug. I am glad I was so fortunate as to meet you at the door, Mr. Trueman, and save you the trouble of calling twice ; for I know your time is valuable.

Tru. Never more so, sir, than when it is employed to oblige my friends. I say oblige, Mr. Fitzallan, in contradistinction to professional engagement ; for though I have the honour to be your noble father's solicitor, this is not a thirteen-and-fourpenny visit.

Aug. Pray be seated, Mr. Trueman.

[They draw chairs and sit.]

Tru. You are aware, Mr. Fitzallan, your noble father places great confidence in me.

Aug. No more, sir, than you are worthy of.

Tru. Thank you, Mr. Fitzallan ! Therefore, he has entrusted to me a delicate business, touching your interest. Your father, sir, is anxious you should marry.

Aug. Who ?

Tru. A fortune, sir.

Aug. Oh !

Tru. In the course of my professional business certain little secrets come within my knowledge. We 'll suppose there is a Lord A. ; he has many sons — B., C., D., E., F., G. ; there is a rich commoner, H. ; then there 's his solicitor, I. ; then there 's the commoner's daughter, K. — Now commoner H. has money ; Lord A. has none ; but he has a son, B., C., D., E., F., G., as the case may be, and his rank is to weigh against Miss H.'s money. Solicitor I. is entrusted with the fact that such a thing would be agreeable ; he communicates between the parties. Commoner H. is ready with his daughter, and the money, if Lord A. is ready with his son, and a title.

Aug. Sufficiently explained — I am B., C., D., E., F., or G. It is the first time I ever knew I was a man of letters. But as you have put the question in this alphabetical shape, I will ask you in the same fashion, are there not certain letters that never combine well together ? Suppose I could not like this rich lady ?

Tru. That 's supposing an extreme case, sir ; young gentlemen generally do like rich ladies.

Aug. I don 't deny it, but I happen to have a conscience about me on such matters ; and I am determined never to marry a woman I cannot love.

Tru. I honour your determination, sir. But you might love this lady, should you see her.

Aug. Impossible !

Tru. Then your heart must be already engaged ?

Aug. It is.

Tru. Perhaps a better fortune than I had to offer ?

Aug. No, sir ; the lady I love is, I believe, penniless.

Tru. Mr. Fitzallan, excuse my bluntness ! but surely you would not, knowing how impossible it is for my Lord to assist you — and you but with your pay — you would not, I say, marry a portionless wife ?

Aug. Decidedly not, I will never place my wife in the pitiable position of bearing a title of honour with a life of privation. But neither will I wrong any lady, by the offer of a hand that has not a heart in it.

Enter SERVANT, L.

Ser. A person, sir, of the name of BOLT, wishes to see you.

Aug. Show him up. [Exit SERVANT, L.]

Tru. Mr. Fitzallan, I honour your feeling and integrity ; and though your father may regret he cannot have a daughter-in-law as soon as he wished, he must be proud in having such a son ! [Exit, L.]

Aug. That's the most pleasing attorney I ever saw in my life.

Enter BOLT, L.

Ah ! Bolt, how d' ye do ? I'm glad to see you !

Bolt. Thank you, Mr. Augustus.

Aug. But you're in livery again. And what a smart livery, too !

Bolt. Yes, it's that has partly brought me to you. I've got a place, and a good one, too, and I knew you'd be glad to hear it, and so I came to tell you.

Aug. You're a good old fellow, Bolt ; and I'm delighted to hear it.

Bolt. There's something else I want to say, too, and I hope you won't be angry, Mister 'Gustus.

Aug. Angry with you, Bolt. No ! no !

Bolt. Well, then, you'll excuse me, I know. I don't want that pension now, that you — bless your good heart ! — gave to poor old Bolt when he was discharged.

Aug. Pooh ! pooh !

Bolt. I don't want it, indeed I don't. And I know that you have nothing to spare, Mr. Augustus.

Aug. Quite enough to afford you that.

Bolt. When I was discharged, and in want, I took it, and blessed you for it ; and though I sha'n't want it now, I'll bless you just as much as if I did, Mister Augustus. But I won't have it any more, indeed I won't ! Come, you must n't be vexed with old Bolt, you know — your old horse.

Aug. My old horse is inclined to kick up his heels, I think.

Bolt. And why should n't he, when 't was you gave him a paddock to kick up his heels in, in his old age, when others turned him out on the bare common to die ? You know there should be no shyness between us. Haven't I nursed you as a baby — taught you to whip top — play at taw — held you on your pony — been everything to you ? And should n't I be allowed to say now, that a young Navy officer has no money to spare out of his pay ?

Aug. Hang the money, Bolt ! Say no more about it, if you don't want to offend me. You're a good fellow, and deserve all the kindness I can show you.

Bolt. Well, Mr. Augustus, I'll say no more about that. I would n't offend you for the world ! And yet, there's another little matter I'd like to speak to you about ; only I'm afraid that might offend you more.

Aug. Never mind — out with it.

Bolt. Well, now, do you know, I have got such a longing — I have !

Aug. A longing for what ?

Bolt. To dandle a son of yours on my knee.

Aug. And do you think I have got a son ready made to accommodate you ?

Bolt. Lor' ! Mister Augustus, I'm not the parish beadle.

Aug. Then what do you mean?

Bolt. Why, I wish you were married. There, now it's out.

Aug. [Aside.] Why, what's in the wind, that every one wants me to marry? [To BOLT.] Pray, what put that in your head?

Bolt. Why, Mr. Augustus, I was a thinking, that if you could get a nice girl, with a good fortune, that it would just suit. A fortune I don't think you'd object to —

Aug. Certainly not.

Bolt. A nice girl, I know you'd not object to. He! he! he! I know —

Aug. You're an old rogue, Bolt!

Bolt. Well, you've the advantage of me, for you're a young rogue! But I was dying to say, that I know a nice girl — a charming girl with plenty of money — lots — rolling in wealth! Such a nice match for you! Such eyes — and such hair — and such lips! — and such a neck! — and such a — Oh, la! I know she's just to your taste.

Aug. Why, you seem to know my taste wonderfully well, Bolt!

Bolt. And so I ought. Do you think I don't remember when you was running after —

Aug. I know what you're going to say. Come here, sit down; [They are seated.] I'll tell you what I never told anybody yet. When I was down with my ship at Sheerness, it was plaguy dull, and I sometimes ran up to Chatham, for a little fun — you know, Bolt, I was always fond of a bit of lark!

Bolt. I have let you in very late in the morning, many a time. Often have I opened the hall door to you and the old tomcat together, sir!

Aug. Well, in a simple citizen's family, there, I met such a sweet girl! I must tell you I only visited in plain clothes, doused the uniform, and sunk the

"honourable." I was plain Billy Allan; but the girl grappled my heart so fast, that I struck my colours.

Bolt. Lor! Mister Augustus, how could you engage a privateer, in that way, when you were entitled to attack a first-rate?

Aug. The fortune of war, I suppose, Bolt. But there's the end of it. I have not seen her for some time, may never see her again; but no other woman can ever have my heart.

Bolt. Oh! Try it on, Mr. Augustus, try it on!

Aug. Do you think, Bolt, that love is like a boot; that you can try it on, as you say?

Bolt. Aye! And after you wear it a little time, it comes easier to you. Now, Mr. Augustus, will you do one thing for me? Just see the nice creetur I have in my eye for you. [They rise and put back chairs.]

Aug. There's no use in it, Bolt.

Bolt. If you only saw her! Beautiful—and better than she's beautiful—and richer than either!

Aug. No use.

Bolt. Well, you love a bit of fun at all events; and if you come where I want you to-night, you'll see some fun, if you see nothing else. There's a concert at the house in Belgrave Square, where I serve; a subscription concert—here's a ticket for it. Now, will you oblige an old man! Go to the concert, and I'll show you the girl there. Do, Mr. Augustus!

Aug. Well, a concert is a pleasant thing enough; so I'll go to oblige you, Bolt. But 'tis for the music, and not the girl, mind you!

Bolt. Never mind why you come, so you only see her—you must be married. [Hands the concert card.] That's the ticket!

[*Exeunt, L.*]

LAST SCENE.—*A saloon and ante-room in MRS. BETT'S house — the saloon in the distance.*

Enter MRS. BETT, from the saloon, gaudily dressed.

Mrs. B. There's the great room lit up and all ready; and they'll be coming soon now. Dear me, I'm all of a fidget: I declare my heart goes bump, bump, just as when I thought robbers was in the house, in Tooley-street. Now there's one thing I'm uncomfortable about: Lady Potts has not told me where I ought to be when the people comes. I think I'll ask Bolt. I'm in such a fidget I can't help asking it!

Enter BOLT, R., and crossing to L.

Oh! Bolt, you are just the person I want to speak to.

Bolt. [L.] Yes, mum!

Mrs. B. This is the first concert, Bolt, I ever had in my house; when people comes to take pot-luck with me, I know all about that; but a concert is not the same sort of thing, you know. And where should a lady be, Bolt, when the company comes?

Bolt. Ladies receives company in general, mum, in a little room, and they always stand behind the door.

Mrs. B. Well, I never would ha' thought o' that!

Bolt. But that's not done at a concert, mum — only to one's own friends.

Mrs. B. But I'll make them all my friends.

Bolt. You've ordered refreshments, too, ma'am, and that's not usual at a concert.

Mrs. B. I don't care; no one shall leave my house hungry, if I can help it. [A knocking.] Oh, dear! Here they come! Bolt, don't go away. Lor'! what a fidget I am in! Just give me a hint now and then, Bolt! for, though I know about other sorts of company, I never had a concert before.

[She stands behind the door. Company enter; MRS.

BETT rushes out on them, and shakes their hands — company look surprised. BOLT gives her a signal to desist. Company pass into saloon.

What's the matter?

[Knocking.]

Bolt. Beg pardon, ma'am, must n't shake hands so — not the thing. A lady should receive her company as if she did n't like to see them — so. [Mimics the dry, formal air of receiving.]

Mrs. B. What queer people, people of fashion must be.

[Knocking, L.]

[More company arrive; MRS. BETT receives them in a grotesque style of distant civility. Continued knocking, and arrival of company, who sit round the ante-room. PAT ushers in LADY POTTS, and DARLINGTON.]

Pat. [Announces loudly.] Mrs. Potts! [Turns round to LADY POTTS.] I beg your pardon, my lady. Lady Potts! [Very loud.] Mister Darleton!

Dar. Digby Darlington. [To PAT.]

Pat. Diggory Darleton! [Exit, L.]

Mrs. B. My dear Lady P., I'm so delighted to see you! And you, Mr. Darlington!

Dar. You do me proud.

Lady Pot. He's quite enamoured of your daughter.

Mrs. B. Delightful!

Dar. Where is your charming daughter, madam?

Mrs. B. I believe she is in the other room.

Dar. I fly! [Exit to saloon, up stage.]

Lady Pot. He'll propose to her to-night.

Mrs. B. You don't say so!

Lady Pot. Fact! [Exit to saloon.]

[Company assemble in numbers; MRS. BETT ducks and smiles.]

Mrs. B. Lor'! how tired I am — my legs do ache so!

[She is going to sit down, but is prevented by BOLT.]

Bolt. A lady never sits down while she receives company.

Mrs. B. Lor' ! How hard !

[*The ante-room is full of company who sit in groups, whispering.*]

[*Aside.*] I never did see such a mumchance set. [To BOLT.] How stupid they are !

Bolt. That's the fashion.

Mrs. B. But are there no more people a coming to the concert ?

Bolt. Lor' ! ma'am, the concert room is quite full — the company has gone in through the other door.

[*Knocking.*]

[*More company — they crowd to the concert room. The symphony begins.*]

Mrs. B. Oh ! They 're going to begin now, I 'm sure — I 'm glad. I 'll have a song for my money, however !

[*Singing commences in the saloon, within, and the company in the ante-room begin to talk loudly.*]

Hush ! hush ! [*Going about eagerly amongst the company.*] Hush !

Bolt. [*Twitching the end of her gown.*] It 's the fashion to talk when the singing begins.

Mrs. B. Well ! If ever !

Bolt. I will order up the refreshment now ; for the more noise there is during the music, the more fashionable.

[*Exit R.*]

Enter LADY POTTS, from saloon.

Lady Pot. Only think, Mrs. Best !

Mrs. B. I can't, my dear, with the noise.

Lady Pot. Only think ! Your daughter has refused Mr. Darlington !

Mrs. B. Refused that elegant man ! My troubles will never end !

Lady Pot. I 'll introduce no more beaux.

[*Exit in a buff, L.*]

Mrs. B. My dear Lady P.! [Follows her out, L.]

Enter REBECCA, followed by DARLINGTON from saloon.

Reb. [R.] Mr. Darlington, I have already given you my answer.

Dar. [L.] Adorable perfection! Have compassion on the most devoted of men. On my knees let me implore you. [Kneels.]

Enter BOLT, with SERVANTS, L., who hand refreshments to the company, up stage.

Reb. Sir, do not expose yourself and me, in this manner.

Bolt. [Coming forward, and observing DARLINGTON sharply.] Where's your mamma, madam?

[DARLINGTON rises.]

Reb. I don't know. Pray, Mr. Darlington, go into the saloon; you will draw observation upon me otherwise.

Dar. You drive me to despair! [Slapping his forehead.] [Retires to saloon.]

Reb. Where is mamma, Bolt?

Bolt. Talking to Lady Potts.

Reb. That horrid woman!

Bolt. Lady Potts is boiling over with rage, on the lobby.

Reb. I must see mamma. [Crosses and exit, L.]

Bolt. Where is it I've seen that Brummagem beau? I'm racking my brain, ever since I saw him first, to recollect him. I have it! I have it! He's Lord Scampington's valet—the rascal! His moustachios, wig, and whiskers disguised him from me; but I'll expose the scoundrel! [Exit to saloon.]

[SERVANTS continue to handle refreshments. “*The Last Rose of Summer*” is sung within. PAT stops in the middle of the room, with a salver full of ices the moment he hears it.]

Pat. Och! My darlin' owld Ireland, there's a song o' your own. [*Song continues.*] Oh! listen to that. [*Song continues.*] Oh! My heart's as full as a bed-tick this minit! [*Song concludes.*] My blessin' on your pretty pipe, whoever you are!

Re-enter BOLT, from saloon; he approaches PAT, R.

Bolt. What are you standing here for? The ices are all melting.

Pat. Och! Sure, that tchune would melt anything.
[*Exit L.*]

Bolt. I cannot see that impostor with the whiskers. But the scoundrel shall not escape me; I will find him.

[*Exit, L.*]

Re-enter MRS. BETT, L.

Mrs. B. Where can Becky be! Lady Potts is deranged — quite in a lucid state.

Enter LADY PHIGGINS, ushered in by PAT, L.

Pat. Lady Phiggins, ma'am!

[*MRS. BETT receives her with grotesque gravity; then goes to PAT.*]

Mrs. B. What is the reason that you are denouncing the company with your horrid brogue? Jeemes ought to denounce.

Pat. James says, ma'am, his business is to unbutton the ladies' carriage boots off their purty little ankles.

[*Exit, L.*]

Mrs. B. Where can that Becky be gone to? I must find her.

[*Exit, F. E. L.*]

Enter AUGUSTUS and REBECCA, D. F.

Aug. My dear girl, little did I dream of meeting you here!

Reb. I am as much surprised to see you, William.

Aug. How did you happen to come here?

Reb. Oh! [Aside.] I dare not tell him 'tis my mother's house, after the manner she behaved to him at Chatham.

Aug. You seem flurried, Rebecca! — perhaps —

Reb. No — no.

Aug. May be —

Reb. Not at all.

Mrs. B. [Without, s. e. R.] Rebecca!

Reb. Oh, dear! Follow me into the concert room.

[Exit to saloon.]

Enter MRS. BETT, s. e. L.

Mrs. B. Where is the girl? [Seeing AUGUSTUS.] What brings you here, sir?

Aug. A concert ticket, madam! [Exit to saloon, c.

Mrs. B. Well, that is brass! The fellow comes to my house, that I desired never to put his ugly nose into it; and dressed so grand, too, as if I would n't know him through all his fine clothes.

Enter BOLT, from saloon.

Bolt. [With great importance.] Madam, there's a villain in your house. [Comes down R.]

Mrs. B. I know it; I saw him go in there, this moment.

Bolt. Then have I your permission to turn him out?

Mrs. B. My orders for it, Bolt. [Exit BOLT, to saloon.] I'll show him, he sha'n't come a courting after my daughter!

Enter TRUEMAN and MR. BETT, ushered in by PAT, F. E. L.

Tru. You see it's true! Here's the fine house, a street full of carriages, a hall full of servants, and a house full of uproar.

Bett. I'm astonished! [Seeing MRS. BETT, walks up to her.] Well, Mrs. Bett!

Mrs. B. Lor'! Joe! Is that you? [Going to embrace him.]

Bett. Stand off! I'll have nothing to do with a mad woman.

Mrs. B. Mad, Mr. B.!

Bett. What's all this bobbery for? Eh? eh?

Tru. I told you how 't would be!

Bett. You always were a helping a lame dog over a stile, Mr. T.

Enter REBECCA and AUGUSTUS, from saloon. MRS. BETT looks furious.

Bett. [Embracing REBECCA.] Becky, my girl, I'm glad to see you!

Re-enter BOLT, from saloon.

Bolt. I can't find the scoundrel.

Mrs. B. Why there he is. [Pointing to AUGUSTUS, who comes down.]

Bolt. He! Why that's the Honourable Augustus Fitzallan! [REBECCA and MRS. BETT express astonishment.] Nephew to the Duke of Flamborough.

Mrs. B. Honourable Mr. Augustus, I beg your pardon! And will you marry Becky, with a large fortune, Mr. Fitzallan?

Aug. With all my heart, madam, since you consent.

Mrs. B. As welcome as the flowers in May!

Bolt. [To AUGUSTUS.] I told you how 't would be, when you tried it on a bit! Miss Rebecca gave the Chatham girl the go-by!

Aug. This is my own dear Chatham girl!

Bolt. Well, that beats cock-fighting! Bless you both! But I'm not satisfied till the humbug gentleman is out of the house. [Exit to saloon.

Aug. [To TRUEMAN.] Perhaps this is the lady that you wanted to marry me to?

Tru. No, Mr. Fitzallan, it is not; that is another fortune to be disposed of. But don't make yourself uneasy about the lady, there are plenty of young lords will be glad to have her. [Gets round to r. corner.]

Re-enter BOLT, dragging in DARLINGTON by the collar, followed by the company.

Bolt. Come along, you scoundrel!

Dar. Fellow, I'll punish this insolence!

Mrs. B. What are you doing, Bolt?

Bolt. Exposing an impostor! This is Lord Scampington's valet; who with moustachios, wig, and whiskers, passes off for a gentleman. Look here!

[Pulls off DARLINGTON'S wig, whiskers, and moustachios; exposing a red-headed crop. They laugh.

There's the fox for you in his true colours.

Mrs. B. Who wanted to run away with my young goose.

Bolt. I've shaken the fox, however. Pat, come here.

Pat. Yes, sir! [Coming down, l.]

Bolt. Kick this scoundrel downstairs.

Pat. [Seeing DARLINGTON.] Och! murther! Is that you? That's one o' the impudent thieves that slapped the door in my face, becase I was an Irishman! I'll return you the compliment now, and show you a short cut downstairs! Go out o' that, you vagabone!

[DARLINGTON runs out, l.; PAT following.

Bett. You see, my dear, how little you know about high-life.

Mrs. B. Indeed, I'm ashamed, Mr. Bett, of all my mistakes. I'll go down and live with you at Chatham; and leave the fine house here to the Honourable Mr. and Mrs. Fitzallan. Come! That's something, however!

Reb. And old Bolt shall live with his little Gusty.

Aug. Will you, Bolt?

Bolt. Won't I! Old Bolt will be proud to remain your hall porter; and will be always ready in opening the doors of this house to all who honour it with their visits!

THE END.

Disposition of Characters.

TRU. MRS. B. AUG. REB. BETT. BOLT. PAT.
R. L.

THE GREEK BOY

A MUSICAL DRAMA, IN TWO ACTS





Eliza, Helenus
Volume First.

Dedication

TO MADAME VESTRIS

DEAR MADAM,

The following dramatic trifle, only meant to be a slight fabric, through which to interweave equally slight music, I beg to dedicate to you, whose taste and care in its production, and exquisite singing in its representation, secured for it a kind reception.

Believe me, dear Madam,

Yours, very truly,

SAMUEL LOVER.

24, *Charles-street, Berners-street,*
London.



LIST OF CHARACTERS

DOGE.
DUKE VIVALDI.
COUNT MALVEGGIO.
VISCONTI.
CLAUDIO.
SILVIO.
HYLAS.
ANDREA.
PIETRO.
BERNARDO.
BASILLO.
MARCO.
GONDOLIERS.

COSTANZA.
BENEDETTA.
MARCELLA.

COSTUMES

DOGE — *First dress*: Crimson velvet robe, trimmed with dark fur, low round cap, black shoes. *Second dress*: Doge's state robes and cap.

DUKE VIVALDI — Black velvet shape with scarlet puffs, cap and single black feather, shoes and rosettes.

COUNT MALVEGGIO — Crimson shape with black puffs, black stockings and shoes, low round hat and feathers.

VISCONTI — Scarlet shape laced with gold, steel cuirass, cap, and white feathers, long yellow boots.

CLAUDIO — *First dress*: Brown shape, trimmed with blue, blue stockings, yellow shoes, brown cap. *Second dress*: Light blue shape with brown puffs, trimmed with silver, cap and feathers.

SILVIO — Rich flowered silk shape, yellow stockings, white shoes and red rosettes, white silk round cap, trimmed with red.

HYLAS — Green velvet Greek cap and jacket, richly embroidered with gold, full primrose-coloured kilt, scarlet leggings, embroidered with gold, green slippers.

ANDREA — Black velvet, with silk puffs, short arm-hole cloak, trimmed with light brown silk plush.

PIETRO — Red, trimmed with blue, russet boots.

BERNARDO — Black plain shape, black skull cap, notary's gown.

BASILLO — Brown Spanish shape, slashed with red, red hose, russet boots, black belt, slouch hat and black feather.

MARCO — Dark drab shape, slashed with red, russet boots, slouch hat.

GONDOLIERS — Various-coloured small clothes, full shirts, red sash round the waist, white stockings and shoes, jackets worn over the left shoulder, red caps.

CITIZENS — *Fancy dresses for Carnival.*

COSTANZA — Black velvet bodice, trimmed with silver, light blue satin skirt, laced with gold.

BENEDETTA — Black velvet bodice, red flowered brocade skirt.

MARCELLA — Dark brown bodice, with blue trimming, slate-coloured skirt.

Time of representation, one hour and seventeen minutes.

EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS

L. means *First Entrance, Left*; R. *First Entrance, Right*; S. E. L. *Second Entrance, Left*; S. E. R. *Second Entrance, Right*; U. E. L. *Upper Entrance Left*; U. E. R. *Upper Entrance Right*; C. *Centre*; L. C. *Left Centre*; R. C. *Right Centre*; T. E. L. *Third Entrance Left*; T. E. R. *Third Entrance Right*. Observing you are supposed to face the audience.

THE GREEK BOY

ACT I

SCENE I.—*The Workshop of a Jeweller— a lighted furnace with bellows, crucibles, bench, etc.— CLAUDIO and HYLAS discovered at work— CLAUDIO works the bellows while HYLAS polishes a ring, and sings—*

There once was a gallant knight —

 Ho, merrily, ho !

He sang to a lady bright —

 Oh, lady love, oh !

 Fal lal la !

“ I bring you a golden chain,

 ‘T is a sign you know,

I will ever your slave remain,

 Oh, lady love, oh ! ”

 Fal lal la !

Then softly the maid did sing —

“ Nothing of chains I know,

I rather would have a ring,

 Because it won’t let you go.”

 Fal lal la !

There ! the Doge’s ring is finished.

[*Approaches the furnace.*

While I hold this, will you remove the other to the
bench ?

[*CLAUDIO attempts to remove crucible.*

Ha ! — have a care or you will burn yourself.

Cla. I am but an awkward helpmate.

[*Removes crucible to bench.*

Hyl. Would that I could trouble you less.

[*Removes the second crucible, and they come forward.*]

Cla. Would rather that I could help you more.

Hyl. You helped me once in desperate need: 't is my turn now to do what little lies within my power.

Cla. Call you it little what you've done?

Hyl. Why, what else can be done by a little fellow like me?

Cla. You underrate yourself; faithful Hylas, you've been to me —

Hyl. The mouse, and you to me the lion.

Cla. Good mouse, you not only liberated the lion, but support him.

Hyl. We help to cheat the world together — ha! ha! A brave count turned goldsmith — his warlike steel exchanged for peaceful gold!

Cla. Call you gold peaceful? What makes war but gold?

Hyl. But where's such a plaster for a broken head?

Cla. For this same gold, my kinsman let me pine in prison — reports me dead, and in my absence seizes on my lands. I sometimes think I lead a dastard life in this concealment; I am all a cheat — I am not even a goldsmith — I'm but your bellows-blower.

Hyl. But think how you elevate the craft, when a count becomes a bellows-blower — besides you are an excellent bellows-blower — I'll raise your wages soon.

Cla. Light-hearted boy!

Hyl. Boy! [*Looking indignant.*]

Cla. Why, you are not a man?

Hyl. [*With smothered rage.*] You are the only man in Venice dare say as much.

Cla. Ha! ha! ha!

Hyl. I swear it by the Panagia!

Cla. By the goldsmith's daughter, you mean. Ha! you would be a man for Benedetta's sake — think you I have not marked your stolen glances?

Hyl. Nay, I never stole a glance—I have given a few, I do admit.

Cla. I take them to be stolen.

Hyl. Well, if you so receive them, thinking they're stolen, the receiver is as bad as the thief, you know.

Cla. [Archly.] Ah, Hylas, Hylas—these Venetians are water-nymphs, and you are caught like your namesake.

Hyl. I do confess. You love—and can tell the signs of love in others.

Cla. Good faith, I can—and by the token, Hylas, when work is over, I'll doff my workman's guise, and in our trim attire, with gondola and mask and mandolin, steal to Costanza's window. The day doth warn me it is time to meet our worshipful Messer Andrea—he hath appointed me on the Rialto; you take the carcanet and ring to his house.

[Takes it from the table, L.

An errand to your liking, for you will see his daughter.

Hyl. I'll do your bidding and my own desires.

Cla. And then, when evening closes, the Gondola and fair Costanza—

Hyl. The ring and Benedetta!

DUET.

Cla. Waiting evening's closing,
Marking the vesper chime,
Love, his pinions folding,
Watches the flight of time—
Counting the hours by the bells so sweet,
And blessing the happy hour to meet.

Hyl. When the sun is sinking
Over the lady's bow'r,
And the longer shadow
Tells of the short'ning hour,
Breezes then whisper through flow'rets sweet,
“Hasten!—for oh, 't is the hour to meet!”

[*Exeunt*, L.

SCENE II. — *The Rialto from the water-side, at sunset.*

Enter ANDREA, PIETRO, and SILVIO, R., CLAUDIO, L.

Pie. They say the Doge will out to meet them.

And. It is most like — he loves to honour the brave.

Pie. And rightly too, 't is the steel begetteth the gold.

And. Marry, aye ! — the sword is father of the money-bag.

Sil. How sorry I am that my sword is childless.

And. Neither hath it made orphans, Messer Silvio.

Sil. But that's not my fault — 't was all my mother's doing. She intended me for a darling from the very beginning — called me Silvio when I was born, a sweet and love-like name, and never would let me go to the wars ; but I should like to have followed the brave Visconti.

And. 'T will serve as well, perchance, to welcome him home.

Sil. And so I will when he comes back.

And. That is even now.

Cla. [Anxiously.] Visconti returned ?

And. Why, Nicolo, what matters it to thee ?

Sil. Aye, I should like to know what an artizan has to do with the matter ?

Cla. [Flurried.] I have a brother serves with him, master — besides, he is a gallant lord, and I honour him.

And. See you there now ! — wonder not that Venice is triumphant when her very artizans have caught the love of glory.

Cla. Messer Andrea, an please you, let me to the Lido, to cheer the brave Visconti as he lands.

And. The carcanet — is it finished ?

Cla. It is.

And. And the Doge's ring ?

Cla. Hylas, even now, has borne both to thy house.

And. Then go and hail Visconti.

[Turns to PIETRO, and confers.

Cla. [Aside.] Now, Fortune, speed me! [Exit.]

Sil. Well, I like enthusiasm — that is enthusiasm. How I should like to be a hero, coming home!

And. [To PIETRO.] Thus it stands, Pietro: thy friend shall have the loan if —

Sil. Messer Andrea, by the mass, an I would go to the wars, but that thy fair daughter —

And. Another time, good Silvio. [Turns to PIETRO.]

Sil. An odd man! — would rather talk some stuff to that fellow than listen to me.

And. [To PIETRO.] With that security —

Sil. There's just one thing I want to mention to you.

And. I am busy now, good Silvio.

Sil. Why, so am I; but I would have deferred my business to have told you that —

And. Another time, I say — another time.

[Exit with PIETRO, L.]

Sil. Another time! It is extraordinary how foolish people are! They are constantly saying that to me — another time! — just as if there was any other Time than the one old Father Time, with his long beard and his long scythe. But it's a fashion of these merchants to be talking of times — they have their good old times, and then their present bad times, that's all roguery to get a higher percentage. Though, in another sense, it is honest — they speak well of Time when he is gone, and abuse him when he's present, which is more than they do by most people; and as for the Time to come — never was there so hard-worked an individual! Time is to do everything. [Going.] Time will do this — Time will do that — Time will do t' other —

[Exit, muttering, L.]

Enter BERNARDO and COUNT MALVEGGIO, R.

Ber. Welcome to Venice, noble Count.

Cou. How often must I thank thee for saying welcome?

Ber. Nay, your Excellency must pardon me, if, after so long an absence, and so triumphant a return, your poor servant says welcome so often.

Cou. Well, enough about absence and triumph — they both belong to foreign lands. Now to speak of home — how fares all here?

Ber. Well, Count.

Cou. That is good news.

Ber. When I say well, I mean pretty well — that is, considering.

Cou. Why, thy good news is fenced about with exceptions as a beleaguered town with palisades.

Ber. And don't people always fence-in what is good ? Besides, it is the business of us notaries to speak guardedly.

Cou. Well, to thy news. My castle —

Ber. Is not burnt down — but it's rather out of repair.

Cou. Why were repairs not seen to in my absence ?

Ber. Repairs require workmen, and workmen require money.

Cou. Money ? Hadst thou not all my lands at full command ?

Ber. Oh, but your lands went over the sea ; those soldiers of yours cost a great deal of money.

Cou. Barely what would subsist us. We've starved, we've watched, we've bled, and yet when home we come triumphant, mixed with the very bells that ring out victory, we hear the churlish chink of spended coin basely remembered. [Crosses to L.

Ber. Yes, yes — we always hear much of your soldiers' miserable fare ; if all be true, the very beggars should not envy you, yet somehow or other your war is a very expensive commodity.

Cou. Well, no more of this. Rather my castle gates may creak on rusty hinges than glory's portal be not open to me ; whate'er the cost it must be paid — I'll pledge my lands.

Ber. No, Count, you must n't think of that.

Cou. Why not?

Ber. They're pledged already.

Cou. My lands pledged?

Ber. Only some of them.

Cou. Which?

Ber. Those of Malveggio.

Cou. What! my paternal lands? Why not rather pledge those I inherit by Claudio Valmonti's death?

Ber. The money-lenders questioned the security.

Cou. The security! what mean you, Bernardo?

Ber. Why, there's a sort of a report going about that Claudio is not dead.

Cou. Not dead? I saw him fall in battle.

Ber. Ah! but don't you soldiers, when the danger's thick, do a bit of sham sometimes?

Cou. Base knave!

Ber. Pardon me, I don't say so myself, I've only heard it.

Cou. Then they are not satisfied of Claudio's death?

Ber. As little as Claudio would have been satisfied with it.

Cou. 'T is now two years since he was heard of.

Ber. There's the matter in dispute — they say he has been seen.

Cou. Where?

Ber. In Venice here, on the water at evening, and with him a Greek boy.

Cou. A Greek boy! — [Aside.] It looks suspicious. [Aloud, but agitated.] No, no, 't is a mistake — he died, he died — peace be with him!

Ber. [Pointing to COUNT, aside.] It seems to me as if the living wanted the prayer more than the dead.

Cou. Here for the present let us part — at my own house, this evening, seek me, — adieu. [Waving him off.]

Ber. Your Excellency's servant.

[Exit, r.

Cou. Claudio alive ! I saw him taken by the Turk, and if report speak sooth, their prisoners die unless rich ransom's offered — no ransom did he get. Escape was his sole chance, and that was little — but if he did escape, and be returned, the dungeon of my castle must secure what Pagan prisons failed to keep. [Exit.

SCENE III.—*The Goldsmith's Warehouse*—BENEDETTA
discovered near an ebony cabinet—HYLAS stands beside her, displaying a rich carcanet—The scene represents rich work in gold and jewels—*A door at back.*

Hyl. There ! is it not beautiful ?

Ben. Truly it is — it is perfect. [Takes it.]

Hyl. And should be. That which Beauty honours by her wearing should be faultless as herself.

[Places carcanet on table.]

Ben. You play the poet, Hylas.

Hyl. Did I not talk of Beauty ? — who speaks of her and fails to be inspired ? Think not that noble thoughts possess exclusively the nobly born — fine hearts may beat beneath coarse gabardines.

Ben. Dost think so.

Hyl. Think ! I 'd swear it.

Ben. By what pledge ?

Hyl. Thy lips. [Kisses her.]

Ben. Beware ! should any see us. If my father thought —

Hyl. Save him the trouble, sweet one, and think for him.

Ben. Oh, Hylas. [Sighing.]

Hyl. [Sighing in mockery.] Oh, Benedetta ! — hold not so faint a heart, fair girl, all shall be smiling yet.

Ben. No more of this, dear Hylas — my father will return anon — is the ring finished ?

Hyl. Behold it !

[Gives ring.]

Ben. This ring is worthy of the Doge of Venice.
Will you go see him wed the Adriatic?

Hyl. Will you be there?

Ben. Oh, yes!

Hyl. Then so will I; and will you join the maskers
in the Piazzetta this evening?

Ben. Could you know me under a mask?

Hyl. Who can see through disguises so well as Love,
who so often makes them!

Ben. Oh, what a confession for you, who want to
persuade me of your truth.

Hyl. You are persuaded of it, or else I dare not speak,
nor would you listen. 'T is constancy most wins a
woman's heart. I'll tell you a little Greek fable on
that subject.

SONG.

The dart of love was feathered first
From Folly's wing, they say,
Until he tried his shaft to shoot
In Beauty's heart one day;
He miss'd the maid so oft, 't is said,
His aim became untrue,
And Beauty laugh'd as his last shaft
He from his quiver drew.
“ In vain,” said she, “ you shoot at me,
You little spiteful thing —
The feather on your shaft I scorn,
When pluck'd from Folly's wing.”

But Cupid soon fresh arrows found,
And fitted to his string,
And each new shaft he feather'd from
His own bright glossy wing.
He shot, until no plume was left
To waft him to the sky
And Beauty smiled upon the child,
When he no more could fly.

“ Now, Cupid, I am thine,” she said,
 “ Leave off thy archer play,
 For Beauty yields when she is sure
 Love will not fly away.”

Enter SILVIO, c.

Sil. [Starts on entering.] There's that devil of a boy again. [Advances.] Good Morrow, Donzella.

Ben. [L.] Good Morrow, Signor Silvio.

[HYLAS goes up.]

Sil. [c.] Why call me not Silvio, without the Signor? Am I not your servant? [Aside.] I hope to be her master one of these days. Do call me Silvio, plain Silvio.

Ben. Well, how do you do, plain Silvio?

Sil. Now that's a quibble — but you will always — you will —

Ben. Your complaint in general is, that I won't —

Sil. Oh, that's only when you —

Ben. You need say no more.

[SILVIO turns away discomfited.]

Hylas!

Hyl. Your pleasure, lady? [Coming down, L.]

Ben. My father shall have your work, and I venture to promise will be pleased with it. [Goes up, R.]

Hyl. Thanks, lady! [Crosses up to her.] Some pearl and gold are wanting to complete the other carcanet.

Ben. Here are both [Goes to cabinet.] — a string of pearl, a bar of gold. [Gives them.] You are not needed here until to-morrow. Speed you!

Hyl. My truth and duty ever tend you, lady!

[Exit c. d.]

Sil. [L.] His truth indeed! What should a Greek know about truth?

Ben. [R.] If he only knows half as much about truth as Venetians do about lying, he won't want for wisdom.

Sil. Pooh — wisdom! — what could be the wisdom

of a Greek compared with a Venetian? — there is something so innately noble in a Venetian, I feel there is.

Ben. Oh, you feel so noble, do you?

Sil. That I do. Listen! — it is what I never breathed to mortal before — I secretly indulge in the idea that I am nobly born.

Ben. Nobly born! — ha! ha! ha! Be content with the inheritance of old Bernardo's money-bags, and don't puzzle your poor pate about nobility.

Sil. Bernardo is my father, I grant it — that is, my reputed father, but I always have had a notion that I was only his ward — that I was entrusted to his care by some person of distinction, till the time should come for revealing my noble stock.

Ben. Oh, noble stock, or stone! — for pity take leave of such nonsense and turn notary.

Sil. I be a notary! I scorn it! — I twirl a pen, except to write love verses — never!

Ben. So, because you are idle, you think you're a nobleman?

Sil. Certainly. If noblemen made use of their time, it would be an ungenerous interference with the industrious classes. Now I have hopeful misgivings of my paternity — that old curmudgeon, the notary, is not my father, I am convinced of it. [Feels his nose.] This is not his nose — this nose is aristocratic — but how to account for it.

Ben. [Passing him, laughing, and going to lock cabinet.] Some other time, my lord.

Sil. There it is again — some other time. Hang Time! I wish he'd commit suicide with his own scythe!

Ben. [Going.] And as I am busy at present —

Sil. Now, Benedetta.

Ben. [With a profound curtsey.] I wish your lordship a very good morning. [Exit, R.

Sil. But, Benedetta ! Benedetta ! [Following.] You little saucy, provoking, disrespectful, rebellious young minx ! [Exit, c. d.

SCENE IV. — *The Piazzetta of St. Mark — Moonlight — The Church of the Salutation seen across the waters — Symphony — MASKERS cross from each side of the stage and join in.*

CHORUS.

Laugh and sing — joy-bells ring,
'T is a night for delight —
Trumpets swell,
Cannons tell
How the fight was won :
Hark ! the victor gun — hark !
Hark ! the warlike roar
Echoes round the shore —
Glory to St. Mark !

[End of Chorus the windows of the Church are illuminated and reflected on the water — A distant peal of the organ is heard, all kneel — End of church music, a few bars of choral symphony again — MASKERS rise and promenade slowly.

Enter COUNT MALVEGGIO, MARCO and BASILLO, muffled in cloaks, r. — MALVEGGIO points off the stage, U. E. L.

Mal. There ! mark him ! he crosses the crowd ! watch sharply !

[MARCO, in dumb show, expresses watching some one without — MALVEGGIO speaks hastily to BASILLO.

That Greek boy lurking by the water side I suspect, for with such a boy has Claudio been seen. Lose not sight of him. [Points out.]

Mar. [Coming forward.] He is returning this way.

Mal. [Looks out.] And some one with him — have a care!

[COUNT MALVEGGIO, BASILLO, and MARCO hide behind a column, U. E. L.

Enter HYLAS with CLAUDIO, richly dressed, s. e. l.

Hyl. I thought I should never find you.

Cla. I was of the same mind regarding you.

Hyl. Why did you not come to the column?

Cla. I did, but did not like to loiter in one spot, with so many lookers on, too.

Hyl. Loiter no longer, Count, the gondola is waiting at the stair.

[They go out, U. E. R.—MALVEGGIO comes from his concealment and is joined by BASILLO and MARCO — A small gondola is seen to work from R. to L.

Mal. By heaven, 't is he! My stars do smile on me; they take the road to the water side — follow fast, Basillo.

Bas. And seize them?

Mal. Not in these crowded places — wait till they're on the water, then board their gondola and make them prisoners.

[*Exeunt* MALVEGGIO, BASILLO, and MARCO, hastily, U. E. R. Choral symphony changes to a lively measure, and the act concludes with a lively dance of GONDOLIERS and VENETIAN GIRLS.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II

SCENE I.—COSTANZA'S apartment — *A handsome tracery window L. C. [transparent] opens on a balcony overlooking one of the canals—Moonlight—COSTANZA, attended by MARCELLA, discovered seated in a rich chair, looking towards the water—Symphony—COSTANZA rises, and MARCELLA goes to the window, as if on the look-out.*

SONG.

Cos. Love hails the hour when evening draws near,
Sighing, its idol to see,
How beats my heart with hope and with fear—
Come, love, to me !

Softly the moonbeam falls on the wave,
Bright is her path o'er the sea,
Now, Beauty's daughter, smile for the brave—
Come, love, to me !

Love's gentle footsteps, lit by her beams,
Soft as the night-wind be—
Come, as I see thee come in my dreams—
Come, love, to me !

Mar. Nay, lady dear, be patient, nor thus give way
to doubting—the Count will soon be here.

Cos. 'T is not his faith I doubt—but fortune may
prove faithless—think of his danger whene'er he ven-
tures forth.

Mar. Think of your danger in seeing him thus pri-
vately.

Cos. You cannot wonder I should tremble for him.

Mar. Nor can you wonder I tremble for you, and
myself too. If my lord, your father, did but discover
us !

Cos. Rather than Claudio's foes discover him.

[MARCELLA throws open the window and discovers a moonlight view of a canal, with houses at the opposite side.]

Come, Claudio, come, nor leave me thus in doubt !

TRIO.

Cos. O'er the waters softly stealing,

Hyl. } In their bark they glide along,

Gon. } Their chant their course revealing —

[Without.] Hark ! the Gondolier's song —

“Appremi !”¹

“Sestali !”

The moon is on the waters ;
On the prow the Gondolier,
With songs to Beauty's daughters,
Wins the willing ear.

“Appremi !”

“Sestali !”

Enter CLAUDIO, from balcony — Embraces COSTANZA.

Mar. I'll go and watch, and guard against surprise.

[Exit, S. E. L. D.

Cos. Dearest Claudio, I feared mischance befalling thee, and I've been weeping.

Cla. But now thou smilest.

Cos. For now I see thee, love — — —

Cla. And smile thus ever, sweet one !

Cos. I cannot choose but weep when thou'rt in danger.

Cla. Danger ! — name it not !

Cla. The danger now is past — the brave Visconti is returned, and he will see me righted. With Milan's duke, my friend, Malveggio I defy.

¹ The signal cry of the Venetian gondoliers as their boats approach.

Enter HYLAS, hastily, from balcony.

Hyl. Defy not, sir, too fast. [Closes the window.
Cla. How now?

Hyl. Our course was tracked here by a gondola, and as it now shot by, two ruffians, crouched beneath its curtains, darted fierce looks upon our barque and glided swiftly on, but I perceived them stealing softly back under the shadow of the opposite side, as if they lay in wait.

Cla. Did they speak?

Hyl. I thought I heard them mutter, "He is gone!"

Cos. Oh, Claudio! [Crosses to c.

Cla. Fear not, dearest. [Supporting her.]

Enter MARCELLA, hastily, l. d. — She bolts the door.

Mar. The Saints preserve me!

Hyl. How now?

Mar. Her noble father is ascending the staircase.

Hyl. Would it were a ladder, and my foot at the bottom. [Making the action of tripping a ladder.] I'd spoil his journey!

Mar. We are lost! we are lost!

Hyl. Found, you mean?

Mar. And to make the matter worse, the Doge is with him! [Exit, hastily.

Hyl. The Doge! What a pretty council of three he'll discover! [Knocking without, l. d.

Viv. [Without.] Open, I say!

Re-enter MARCELLA.

Mar. [To CLAUDIO.] Fly, sir!

Cla. No — her honour more would suffer by my flight than by my presence.

Viv. [Without, l.] Within, there!

Cla. Hylas, open!

HYLAS opens a side door, and makes a low salutation, as VIVALDI and the DOGE enter.

Viv. Ha ! body o' me, but 't is as I thought, Duke — a secret love affair ! Oh ! why do people ever have daughters ? Women are fit for nothing but making mischief ; and you, traitress ! [To MARCELLA.] How came this about ? Answer !

[MARCELLA drops her head.

Cla. My lord, let me do that.

Viv. Thou ! — unparalleled assurance ! Oh, Duke ! what will this wicked city come to at last, when a fellow not only scales a lady's chamber, but has the impudence to speak to her father. But, I will have vengeance, villain ! Shall I not, Duke ?

Cla. First, let me speak ; the Doge will hear the vilest criminal before he utters judgment.

Viv. What criminal so vile as he who robs a maiden of her fame ?

Hyl. He who would think her robbed without a proof.

Doge. 'T is shrewdly answered ! [To CLAUDIO.] The Doge will hear thee — sir, proceed.

Cla. My name is Claudio Valmonti !

Doge. 'T is false — he 's dead !

Cla. 'T was so reported by the base Malveggio, that he might claim my lands. But I am Claudio, Duke, escaped from hard captivity, wherein my kinsman let me lie unransomed. On my return I found my castle in his creatures' power — they sought my life — and, helpless as I was, I fled to Venice, where since I have harboured in disguise — but love, despite of danger, led me forth to win Costanza !

Viv. Then win her from a nunnery — for to chastise her deep offence, I do consign her to the cloister !

Doge. Nay, my good lord, somewhat remit your anger ; the Count is right noble — let them wed !

Viv. On one condition then.

[All express pleasure by their actions.

Cla. Name it, and there is no deed I will not dare.

. *Viv.* Reserve your transports. There is one ring alone with which this girl shall wed. [To DOGE.] To-morrow your highness weds the Adriatic; the ring you cast into the sea alone shall wed Costanza!

Doge. Then she will ne'er be wed.

Viv. I mean she should not.

Hyl. [Kneels to DOGE.] May your slave speak? Plight your lordly word that, if the ring be found, the lady's won?

Doge. Why ask so eagerly?

Hyl. 'T is but a sorry chance; no diver ever found the ducal ring, though thousands have essayed — will the Doge plighted his word?

Doge. My word is plighted!

Hyl. [Springing up.] Then fear not, master! [To CLAUDIO.] I'll find the ring, or ne'er return to tell you I have failed!

QUARTETTE AND CHORUS.

Hyl. Down in the deep
I have dared the Indian Sea —
Ocean dare not keep
Her treasured gems from me.

COSTANZA, CLAUDIO, DOGE, AND HYLAS.

Lady, lady, do not weep! —

Doge. Thy patience keep
Smiling, trust to Fortune's }
Doge. Yield not thus to Passion's } sway.
Visions bright shall bless thy sleep,
Triumph crowns the welcome day.

[*Exeunt* HYLAS and CLAUDIO, F. E. L., DOGE and COSTANZA, R.

SCENE II.—*By the Rialto, on the water-side—Moonlight.*

Enter MARCO, BASILLO, and 1st GONDOLIER, U. E. R.

Mar. The pest on him ! he has given us the slip !

Bas. He must have left the house by the street, for I 'll swear the gondola returned without either him or the boy.

Mar. He must have suspected our chase.

Bas. Hang the chase ! it should have been faster — that 's your fault ! [To GONDOLIER.] Why did n't you make better speed ?

1st Gon. I sped as fast as two heavy fellows, like you, would permit me.

Mar. Plague seize them ! What will Count Malveggio say ?

Bas. Why, curse us for bunglers, to be sure ! [Screens his eyes with his hands.] Hold ! by the saints, an my eyes deceive me not, it is the boy !

Mar. Where ?

Bas. Look !

Mar. It is ; but he is alone.

Bas. No matter, we 'll watch him. By following him we may find the master — let us hide.

[They hide, s. e. l.

Enter HYLAS, F. E. L.

Hyl. What a labyrinth of lanes I have threaded. Our pursuers are baffled, however, and Claudio is safe. And now for Benedetta — should she fail me ? No — she will not ; she hath a heart, and will not fail to further love's sweet cause, so fortune speed me ! [Goes to water-side.] Ho ! Gondolier !

Enter SECOND GONDOLIER, U. E. R.

2d. Gon. Your pleasure, sir ?

Hyl. Your gondola, good fellow ! quick, bring it to the stair ! [Exit SECOND GONDOLIER, U. E. R.
Oh, love ! if ever thou wert a god, be one to-night, and prosper my design !

SONG.

Hyl. Gondolier, row !
 How swift the flight
 Of time to-night,
 But the gondolier so slow —
 Gondolier, row !
 The night is dark,
 So speed thy bark
 To the balcony we know.
 Gondolier, row !
 One star is bright
 With trembling light —
 And the light of love is so.
 Gondolier, row ;
 The watery way
 Will not betray
 The path to where we go.

[End of song SECOND GONDOLIER rows his boat from R. to the stair, c.

2d Gon. 'T is ready !

Hyl. So am I ! There lies your way — you know a lover's need — speed, silence, and fidelity !

[They enter gondola and row away, R. — HYLAS singing the barcarole — MARCO and BASILLO come from their concealment.

Bas. Ha ! ha ! we're on the scent again ! Now, follow fast ; we yet may catch our prize.

[Exeunt, S. E. R.

SCENE III. — *The House of the Goldsmith [as before].*

Enter BENEDETTA, followed by TWO SERVANTS, with a table, covered, and chairs.

Ben. [Arranging the glasses, etc., on the table.] So I shall be plagued again with that vain fool, Silvio! Was ever such a coxcomb — he was here once already to-day, and that was once too often, and now to be plagued with him again. Ugh! I hope he will have the grace to stay away till supper time, and not come, as he generally does, an hour before, making his silly speeches to me. [A knocking.] There! now I'll be sworn that 's he — it's too provoking — he may wait, however.

[Continues arranging the table — Knocking repeated.

Impatient as usual; if you can learn nothing else, Signor, you shall learn to wait on me. [A gentler knock.] Hark! that is not like the flourishing knock of authority with which Silvio comes. [Gentle knocking.] There's caution in that knock — who can it be? [Goes to door.] Who's there?

Hyl. [Sings outside.] "Gondolier, row!"

Ben. 'T is Hylas. [Opens door, c.

Enter HYLAS, wrapped in a cloak.

What can you want at this time o' night, Hylas?

Hyl. [L.] A few words in secret — thy father —

Ben. Is absent.

Hyl. It is propitious. [Throws off his cloak.] There's much to tell, and little time to do it; therefore to begin — will you make the fortune of the truest lover?

Ben. [Surprised.] Hylas!

Hyl. 'T is not myself I mean, although my fortune too is bound in his. There is a noble Count in Venice who loves the Duke Vivaldi's daughter, it is for him I plead.

Ben. And why?

Hyl. Because I am his follower.

Ben. You! the servant of Nicolo, the goldsmith?

Hyl. Nicolo, the goldsmith, is Count Claudio Valmonti.

Ben. Nicolo a Count !

Hyl. I have told you he loves Vivaldi's daughter.

Ben. Oh, wonder ! A duke's daughter in love with a goldsmith !

Hyl. Well, what o' that ? — Venus was married to a blacksmith.

Ben. But Vivaldi's daughter ?

Hyl. The Count doth love Vivaldi's daughter — Vivaldi's daughter loves the Count ! But, Vivaldi himself —

Ben. Like other fathers, I suppose.

Hyl. Yes — they're all monsters !

Ben. Would force another husband on her.

Hyl. Nay ! he swears she shall never be wed at all — unless with the very ring that weds him to the Adriatic.

Ben. Then, she will ne'er be wed !

Hyl. Nay — she shall ! for I have sworn to find this ring !

Ben. You ; you are not mad.

Hyl. No — or I should not find the ring.

Ben. You will not risk your life ?

Hyl. Indeed, but I will !

Ben. In the dark ocean depths ?

Hyl. No — in the darker depths of mine own cunning.

Ben. What mean you ?

Hyl. The Duke Vivaldi knows not 't was I who made the Doge's ring, and therefore can I counterfeit this ring, if you will only give the gems to make it.

Ben. Ah ! shrewd device ! But is there time ? He weds the sea to-morrow !

Hyl. This night and half to-morrow are before me — that will suffice, if you will find the jewels.

Ben. The jewels are costly — dare I ?

Hyl. The Count will pay their value thrice !

Enter SILVIO at door, c.—he starts on seeing HYLAS.

Sil. [Aside.] There he is again.

Hyl. We must select a costly sapphire, a rich ruby, and to cluster round them, diamonds of rare lustre.

Ben. I cannot refuse you.

Sil. [Aside.] Indeed! I'll watch. [Hides behind a chair.]

Hyl. Bless thee, sweet Benedetta.

Sil. [Aside.] Oh, you treacherous little villain.

Hyl. Let's get the gems, and the ring shall crown my triumph!

Sil. [Aside.] Why, if she is n't going to rob her father, and run away with the rascal.

Ben. Come to the cabinet and take your choice.

[HYLAS and BENEDETTA go up to cabinet — SILVIO follows them, taps HYLAS on the shoulder — he starts — BENEDETTA screams.

Sil. I hope I don't disturb you! You are a nice young gentleman! I think you and the galley are likely to become better acquainted, or I am much mistaken. And you, madam, too — I'll recommend your father to keep his keys in his own pocket for the future!

Ben. If your father would keep his fool in his pocket, it would be better for his neighbours. You, tell my father? Tell my father what you like — I defy you, sir!

Sil. Oh, very well — very well, indeed — quite right — bully me of course, just as if you were not frightened.

Ben. I frightened?

Sil. Yes; if you were n't frightened, why did you scream when you saw me?

Ben. It's enough to make any woman scream to look at you, you fright!

Hyl. [Coming forward.] Lady, please to give me the jewels, that I may complete the work. Messer Andrea urged me to speed.

Sil. Now, you think to make me believe that? Not a bit; you get no jewels here. No triumph—no ring!

Hyl. [Aside, L., starting.] Has he discovered?

Sil. [c.] I heard all.

Hyl. [Aside.] All's over!

Sil. A very nice contrivance—to run away with his daughter, and rob him of his jewels, by way of a fortune!

Hyl. [Aside.] The secret's safe then. Mistress, give me the jewels, and I will go.

Ben. Take them!

Sil. [Runs between them and the cabinet, and draws his sword.] You get no jewels here—as if I could n't see your intention.

Hyl. [Aside.] A moment's delay may bring ruin. [Takes his cloak on his arm and approaches SILVIO.] Signor, 't is vain to practise imposition on acuteness like yours; I throw myself on your mercy—let me but depart, and I will never again deceive.

Sil. No—you stay a prisoner here. I am determined to prove to Messer Andrea my powers of penetration.

[Turns his back on HYLAS with a swagger, and speaks dictatorially to BENEDETTA.

And you, my saucy little madam, you shall learn —

[HYLAS throws his cloak over the head of SILVIO, who tumbles, and shouts, and drops his sword in the fall — HYLAS seizes the sword — SILVIO unwraps his head and is rising, when HYLAS stands over him in an attitude of triumph.

Hyl. [Holding the point of his sword to SILVIO'S breast.] What think you now of my powers of penetration? Benedetta! quick! the jewels! this worthy gentleman shall along with me.

[BENEDETTA goes to cabinet and gets jewels.

Sil. I go along with you! for what?

Hyl. For safety! I know you—you came to rob the house, and carry off my master's daughter—but I

will mar your foul design. Be off, sir ! march ! into my gondola there, you little Tarquin !

Sil. I won't go.

Hyl. You won't ? [Pricks him with sword.]

Sil. Ah !

Hyl. Walk quietly before me, or you die.

Ben. [Hands jewels.] Here are the jewels !

Hyl. Now, Benedetta, victory ! Away, ravisher, away !

[Pushes out SILVIO at the point of his sword, C. D., — BENEDETTA laughing — Exit, F. E. R.

SCENE IV. — *A Room in BERNARDO'S House.*

Enter BERNARDO and COUNT MALVEGGIO, L.

Cou. I tell thee, notary, thou must remain.

Ber. Will not to-morrow serve ?

Cou. In affairs of moment, to-morrow never serves. I have seen Claudio, and expect ere this he's in my power. Now, I have work for thee — Claudio must —

Ber. Not die, I hope. I'll take anything from a man but his life.

Cou. Why, what's the difference of taking life, or cheating men of that whereby they live ?

Ber. Oh, that's in the way of business.

Cou. Well, 't is in thy way of business — I would have thee work. Now that Visconti hath returned, Claudio will claim his rights, and then I am a beggar ; so draw me a fast bond, whereby Claudio signs to me the power o'er half his lands, and then his life is safe — if he refuse, he dies.

Ber. Do not say die ! it is a dangerous word to listen to. I might be implicated as a party, if —

Cou. Silence, old villain ! Do I not know already plots of thine would break thee on the wheel were I to speak !

Enter BASILLO, R.

Well, what news?

Bas. We have him fast, my lord. We caught him, muffled in a cloak, in the same gondola with the boy.

Cou. Where is he?

Bas. Marco has taken him off to his cellar.

Cou. And the boy?

Bas. The young devil escaped.

Cou. A plague on your bungling — our work is but half done; quick, quick! Bernardo — draw the deed, and take it with thee to him.

Ber. Will not your excellency take it yourself?

Cou. No; I will not see him! Go! Basillo will conduct thee. [Aside to BASILLO.] The bond, or his life!

[*Exeunt* MALVEGGIO, R., BASILLO and BERNARDO, L.]

SCENE V. — *A shabby cellar — Door in the background — Chains fall outside — MARCO leads in SILVIO, whose arms are bound, and over his mouth a handkerchief is tied — SILVIO expresses impatience and pain by his actions.*

Mar. Wait a minute. [Shuts the door.] There! now that all's safe, you may speak. [Takes handkerchief off his mouth.]

Sil. Phew! [Soliloquises.] I can't speak — for between suffocation and smothered rage, my indignation is speechless.

Mar. [Unbinds his arms.] There! I'll take off your pinions, too; the pinions we give people don't help them to fly.

Sil. Ha! caitiff! you shall suffer for this. Do you know that there is such a thing as law? Villain!

Mar. Yes, the law of the strongest — and as you and I stand, I am the lawgiver here. [Draws a dagger.]

Sil. And that is the instrument with which you write your laws ? [Aside.] I don't like his steel pen.

[*Chains fall outside — MARCO opens door, c.*

Enter BASILLO, c. d.

Bas. [To SILVIO.] Well, sir — you have been playing a pretty game of hide-and-seek !

Sil. You may hide me — but my friends will seek me. This outrage will be punished. Don't you imagine that you can violate the liberty of a citizen of Venice with impunity !

Bas. A citizen of Venice ! — Ha ! ha ! ha ! 't won't do. [With importance.] My lord, we know you.

Sil. Eh ! what ? [Looks from one to another.]

Mar. You are known, my lord !

Sil. My lord ? what do you mean ?

Bas. Venice has concealed your dignity quite long enough. You're found out, my lord !

Sil. Found out !

Mar. The mystery is at an end.

Sil. I'm only at the beginning of it. What do you mean ?

Bas. Ah, you lords in disguise are so very mysterious.

Sil. [Agitated.] Lord in disguise — mystery. Oh, my prophetic soul ! is it then, as I have long suspected ? Am I an injured nobleman ? [To BASILLO.] Tell me, good fellow, who has put you on this errand ?

Bas. Why Count Malveggio, to be sure.

Sil. Heaven bless him !

Bas. [Aside.] Well, that's forgiving, however.

Sil. I am deeply indebted to Count Malveggio.

Bas. Oh, you own that, then ?

Sil. To be sure I do.

Bas. Well, the notary will be here by-and-by, that you may sign a bond, giving up half your lands to the Count.

Sil. Half my lands ! Zounds ! that's a swinging premium for finding me out.

Bas. Why, the Count has spent all his own property in going to the Holy Land — and —

Sil. What ! did he go all the way to the Holy Land to find me ? I can never be sufficiently grateful. [To BASILLO.] You cannot wonder I should have been a little uneasy at first until I knew what were your intentions. But now, worthy sir, may I ask you, does my noble father live ?

Bas. No ! or you would not inherit his lands !

Sil. True ! I forgot. Alas ! I am never to know a father's fondness. My mother ?

Bas. Why she died, Count, years ago.

Sil. My sainted mother ! Then I am an orphan.

Bas. Well, Count — you make no objection to sign the bond ?

Sil. None in the world.

Bas. Then, here it is. [Hands bond.] Read it, and I will introduce the notary to witness your signature.

[*Exeunt MARCO and BASILLO, at door.*]

Sil. [Reads.] "This witnesseth that I, Claudio Valmonti — " Ha ! then I am the long-lost Count Claudio. I have been missing this long time ! [Reads.] "This witnesseth that I, Claudio Valmonti, do assign from this day forth the moiety of my lands, that is to say, the following hereditaments, holdings, tenures, lordships." [Pauses.] Hillo ! hillo ! Hold, Count Claudio ; why the devil should I give up all these things ? Do I arrive at my full plumage only to be pluck'd — I'm no such craven fowl — give up my lands ? I'll never do it ! I'll appeal to the Senate. The Doge shall see me righted !

[*Chains.*]

Re-enter BASILLO, MARCO, and BERNARDO, c. d. —

BERNARDO puts his pen and ink on a stool, L.

Bas. Here he is, Mr. Notary.

Sil. [Assuming an air of grandeur, and turning his back towards them.] I'll be dignified !

Ber. [Approaches, R., bowing so low to the COUNT, that he does not see him.] I am come on a little business, Count.

Sil. Name it, fellow!

Ber. [Recognising SILVIO'S voice.] Eh, Silvio!

Sil. Silvio to me! — unparalleled assurance! Oh, base betrayer of a noble house, how darest thou come on such an errand?

Ber. My dear boy, I could n't help it — Count Malveggio forced me to it — it must be done, my dear son.

Sil. Son! Away, monster, I renounce you — I am no son of thine.

Ber. [Aside.] I never thought the boy had such a spirit — he thinks the deed dishonourable. What the deuce can have brought him here? Where is the Count?

Sil. Where is the Count? Why here I am! Oh, you old rogue, defrauding me of my birthright for years.

Ber. He's mad! he's mad! Come away, my son!

[Going to lead SILVIO away.

Bas. [Interposing.] No, no — not without the bond being signed.

Ber. I tell you, you have no right to detain him.

Bas. I have my lord's orders for it.

Ber. It is illegal.

Bas. I don't care for that.

Ber. Then I'll inform the authorities. [Going towards door.]

Mar. Not so fast.

Bas. Ho, ho! so you'd turn traitor, eh? We'll keep you fast though; into the vault with him!

[BASILLO and MARCO open a side door, s. E. R., and seize BERNARDO.

Ber. Murder!

Bas. You'd better not say murder again; the word is never said twice for nothing. [Shows his dagger.] In there, old rogue. [Shuts BERNARDO in vault.] And

now, my lord [*To SILVIO.*], no more trifling — sign that bond, or I'll make my mark.

Sil. Would you murder a lord?

Bas. To be sure, when I'm paid for it.

Sil. [*To MARCO.*] You look kind; you would n't let him murder me?

Mar. Would n't I?

Sil. Suppose I give you twice as much for setting me free as you are promised for killing me.

[*Goes up a little, and comes down, L.*

Bas. 'T would be dishonourable.

Sil. Oh! [*Looking at both.*] Dishonourable!

Mar. Basillo, we must not be too hard on a nobleman in distress — see, my lord — will you give us a thousand ducats?

Sil. Agreed! so let me go. Come along.

Bas. Softly, my lord — the money first.

Sil. Why, I have n't been yet getting my rents, you know — and —

Bas. Is there no money-lender, or goldsmith, who knows your honour?

Sil. Well thought of — give me ink and pen and I will indite.

Bas. Here is a table [*Points to a barrel with a board on it.*] and a seat. [*Hands a stool.*] Here, the notary's pen and ink.

Sil. And a corner of this vile bond will serve for writing on. Now for a note to my friend Messer Andrea. [*Writes.*]

Mar. What if Count Malveggio should discover us?

Bas. No fear of that, so you but make haste with the letter, and bring back the gold — 't is already morning. We have the notary as well as the Count in our keeping, so our secret is safe.

Sil. There, [*Hands paper.*] that is the letter with an order on Messer Andrea, the great goldsmith, for the money — you know his house.

Bas. Who does not in Venice? Now, my lord [*Very politely.*] you will excuse us for so much ceremony, but we never let the guests we honour by our attentions remain in this outside apartment; your lordship will have the kindness to retire to the interior. [*Opening the door of vault.*]

Sil. What, shutting me up with the old traitor there?

Bas. You will be sweet company for each other until we return; nothing can harm you, unless old Nick should come for the old rogue, the notary.

[*Showing SILVIO towards vault.*]

Sil. You're very obliging, sir. [*Backing in.*]

Bas. Oh, my lord. [*Bowing.*]

Sil. [As they are shutting him in.] You'll soon be back, I hope.

Bas. [Slapping the door to, and bolting it.] Ha! ha! now for Messer Andrea's ducats. [*Exeunt c. door.*]

SCENE VI.—*A place in Venice, looking towards the Sea*
—Reports of distant artillery, and shouts outside.

Enter VISCONTI and CLAUDIO, R.

Cla. Duke, thou art indeed a friend.

Vis. It would be base in me, if I were other, for thou'rt deserving, Count, of all thy General's love and confidence. Thine is, indeed, a wondrous tale! — and that base kinsman, Count Malveggio, shall be punished!

Cla. Nay, Duke, I seek not for revenge.

Vis. Nor I, but I will seek for justice! As for thy love for fair Costanza—

Cla. I fear my suit is hopeless.

Vis. It may prosper yet.

Cla. If my faithful Greek should find the ring!

Vis. That, indeed, is hopeless; but my word now is of much worth in Venice; the Doge himself declares he is bound to me, and I will back thy suit when I present

thee to him. Let us look out, we may expect him soon.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter ANDREA, BENEDETTA, BERNARDO, and SILVIO, R.

Ber. Messer Andrea, heaven bless thee — I say again, we are bound to you for our lives.

And. You have thanked sufficiently.

Ber. Oh, those horrid ruffians !

And. But you have not yet clearly explained how you, as well as Silvio, became engaged with them.

Ber. [Embarassed.] Why, that is a very intricate story — but, you know, the end of it was, there I found my son, mistaken for a lord.

Sil. [Aside.] I'm not quite satisfied yet that I'm not a lord !

And. A strange story, truly ! — Ha ! ha ! ha !

Ber. Oh, had you but heard and seen his folly, you would have blushed for him, Messer Andrea.

Sil. [To BERNARDO.] Blush for yourself.

Ber. And calling your father, too, an old rogue !

Sil. I don't think you are my father ! Both those worthy men in the cellar swore to me I was a lord.

Ber. Wouldst thou believe two cut-throats ?

Sil. Oh ! it's very well for you to abuse them behind their backs, but they were my witnesses, and you have spirited them away — you dare n't produce them, you know you dare not ?

Ber. Why, idiot, they fled for their lives, when Messer Andrea discovered their villainy !

Sil. I tell you I am not yet satisfied ! Old man, repent before it is too late !

[*Shouts outside.*]

And. The Doge returns — come, come !

[*Exeunt ANDREA and BENEDETTA, L. — BERNARDO is going — SILVIO goes before him threatening.*]

Sil. I'll go, too, old crocodile, expose villainy, throw myself at the feet of the Doge, and claim protection for an injured orphan !

[*Exeunt BERNARDO and SILVIO, L.*]

SCENE VII.—*St. Mark's—The Bucentaur at the Quay*
— The DOGE landed, surrounded by a group of LORDS and LADIES, among whom are COSTANZA and VI-VALDI—VISCONTI, l., near the DOGE—CLAUDIO stands amongst the group, r.—SILVIO, BERNARDO, ANDREA, and BENEDETTA, amidst another, r.—GUARDS, CITIZENS, etc.—Flourish and shouts.

Vis. Heaven guard your highness! May this auspicious day return to you for years.

Doge. Thanks, noble Duke.

Vis. Your highness promised me what boon soe'er I asked, for my poor service in the wars.

Doge. And will redeem my promise, if it be within my gift to grant what you demand.

Vis. There stands here, in this crowd, a nobleman, who long in Venice has remained concealed.

Sil. [Aside.] Eh? [Betraying anxiety by his manner.]

Vis. Of late escaped from dangerous captivity.

Sil. [Aside.] That must be me?

Vis. Let me present him to your highness, and claim your promise that you will guard his fortunes, for he's my dearest friend.

Sil. [Aside.] I never saw the man before in my life!

Doge. Whoe'er he be, I promise him my friendship.

Sil. [Aside.] My fortune's made!

Vis. Stand forth, Count Claudio Valmonti!

Sil. [Strutting forward.] Here I am.

Soldier. [Of DOGE'S guard.] Back!

[Pushes him back with halbert—BERNARDO and ANDREA hold him, while he is impatient of restraint—CLAUDIO advances and kneels to the DOGE.

Sil. Are there two of us?

Cla. May I hope your highness' favour?

Doge. Thou hast it. Rise, Count Claudio! [To VISCONTI.] I already know his story, and his base

kinsman shall be punished. [Speaks to his CAPTAIN OF GUARD.] See that Count Malveggio be secured and brought before us. [Exit CAPTAIN, L.

Cla. Great sir, hate is not in my heart, but love — take not Malveggio's life, but give Costanza!

Viv. Your highness remembers the condition — the ring!

Viv. My boon!

Doge. My lord, her father vows she shall not wed but with the ring I threw in yonder sea.

A CHORD. — AIR “THE BARCAROLE.”

<i>Hyl.</i>	[<i>Outside, s. e. l.</i>] Gondolier, row!
<i>Cbo.</i>	Hark!
<i>Hyl.</i>	Gondolier, row!
<i>Cbo.</i>	Hark!
<i>Hyl.</i>	Make way, make way — The Doge — I pray, A lover's hope I bring! Gondolier, row!
<i>Cbo.</i>	Huzza!
<i>Hyl.</i>	Gondolier, row!
<i>Cbo.</i>	Huzza!

The crowd opens. — Enter HYLAS, s. e. l.

<i>Hyl.</i>	The bride is thine! The prize is mine! Great sir, behold the ring!
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Doge. Behold, my lord!

[*Hands the ring to VIVALDI.*

Viv. [*Looking with amazement at the ring.*] It is the ring — this is miraculous. You must have been very deep for this?

Hyl. Very deep, my lord!

Viv. Count Claudio, take the lady and my blessing — there! [*Joins their hands.*]

Sil. Then I suppose I must put up with Benedetta now!

Ben. [Indignantly.] Put up, indeed!

FINALE.

Hy!. [To SILVIO.] Loth am I, sweet sir, believe,
To make a lover pine ;
But — my lord — an' by your leave,

[Crosses to her.

This fair hand is mine ;
With the ring that I have found
Let *two* lovers' hopes be crown'd —
Let consent go sweetly round,
Let consent be thine. [To ANDREA.]

Cla. Hylas now shall work no more,
Not even for a king.

Hy!. Nay, my lord, to her I swore
To make her wedding ring.

Cho. Whate'er the smile or frown of Fate
To mortal heart may bring,
Oh may a blessing ever wait
Upon the wedding ring !

Huzza, huzza !
His task is done,
The bride is won —
A blessing on the ring !

THE END.

Disposition of Characters.

VIV. VIS. DOGE. SIL. HYL.
CLA. COS. BEN. AND.

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